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REMINISCENCES

OF

SEVENTY YEARS'

LIFE, TRAVEL, AND ADVENTURE.

"The world to us has been a home;
Wherever knowledge could be sought,
Through differing climes we've loved to roam,
And every shade of feeling caught,
From minds whose varied fount supply
The food of our philosophy.
From every spot some prize we bore,
From every harvest gleaned an ear."

Hafiz.

"Lull'd in the countless chambers of the brain,
Our thoughts are link'd by many a hidden chain.
Awake but one, and, lo! what myriads rise!
Each stamps its image as the other flies.
Hail, MEMORY, hail! thy universal reign
Guards the least link of Being's glorious chain."

Rogers.

REMINISCENCES

OF

SEVENTY YEARS'

LIFE, TRAVEL, AND ADVENTURE;

MILITARY AND CIVIL;
SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY.

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aL

BY

A RETIRED OFFICER OF H.M.'s CIVIL SERVICE:

Fellow of the Imperial Institute; Member of the British Association, Royal Institution of Great Britain, Society of Arts, National Indian Association, and Library Association of the United Kingdom; Associate of the Victoria Institute, etc.

IN TWO VOLS.

VOL. I.

SOLDIERING IN INDIA.

LONDON
ELLIOT STOCK, 62 PATERNOSTER ROW.
1893.

TO THE

MEMORY

OF

MANY WHO HAVE PASSED AWAY,

AND OF SOME WHO YET SURVIVE,—

THE GOOD, THE GREAT, THE NOBLE, THE GIFTED,

WHOM HE HAS KNOWN,—

AND TO THAT OF

BYGONE DAYS,

THESE REMINISCENCES ARE

DEDICATED BY

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

HAVING passed my seventieth year, and led a life of remarkable vicissitude, the greater part of which has been spent in the Public Service, I venture to hope that a record of my experiences may be interesting to many of my fellow-countrymen. I have travelled far and near. My earliest *foreign* travels were in the East, and were chiefly on foot in the ranks of the army. So many changes have since been made in the service that a sketch of A SOLDIER'S LIFE AND ITS SURROUNDINGS IN INDIA FIFTY YEARS AGO may be of some value, as an illustration of what our rank and file had then to go through in that country. To such a sketch this volume is chiefly devoted. As will be seen, I had literary predilections even at an early age, and my experience in India as a barrack-room author is in some respects unique. It will be observed that I have ever loved to visit historic scenes, and to follow the footsteps of those who have become famous. Some events, moreover, in which I took part, and which are yet fresh in my memory, have an abiding national interest.

I must not omit to allude to one object of special importance to which, in this section of my travels, I have devoted considerable attention. In the early days of our Indian rule, Christian Missions to the

natives—commenced in 1792—were prohibited, and afterwards, when allowed, were despised, and almost ignored, except by professedly religious persons. This is no longer possible. For many years the testimony of our Anglo-Indian rulers has borne witness to the value and importance of our Indian Missions,* and no book on India can well now be

* So far back as 1870, Lord Lawrence said, "I believe that, notwithstanding all that the English people have done to benefit that country, the missionaries have done more than all other agencies combined." Again and again did this great Indian statesman bear emphatic testimony to the greatness of our missionary work. Sir Richard Temple, in giving a statistical summary which he had collected from official sources, or from returns accepted by the various governments in India, testified that it represented a sober and grand reality, and said that "it had been his lot to serve in every part of India, from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin; that he had seen almost every one of the 423 mission stations in India, and had been acquainted with almost every eminent missionary who had laboured in India during the last thirty years. He had seen the mission stations growing up and the churches being built in that land of heathens. He had attended mission school-houses, had seen the children in class-rooms, and had examined them. He had heard the evangelistic missionaries preach in the highways and byways, and had gone over time after time in place after place the prosperous and contented Christian villages. It might be said that he was a solitary witness, but that was not so; he was one out of 'a great cloud of witnesses'; and if he were to begin giving a list of the Anglo-Indians who had emphatically testified to the value of missions in India, he should have to give a list of almost all the eminent warriors, statesmen, administrators, and politicians who had adorned the annals of the East."

About the end of 1890, Sir Charles Elliott, Lieut.-Governor of Bengal, addressing a meeting at Simla, said that "while the general population (of India) increased between 1872 and 1881 by 8 per cent., the number of Christians increased by 30 per cent. In the single province of Bengal, where the rise in the number of Hindoos was 13 per cent., and of Mahommedans 11 per cent., the growth of the population of native Christians was 64 per cent. In the adjoining province of Assam, of which I have personal knowledge, while the general growth of the population was 18 per cent., the Christians had increased in the eight Valley Districts by 140 per cent., and on the Khasia Hills . . . the increase had been at the remarkable rate of 250 per cent. We are now

written without a recognition of the same. And at length, in our own day, we are seeing the outcome of all the labour of the century.* The seedtime is

on the brink of another census, and in two years' time speakers from this place will probably be able to tell you what the results of the decade from 1881 to 1891 have been, and how far the prediction of the late Census Commissioner, Sir W. Plowden, has been verified, who prophesied that we should find that the seed sown had multiplied still more abundantly than in the foregoing periods. However this may be, so far as our present knowledge goes, *the growth of Christianity in India has been a solid fact, and sufficiently rapid to give all needful encouragement to the supporters of missions. . . . Converts are numbered by hundreds of thousands.*"

* An important letter appeared in 1891, in the Indian religious journals, from the pen of Dr. Mukherjee, B.A., F.R.M.S., which says: "The ancient fortress of Hinduism, with its four sides—Monotheism, Pantheism, Dualism, and Polytheism—is everywhere tottering and ready to fall"; and the Hindu Tract Society (established to maintain the old religion against the advance of Christianity) cried a little later: "The missionaries have already made thousands of Christians, and are continuing to do so; they have penetrated the most out-of-the-way villages, and built churches there; if we continue to sleep as we have done in the past, not one will be found worshipping in the temples in a very short time,—nay, the temples themselves will be converted into Christian churches." And the following letter was last year addressed to *The True Light* (a paper published at Lahore), by Swami Ram Svonder, late Vice-President of the Benares Hindu Shastric Club:—"Hinduism is now in a most critical position. Its vitality is decaying, and the community itself is now just like a man whose one leg is on one ship and the other leg is on another ship. Internal and external influences of a fearful nature and of heterogeneous sorts are now at work to disturb the equanimity of Hinduism, and a thousand years of thraldom under foreign sway have benumbed the spirit of the fallen Hindus. Under a benignant, civilised, and very powerful foreign government, in the teeth of a scientific age, under the potent and liberal influence of Western education, and, moreover, before the vigorous and constant attacks of Christianity and many of its offshoots, the better days of Hinduism have become a matter of the past. With all its faults and fallacies, I loved and liked Hinduism very much, but now I am quite sure that an educated and right-thinking native of India cannot conscientiously follow Hinduism in all its aspects in the proper sense of the term. Hypocrisy reigns supreme in the Hindu community, and priestcraft and blackmail are the only offensive and defensive weapons of the many modern Brahmin leaders of my co-

past; the blade has sprung up; nay, more, the ear has appeared. The foundation has been fully laid; the walls of the temple are rising. The darkness has passed, the dawn has arrived, the full day is approaching. Then—to use the words of Ruskin, in his Newdigate Prize Poem, "Salsette and Elephanta"—

> "Then shall the torturing spells that midnight knew
> Far in the cloven dells of Mount Meru,
> Then shall the moan of phrenzied hymns, that sighed
> Down the dark vale where Gunga's waters glide,
> Then shall the idol chariot's thunder cease
> Before the steps of them that publish peace.
> Already are they heard,—how fair, how fleet,
> Along the mountains flash their bounding feet!
> Disease and death before their presence fly;
> Truth calls, and gladdened India hears the cry,
> Deserts the darkened path her fathers trod,
> And seeks redemption from the Incarnate God."

As regards the Mahommedans, "there was a time when the conversion of a Mahommedan to Christianity

religionists. The introduction of any much-needed and time-honoured reformation into the Hindu community is simply an impossibility. With the many thousands of evil and barbarous customs and hypocritical practices that stare us in the face, Hinduism is doomed, and any attempt towards its revival will be merely waste of time, energy, and money on the part of its so-called reformers and leaders, many of whom are as much Hindu as a native Christian convert is. The last three census reports have distinctly proved that India, the only country in the world for Hinduism, has lost many crores of its Hindus during the course of the last twenty-two years, and if this wonderful fall of percentage in Hindu population continues to go on—and I do not see any reason why it should not witness more fall in percentage, as there is no means in the whole earth and heaven by which a non-Hindu can be a Hindu—then there will be no Hinduism after two centuries and a half. And the best reason for this fall may be attributed to the fact that Hinduism is a religion which has failed to satisfy the cravings of the soul of the educated natives of India. I am a missionary of the Hindu religion, and have been preaching to the people for a very long number of years. With all my experience about Hinduism and the feelings of the people towards it, I can safely and authoritatively state that Hinduism will not stand longer."

was looked on as a wonder. *Now they have come and are coming in in thousands.*" And what is very remarkable, "the *learned* Moslems are coming in larger numbers into the fold of Christ than the unlearned *because* they are better educated." Our first native Church of England clergyman, as will be seen, was a Mahommedan; and the Rev. Dr. Imad-ud-deen, a descendant of Persian royalty, whose family has stood high among the saints and scholars of Islamism, but who abandoned Islam for Christianity in 1866, is now a distinguished representative of the Church Missionary Society at Lahore, and has sent to the Chicago Congress an interesting account of Christian progress in the Punjaub. "Great discussions and continual strivings about things religious," he writes, "have gone on between Christians and Mahommedans. . . . IT IS NOT NECESSARY TO ENGAGE IN FURTHER CONTROVERSY. *All about Mahommedanism that it was necessary to say has been said, and whatever Mahommedans could do against Christianity they have done to their utmost.* WE MAY NOW SAY THE BATTLE HAS BEEN FOUGHT OUT IN INDIA, NOT ONLY BETWEEN CHRISTIANITY AND MAHOMMEDANISM, BUT ALSO BETWEEN CHRISTIANITY AND ALL THAT IS OPPOSED TO IT."*

In my wanderings I have cultivated the company of the Poets; and in the present volume have sought to illustrate Indian scenes by quotations from Anglo-Indian and Native (as well as from British) bards, and I have sometimes poured forth my own soul in song as I journeyed.

* See *Review of the Churches*, August 1893.

I am, of course, greatly indebted to the numerous writers I have quoted, consulted, and referred to, to whom I have much pleasure in making my acknowledgments.

I may add that these Reminiscences embody some contributions which at various times I have made to popular periodicals.

R. G. H.

LONDON,
Sept. 4th, 1893.

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CHAPTER I.

EARLY YEARS, ENLISTMENT, AND VOYAGE TO THE EAST.

I WAS born on the 18th July, 1821, in the City of Bath, the Aquæ Solis of the Romans, the most classic city of the West of England, founded at the intersection of the great Roman ways from London to Wales, and from Lincoln to the South Coast. I was the child of a then lately widowed mother. From my boyhood I had *a love of* BOOKS, and all relating to them. One of my earliest recollections is that of seeking an engagement as a hermit—an office which I understood to be vacant—on the establishment of Mr. Beckford, the famous Bath virtuoso,* called by Byron

"England's wealthiest son,"

and said to be a descendant of the Saxon kings, who was himself devoured by a passion for books. So, as I had heard that the author of *Vathek*—"the first of Oriental romances," written, as will be remembered, at one sitting of three days and two nights—kept a hermit, who had nothing to do but to let his hair and nails grow, and live in perfect seclusion, while *he might have as many books as he pleased*, and, indeed, anything else that he liked except liberty, I coveted the post, and resolved to apply for it. But, alas! though I went to the great man's mansion, and even ventured to knock at the door, I had not the courage to await the coming of the Dwarf who kept it, but ran away, and so lost the opportunity for ever.

* All sorts of stories used to be told in Bath about him. I have heard that he has been seen riding on his celebrated white Arab, with two servants behind him, and in a sudden fit of passion turning round and horsewhipping one of them, and afterwards giving him a £5 note as consolation.

Often afterwards, however, did I climb the great steep on which stood, and still stands, the lofty Saxon tower filled with all manner of riches—antique statuary, pictures by the first masters, rarest books in most costly bindings, cabinets of ebony inlaid with jewels, vases of verd, and other precious works of art, valued altogether at more than a million—to whose summit Beckford would frequently ascend, to sit in solitude and enjoy the view of his estate at Fonthill, which he could command from that height. And in later years, after my return from my wanderings to the home of my youth, I have repeatedly mounted that silent and solitary tower—then stripped of all its accumulated treasures, the walls bare, the bookshelves once stored with priceless volumes all vacant, and the scarlet damask with which walls and shelves were covered hanging in ribbons,—and looked with feelings which may be imagined on the same scene, together with the tomb of Beckford, lying among others near the foot of the column; the grounds around, once so jealously guarded from intrusion, having been converted into a public Cemetery.*

Another great man of Bath of whom I have a distinct recollection, and whose image floats before my mind's eye while I write, is that fiery genius, Walter Savage Landor, of the *Imaginary Conversations* (in which, as Ellis observes, "a great procession of noble forms of olden times, and of later days, pass sweetly, or haughtily, or sadly, before us"). It will be remembered that Landor was the friend of Robert Southey and Robert Browning. He is called by Allibone, "Poet, soldier, philosopher, essayist, and critic." I have read that Carlyle "thought the journey to Bath not too dear a price to pay for seeing him, and found something royal in him." Here, too, Lowell visited him in 1852, after having made a pilgrimage to Landor's Fiesolan villa. He lived in Bath (generally) from 1835 to 1857. I recollect often looking at, and pointing out to others, the house in St. James's Square

* When, after the death of Mr. Beckford (May 2nd, 1844), the estate was put up to public auction, the grounds were sold to an innkeeper of Bath, who proposed to turn them into tea-gardens, but was prevented by the Duchess of Hamilton (a daughter of Mr. Beckford), who purchased them at a large advance, and presented them to the Rector of Walcot as a parochial burying ground. And hither the tomb of Mr. Beckford was subsequently removed from the Abbey Cemetery, in which it had first been placed.

in which he resided, and which I regarded as a Temple of Genius.

Of a different stamp altogether was William Jay, the famous minister of Argyle Chapel, celebrated in his youth as "the Boy Preacher" (before he was twenty-one he had delivered nearly a thousand sermons), named in his age "The Shrewd Old Nestor of the Modern Pulpit," and called by John Foster "the Prince of Preachers"; the author also of numerous books; whose name, like the names of Beckford and Landor, is associated with Bath all the world over. I remember—and it is another of my earliest recollections—attending the Sunday School Jubilee at Argyle Chapel in 1831, when Mr. Jay occupied the pulpit. His preaching, which was the great study and chief employment of his life, was often characterised by a happy selection of texts—witness, for instance, that of his Funeral Sermon for Rowland Hill, "Howl, O fir tree, for the cedar hath fallen!"—and was always remarkable for simplicity, clearness, apt illustrations, skilful Scriptural quotation, and "unction"; and, withal, was so interesting and instructive that persons of high rank and literary distinction were constantly among his hearers. His style has been compared to "a beautiful mosaic arranged with careful regard to the harmony of colours, so that nothing is wanting which can please the eye or gratify the taste." And his discourses were so methodically divided that they were easily remembered even for years. An amusing anecdote is told of him in reference to his *published* sermons. Mr. Jay was at Cheltenham, staying at the house of a lady of the Episcopal communion. She told him that a minister of the church she attended did not, as she feared, preach the Gospel; and begged him to go and hear him. Mr. Jay went, and being afterwards asked what he thought of the discourse, replied, "That is a very awkward question for me to answer, for *it was my own sermon.*"

Not far from my own dwelling stood, and still stand, the house, No. 7, New King Street, in which Sir William Herschel —of whom it has been said that no other individual ever added so much to the facts on which our knowledge of the solar system is founded—first lived with his incomparable sister Caroline, his lifelong companion and fellow-worker,

when he brought her to Bath from Hanover in 1772; and No. 19 in the same street, in which he discovered Uranus (*née* Georgium Sidus), and made many other interesting discoveries; and almost every room of which he turned into a workshop for grinding and polishing his lenses, etc. Often have I looked with veneration on this old Temple, as I regarded it, of Genius and Science; as well as on the Octagon Chapel, in which he was organist, and for which he composed many anthems, chants, and psalm tunes. And, indeed, go where I might in this ancient city, but especially in the neighbourhood of the Baths, the Pump Room, the Grove, the Parades, and the Sydney Gardens (the Vauxhall and Ranelagh of bygone days), the spirits of the past seemed to be present.* There was, moreover, a library and newsroom in Milsom Street, kept by a Miss Williams, which I knew well as a boy, at which quite a number of distinguished persons used at that time to meet, including Landor, Sir William Molesworth, Dr. Falconer, John Arthur Roebuck, then M.P. for the city, etc., etc.

And when I have bent my steps to the suburbs, and especially to Combe Down, where as a boy I have gone "cowsliping," and have entered Prior Park, what shades have surrounded me!—shades of Ralph Allen (the Squire Allworthy of *Tom Jones*), the father of modern Bath, and the herald of modern Post Office improvement, who there gathered around him Arbuthnot, Fielding (whom Byron called "the prose Homer of human nature"), Garrick, Gay, Horne, Hurd, Pope, Quin, Richardson, Sterne, Swift, Thomson, Warburton, and other stars of his time, including William Pitt, afterwards Earl of Chatham, and even royal personages! I sometimes wandered into the neighbourhood of Freshford, where lived Sir William Napier, the historian of the Peninsular War, who had taken up his residence at Freshford House in 1831, when he was engaged on his noble and imperishable work; and who all but completed it in that charming retreat. Few men in Bath were so well known as Sir William, "our English Thucydides." His striking figure, fine manners, and gentleness to children, appear to have attracted universal attention; and he might frequently be seen among the brilliant circle before mentioned at Miss Williams' in Milsom Street.

* Vide Peach's *Historic Houses in Bath.*

Perhaps no church of the same size can boast so great a number of Monuments as Bath ABBEY—"*the lantern of England.*" So numerous are they as to remind us of the famous epigram:—

> "These walls, adorned with monument and bust,
> Show how Bath waters serve *to lay the dust.*"

The most familiar Memorial to my recollection, besides the large tombs of Bishop Montague and Lady Jane Waller, wife of the Parliamentary general, is that of Quin, which bears the following inscription, written by Garrick:—

> "The tongue which set the table in a roar,
> And charmed the public ear, is heard no more;
> Closed are those eyes, the harbingers of wit,
> Which spake before the tongue, with Shakspeare writ;
> Cold is that hand which, living, was stretched forth,
> At friendship's call, to succour modest worth.
> Here lies JAMES QUIN—deign, reader, to be taught,
> Whate'er thy strength of body, force of thought,
> In Nature's happiest mould however cast,
> *To this complexion thou must come at last.*"

I have said that I had a great love of books. But I had also a love of travel. I began as a child by making pilgrimages to Bristol. As a great city, and the nearest to Bath, it had excited my youthful curiosity; and the fact that it was the home of Chatterton, that marvellous boy, gave it a tenfold interest. From Bristol it was an easy walk to Clifton, where now stretches the famous Suspension Bridge, which had not then been erected over the great gorge of the Avon,—

> "By some long past stupendous effort rent
> Of lab'ring Nature."

I afterwards became bent on seeing London; and one fine morning set off *to walk there.* The first day I walked to Marlborough (33 miles); the second, to the neighbourhood of Reading, where I slept on a haymow; and the third morning, seeing one of the stage-coaches which then ran between Bath and the Metropolis standing beside an inn, and perceiving that a kind of box hung behind it which I thought was large enough to hold and conceal me, I crept into it unobserved, and in that way rode into the capital In another

week I had been sent home again by the friends I had gone to visit, and had been received once more into the arms of my mother.

My love of travel and adventure was increased by my interest in Missionary enterprise. I listened with great delight to the narratives of returned missionaries at the annual meetings held in Bath, and looked forward with much gratification to the recurrence of such anniversaries.

In a few years I had grown into a young man. I had an uncle who had been in the Marines, whom I greatly admired for his exploits (as Desdemona did Othello). From him I caught the "scarlet fever," and desiring to see the wonders of our Oriental empire, and having no hope of being able to obtain a commission, I enlisted in the service of the Honourable East India Company. Let not any one blame me for this. Did not Coleridge do the same? Did not Steele enlist? Did not the afterwards illustrious George Buchanan serve as a private soldier in the Scotch army? The roll might be made a long one.*

I was soon on my way to Chatham, and I must own in somewhat uncongenial society. Arrived there, I had scarcely donned my red jacket ere I obtained a short furlough, and returned to Bath to show off my uniform, of which I was exceedingly proud. Soldiers were rare in Bath, and were always looked upon as a kind of illustrious strangers; and I strutted up and down the streets with a happy consciousness of attracting notice. But now, taking a final farewell (as I thought) of my friends, I returned to Chatham. Here I remained a short time, during which I continued, as much as I could, my habit of reading, and amused my fellow-soldiers in our great barrack room during the hours of darkness by reciting them stories culled and strung together from my memory; which were in some instances continued night after night, like the famous tales of Scheherazade. We were soon, however, ordered to India, marched to Gravesend, and embarked in a ship bound for Bengal. And then I might very well have burst into

* It may be added that the subsequently famous John Hunter was *intending* to enlist for a soldier, when his brother William, who had become eminent as an anatomical lecturer, invited him to London to assist him in his dissecting-room. The sequel is well known.

SONG.

To the East! to the East! to the land of my dreams!
The land which e'er basks in the sun's brightest beams!
The land of the mountain, the plain, and the flood;
The land won for England by torrents of blood.
To the East! to the East! spread the sail! spread the sail
To the East! to the East! blow, O prosperous gale!

To the East, whence our fathers and brothers first came,
And which, while men change, remains ever the same;
The land of great princes, who own Britain's sway,—
Of proud kings, who her rule and her mandate obey.
To the East! to the East! spread the sail! spread the sail!
To the East! to the East! blow, O prosperous gale!

To the East, where the ivoried elephant herds,
And the peacock in splendour reigns king among birds;
Where the tiger lies crouching amid the tall grass,
And a thousand strange forms through the wild woods pass.
To the East! to the East! spread the sail! spread the sail!
To the East! to the East! blow, O prosperous gale!

To the East, where the banyan outstretches her arms,
And, dropping her rootlets, a grove round her forms;
The slender palm lifts her plumed head to the skies,
Flowers enwreathing, illuming, the forest, arise.
To the East! to the East! spread the sail! spread the sail!
To the East! to the East! blow, O prosperous gale!

To the East, where gold streams,* and where diamonds blaze,
And the Orient ruby its beauty displays,
Where a thousand gems hide in the rock and the field,
And pearls, precious pearls, in the depths lie concealed!
To the East! to the East! spread the sail! spread the sail!
To the East! to the East! blow, O prosperous gale!

To the East! glorious land! famed in annals of old,
And still to be famed as times future unfold!
Land that tyrants have thought to seize, rob, and oppress,
But which Heaven gives to ENGLAND to rule, guard, and bless! †
To the East! to the East! spread the sail! spread the sail!
To the East! to the East! blow, O prosperous gale!

---

* "Gold is found in the beds of most rivers (while it impregnates vast tracts of land) in India. There can be no doubt that, when the riches of India begin to be appreciated in England, the precious metal will flow in abundance from the Eastern to the Western hemisphere."—*R. Montgomery Martin.*

† By the census of 1891 the population of our Indian empire was shown to be 285,000,000, being an increase of fully 30,000,000 since the census of 1881. "One hundred years ago the population of India was estimated to

We sailed from the Downs with a fair wind, and were soon in the famous Bay of Biscay. But then the wind grew boisterous, and increased to a tempest, accompanied by such pitching and tossing, such reeling and rolling, as made many very sorry they had left the land, caused every head to spin, and stirred every stomach to rebellion.

The storm, however, was of short duration, and we pursued our way. Ere long we passed into the broad Atlantic. And now we had a four-months' voyage before us, a dreary time to many, and more particularly to some of the younger men.*

have been 150,000,000, and to have remained at 150,000,000 for years, and even for centuries, kept at one dead level by War, Pestilence, and Famine. It has increased by 100,000,000 in the course of the last eighty years. There is no fact like that in the whole story of multiplying of people." And *the native Christians are now the most rapidly increasing of all classes.*

*The feelings of some of such young men were well expressed on another occasion by a youthful marine on board a man-of-war, whose lines are so appropriate, though, perhaps, a little faulty, that I shall venture here to introduce them:—

THE MARINE'S LAMENT.

WRITTEN ON BOARD H.M.S. "ROYAL ADELAIDE."

OH, could I wander thro' the woods to-day
Where violet and primrose hidden bloom,
And see the dewdrop trembling on the spray,
Far from this haunt of gloom!

Daily I've watched the hedges and the trees
Grow greener, and the hawthorn blossoming,
And sometimes through the port a little breeze
Doth whisper, it is Spring.

Then my mind pictures quiet spots of green,
Where cuckoo-flowers and bluebells nod their heads,
And feathery-tipped ferns bend down to screen
From Sol the violet beds.

And in the morning, when the blackbird sings,
The flowers awakening with his melody,
The zephyrs bear it on their unseen wings
Across the sea to me.

My heart rejoices for a moment, then
Grows sad again, as if to sorrow wed;
For days return I wish forgotten, when
Youth had not vanished.

Oh, those sweet wood-walks, bathed in silv'ry dew,
Where heather sweet and flowers blossomed fair,
To ev'ry haunt my happy childhood knew,
Oft fancy doth repair.

Ah! what are battles lost or won to me?
Is there a joy in taking a brother's life?
Welcome, ye glorious days, when there shall be
Heard no more martial strife.

I asked and obtained permission to deliver some lectures to my fellow-soldiers; and held forth on the lower deck amid a crowd that surrounded me, on subjects which I do not now remember. My lectures, though doubtless of a quite elementary character, were written out, and occupied very enjoyably some time in preparation.

The evenings on board ship are often cheered by song. Our country is deeply indebted to her Naval song-writers. Dibdin, with his "Poor Jack," "Tom Bowling," and some *twelve hundred* others, did more to maintain our Navy, inspirit our sailors, and preserve order and discipline in our old wars, than all beside. Campbell, with his "Mariners of England," and "Battle of the Baltic," has made many a daring seaman. "The Sea! The Sea!" of Barry Cornwall; the "Black-eyed Susan" of Gay, the "Brave Old Temeraire" of Duff, and "The Heart that can feel for Another" of Upton, are familiar to all; and these Songs are sung on every British ship that traverses or roams the ocean, while "Jack" spins his "yarn," and the landsman tells his "story."

As we passed through the mighty Atlantic, we beheld the beautiful, wild, vine-clad hills of Madeira; and sailed on till—having crossed the Line, and participated in the "ceremonies" customary among mariners on the occasion—we approached the Cape of Good Hope, whose Guardian Spirit Camoëns so well describes addressing the Portuguese discoverers four hundred years ago:—

"In me the Spirit of the Cape behold,
That rock by you the Cape of Tempests named,

Now breezes steal through open lattices
Into those rooms so dear to memory,
Laden with breath of buds and hum of bees,
Fresh gather'd on the lea;

Or cuckoos' song, or scent of lilac sweet,
Or apple blossoms from some orchard near;
Or with the notes the little birds repeat
When ev'ning doth appear.*

And down the hatchway sunbeams swiftly steal,
Like new-born thoughts across the poet's mind
Yet even their presence makes me more to feel
The freedom I resign'd,

To be I scarce know what, to lead a life
Of wretchedness (and sigh for liberty);
That I may fitted be for the armed strife
That some day is to be. T. WOODLEY, Private R.M.

By Neptune's rage, in horrid earthquakes framed,
When Jove's red bolts o'er Titan's offspring flamed.
With wide-stretch'd piles I guard the pathless strand,
And Afric's southern mound, unmoved, I stand;
Nor Roman prow, nor daring Tyrian oar
E'er dash'd the white wave foaming to my shore;
Nor Greece, nor Carthage, ever spread the sail
On these my seas, to catch the trading gale:
You, you alone, have dar'd to plough my main,
And, with the human voice, disturb my lonesome reign."

Meanwhile the Pole Star and the Northern constellations sank in the nightly heavens, and the Ship, Centaur, Southern Cross, and their brilliant companions rose into view.

Soon we realise that the Cape of Good Hope is indeed, as it has been called, the CAPE OF STORMS. Sudden and frequent gusts of wind compel us many times to "tack" ship: and often, when all seems clear, a cloud, "like a man's hand," appears at a distance, and before we can take in sail a violent tempest is raging which lifts the sea mountains high all around us. Our own British sailor, Falconer, well describes the scene: let the reader turn, when at leisure, to his pages.

We now again cross the Line. Soon after we are becalmed for awhile, and reminded of Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," while we lie

"As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean."

But the calm is brief, and we sail on. Some alarm is occasioned by a suspicious-looking vessel, which is observed to be hovering near us, and is thought to entertain piratical intentions. Arms are therefore brought out, and preparation is made for defence; but after following us for awhile, and scanning our appearance, she takes herself off. Other ships (of which we have seen but few for some weeks) are occasionally observed far away; and a shoal or "school" of whales now and then; and numerous birds flying about us. By-and-by, after enjoying the trade winds, we arrive off the Nicobar Islands, fringed with the graceful palm trees which give such a characteristic charm to Eastern lands. From one of these islands a boat, full of natives of savage appearance, comes out to us with beautiful fruits of various

kinds, which they offer for sale or barter. As the first natives of this region we have seen, we look on their naked forms with no little curiosity. Then we pass the Andaman Islands, which, we are told, are also inhabited by savages.* But we are getting towards civilised territories. The sword-fish, the flying-fish, the tiger-shark, the sea-hedgehog, and other curious creatures, of some of which we get occasional glimpses, abound in the Bay of Bengal. Soon we reach the Sandheads, and take on board our pilot—quite a gentleman,† with blue uniform coat, figured brass buttons, and gold lace cap, and attended by a native servant—and sail on. By-and-by it is night. Again it is morning.

> "See, how *at once* the bright effulgent sun,
> Rising direct, swift chases from the sky
> The short-lived twilight; and with ardent blaze
> Looks gaily fierce through all the dazzling air:
> He mounts his throne; but kind before him sends,
> Issuing from out the portals of the morn,
> The genial breeze to mitigate his fire
> And breathe refreshment on a fainting world."‡

The day passes. Once more it is night. Another day and night wear on. After three days we drop anchor off Saugor Island, near the mouth of the Ganges; this island, as we know, is famous for tigers, which, we are told, sometimes swim out into the stream; famous, too, or rather

* Professor Max Müller, in his address to the Anthropological section of the British Association at Cardiff in 1891, showing how impossible it is to estimate aright the character of a people without intimate intercourse with them, and a knowledge of their language, observes: "No race has been so cruelly maligned for centuries as the inhabitants of the Andaman Islands. An Arab writer of the ninth century states that their complexion was frightful, their hair frizzled, their countenance and eyes terrible, their feet very large, and almost a cubit in length, and that they go quite naked. Marco Polo (about 1285) declared that the inhabitants are no better than wild beasts, and he goes on to say: 'I assure you, all the men of this island of Angamanain have heads like dogs, and teeth and eyes likewise; in fact, in the face they are just like big mastiff dogs.' They are now found to be very different." And the Professor gives much interesting information furnished by the English officers who went to live among them when after the Mutiny of 1857 these islands were used as a penal colony for India, and who found them a very interesting and even a *lovable* people! (See also Hunter's *Indian Empire*, chap. iii., p. 70 *et seq.*)

† The pilots receive about £800 a year, and they have a present from each ship they navigate. The pilot brigs are stationed at the Sandheads, and serve as lightships in that dangerous locality.

‡ Thomson.

infamous, for the number of infants formerly, *if not still*,* thrown here to the sharks and alligators as an offering to Gunga, the Spirit of the River (which all Hindoos regard as the source of salvation), by the female pilgrims annually resorting hither from all parts of the country. Hundreds of thousands of innocent children have thus, it would seem, been immolated here; and many of the mothers have probably given themselves to the alligators.† Thus early, at the very gates of the land, we are reminded of the cruel superstitions of India. (A six years' pilgrimage from the source of the Ganges in the Himalaya to its mouth at Saugor and back again, known as *Pradakshin*, is performed by many Hindoos.) Here, too, the Bore, when it occurs, takes its rise, occasioning no little disaster as it rushes up the river. Yonder are the deadly Sunderbunds, a vast forest jungle, *the alleged birthplace of* CHOLERA.

With morning we pursue our way, passing Kedgeree, and going on by tedious and careful navigation among the shifting sands, and through a strong current, till after three days more we approach Calcutta.

* Infanticide at Saugor was prohibited in 1802 by the Marquis Wellesley, who declared the practice to be murder, punishable with death, because it was not sanctioned by the Hindoo Shastras. We are not sure, however, that it has altogether ceased. And there is every reason to believe that the same offence is practised in other ways. "Though the crime of infanticide," says Miss Roberts, "upon any pretext whatever is not permitted by the British Government, there is not much difficulty in eluding the laws in force against it, since the natives are possessed of so many facilities for accomplishing in private what they no longer dare to perform before the world. A small quantity of opium administered in the first nourishment given to a newborn babe will send it to its everlasting rest; and as no inquiry is instituted as to the cause of death perpetrated without apparent violence, and where the probabilities are in favour of its having been occasioned by natural accident, the murderers escape detection."

† The law abolishing infanticide does not forbid suicide.

CHAPTER II.

THE CITY OF PALACES.

OUR vicinity to the capital is indicated by the charming palatial villas of Garden Reach, set like gems amidst greenest verdure, which follow on our right bank in endless succession, and which are confronted by numerous villages half hidden amid palms and bamboos, by the world-famous Botanical Gardens, and by what we are told is the Bishop's College,* on the opposite side; while the muddy river—the *Hooghly*, a branch of the GANGES—every moment grows more and more animated with ships, and fishing and pleasure boats, many of the latter being very elegant and shaded with venetians. Numbers of the boatmen, wrapped around with sheeting, look, as somebody says, almost like ghosts, and it would be easy to imagine them risen from the dead in their grave-clothes. All, however, is sunny and beautiful (though a little chilly), except that now and then a dark

* The first stone of this magnificent establishment was laid by Bishop Middleton in 1820. The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel having founded it at the instance of that venerable prelate for the training of preachers, catechists, and schoolmasters, for the general extension of education, and for the reception of European missionaries on their arrival in India; and having raised under a Royal Letter the sum of £5,000 towards its erection, another £5,000 was given by the Christian Knowledge Society and the Church Missionary Society respectively to the Building Fund, which was aided by other contributions, while the Church Missionary Society afforded additional assistance to the institution, and the British and Foreign Bible Society assigned to it £5,000 for the Scriptural Translation Department. Other sums have since been appropriated to the College, including a bequest of £30,000 by "A Man of Kent." The College funds are administered by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel; while the institution itself is under the management of a principal and two professors, and maintains Native tutors for the purposes of instruction in the Oriental languages. It is open alike to all Christian men,—European and Native,—under certain limitations and regulations.

object—the corpse, it is suggested, of some unfortunate Hindoo, whose remains have not been wholly consumed on the funeral pyre—is seen floating past us, with a number of birds upon it.* And now we draw near our port, and our four months' voyage will soon be finished. The broad stream becomes more and more crowded with vessels—English, American, Arab, Chinese, Manilla, and Native—"perhaps the finest fleet of merchant shipping the world can produce" (about which, however, numbers of kites are hovering, as if looking out for food)—while the far-stretching bank, at once a splendid pleasure-ground and a noble highway:—and the commodious quay, with its flights of steps and pillared platforms, extending along the bank the whole length of the city,—seem full of moving objects. The citadel of Fort William—one of the most perfect fortifications in the world†—identified in the memories of most Englishmen with our early history and the imprisonment of our countrymen in the Black Hole; its green glacis, cannon, dry ditch, drawbridge and gate; the superb colonnaded and domed residence of the Governor-General of India; and—at a hundred miles from the sea—the CITY OF PALACES, with its marble-like, Greek-like, pillared mansions,‡ church spires, mosques, pagodas, and one tall monument—to Ochterlony (statesman and warrior), as we afterwards find—stand before us.

The anchor is dropped. Friends who have been awaiting

* The Rev. T. Gardner says: "You cannot go at any time anywhere on the river without the risk of seeing a dead body lying here and there upon the banks, perhaps floating down the stream, with two or three crows standing on it, and tearing out pieces from it. We have seen and heard the dogs all night quarrelling over human bodies, and tearing them close beside us." It is now forbidden to throw bodies into the river, and the authorities have provided a public furnace for burning them.

† This fortress, begun by Clive, and built on the Vauban system at a cost of £2,000,000, requires from 10,000 to 15,000 men to defend it. The ships pass so close thereto that they may be hailed from the *glacis*.

‡ "In Calcutta the houses are generally square blocks, at least two, generally three, stories in height, always standing alone, in what are called 'compounds,' or courts adorned with gardens and surrounded by the domestic offices. Each house is a separate design by itself, and toward the south is always covered by deep verandahs, generally arcaded on the basement, with pillars as above, which are closed to half their height, from above, by green Venetian blinds, which are fixed as part of the structure. The dimensions of these façades are about those of the best Venetian palaces. The Grimani, for instance, both in dimensions and arrangement,

friends come on board; and numerous attendants, vehicles, etc., line the banks to bear the passengers away. We, too, are soon disembarked, and march into Fort William, headed by our band, and surrounded by a crowd of onlookers. The plain on which Calcutta stands—not a solitary hill is near it,* and a hundred years ago it was a swamp, the abode of tigers and other denizens of the jungle †—is covered with innumerable people of differing hue and aspect, in varied and picturesque costumes, the graceful robe and turban of the East, and many coloured girdles or loin-cloths—numbers, however, having little or no clothing;—elephants, some of them gaily caparisoned, and carrying howdahs containing princely-looking personages;—saddle-horses and their riders; carriages, European and Native, of all descriptions, drawn by horses, ponies, and bullocks (distinguished by the hump and dewlap which characterise Indian cattle), all intermingled, and for the most part moving easily; and every now and then the much-talked-of palanquin—looking so strange and coffin-like to us—each with its retinue of bearers. Numerous palanquins with their bearers are also waiting for hire. Here

would range perfectly with the ordinary run of Calcutta houses; though, alas! none of them would approach it in design. They also possess, when of three stories, the advantage of having the third story of equal height to the lower two."—*Fergusson.*

* A Bengalee Baboo is said to have told one of our surveyors that he had seen many hills near Calcutta. On being asked "where?" he replied, "The embankments of the tanks."

† "In the Old World there is no example of the growth of a capital so rapid. In 1596 this mighty metropolis figures on the rent-roll of the Emperor Akbar as Kalkatta, one of three villages in the district of Hooghly, which together paid an annual tax of £2341. Driven in 1686 from the Factory at Hooghly—where they had originally established themselves about 1640, under the favour of Shah Jehan, through the intercession of Mr. Broughton, an English surgeon—by the Mussulman officer of Aurungzebe, the East India Company's agent, the notorious Mr. Job Charnock, with his council, sailed down the river, in search of another site. Aolabaria, on the same right bank, and somewhat below the present Botanical Garden, was tried. But, though the ferry town on the high road to the shrine of Juggernath in Orissa, that place had the two disadvantages of bad anchorage and exposure to the raids of the Marathas. Not so the high ground immediately to the north of Kalkatta. There the river was deep; its expanse, a mile broad at high water, protected the place from the Western devastators; and the surrounding inhabitants were a prosperous brotherhood of receivers for the Company's trade. Under a large shady tree, somewhere between the present Mint and the most orthodox quarter of Sobha Bazaar, Job Charnock set up the Company's flag." And then the city was founded.

and there among the people, easy to be recognised, and saluted with profound respect by the devout, while some appear to shrink from his gaze, walks the proud Brahmin,* his head shaven—a tuft only remaining dependent from his crown—the sacred cord (of which we read) thrown over one shoulder or ear; † the symbol of Siva painted on his forehead. The Brahmins of Lower Bengal, however, are considered inferior to those of the North and North-West. Numbers of Eurasians, too, are to be seen, having the dark skin of the half-caste, while wearing the costume of the European. Many other strange objects attract our attention. Here are a number of men—oddly enough called *bheesties*—watering the roads *from the skins slung over their shoulders.* Specially noticeable are the gigantic storks or cranes (*ciconia argala*), some five or six feet high,—the "Inspectors of Nuisances" ‡ of the East,—standing often on one leg, motionless and unregarded; or stalking to and fro with martial step (whence they derive the name of *Adjutants*); or perched on the walls or roofs of houses, and especially on the top of Government House, as if they were part of the Governor-General's body-guard, taking their observations. Some one has suggested that they may be old Governors-General themselves:—"Whether the souls of defunct Governors-General inhabit their bodies," says he, "is not known to the birds; but if the proud consciousness which they seem to possess of superiority to all the rest of the feathered host congregated in that City of Palaces, coupled with their favourite haunts, be proofs in point, they are assuredly nothing less than feathered Clives, Hastings, Bentincks, and other defunct *illustrissimi* of the same genus."§

* It is said, "The world is subject to the gods, the gods to the Muntras, the Muntras are in the possession of the Brahmins, and therefore *the Brahmins are gods.*"

† A *prince* cannot purchase the Brahminical Thread, which is the badge of Brahmin dignity, for millions: "As a mouse cannot change into an elephant, neither can a Sudra be changed into a Brahmin."

‡ By an ancient law of Bengal a heavy penalty is attached to the killing of one of them.

§ It must be said, however, that if this is the case they greatly humble themselves. "Every morning some of these birds station themselves near to the cook-room doors, ready to seize the offal which may be thrown out by the cooks; and many furious battles take place in the course of the morning for the possession of bones and other spoils which may occasionally present themselves to their watchful eyes. Their beaks are very

(These birds, by-the-bye, ugly as they look, give us the beautiful Marabout feathers, so much valued by our ladies, and which sometimes sell for their weight in gold.) The crows, too, are very numerous and noisy. All this is seen in the full light, we might rather say the *glare*, of brilliant sunshine, which obliges us to hasten to our quarters. As we enter the Fort, the Sepoys—the first we have seen—salute us. It is yet early, but hot; and for the rest of the day we are confined to barracks, for soldiers are not allowed to go out in the sun. The bare walls, destitute of all ornament, shut us in. But we are surprised to find how many native *servants* we have—cooks to prepare our food, water-carriers to bring us that most needful fluid, barbers to shave us and cut our hair, shoeblacks to clean our boots, washermen to cleanse our linen, and all sorts of people to do all sorts of things for us. Moreover, we are told that the Sepoys do many of the European soldiers' outdoor duties. There cannot be much left for us to do. And really we can do but little, the heat is so great. There are many flies plaguing us, too; ants are running about the floor, and lizards running up the walls.* We go to sleep; we read. But by-and-by evening

long and thick, and they possess great strength in them. When they are fighting, the chopping of their bills and fluttering of their wings are the signals to waiting kites and crows, numbers of which immediately surround them, and commonly carry off the prize for which they are contending."—*Statham.*

* "In consequence of their belief in the doctrine of metempsychosis (the eighty-four lacs of changes through which all souls are liable to pass—that is, 8,400,000; which various forms of life are supposed to consist of 2,300,000 quadrupeds; 900,000 aquatic animals; 1,000,000 feathered animals; 1,100,000 creeping animals; 1,700,000 immovable creatures, such as trees and stones; 1,400,000 forms of human beings), no man, woman, or child among the Hindoos will venture to kill an animal of any kind. Everywhere in India animals of every description appear to live on terms of the greatest confidence and intimacy with human beings. Everywhere they dispute possession of the earth with man. Birds build their nests and lay their eggs in the fields untroubled by fears or misgivings, before the very eyes of every passer-by, and within the reach of every village schoolboy. Animals of all kinds rove over the soil as if they were the landlords. Here and there a needy farmer may drive them from his crops, but he dares not question their claim to a portion of the food he eats and the house he occupies; while everywhere in the towns they are admitted, so to speak, to the privileges of fellow-citizens. Bulls walk about independently in the streets, and jostle you on the pavements; monkeys domesticate themselves jauntily on the roof of your house; parrots peer inquisitively from the eaves of your bedroom into the mysteries of your toilet; crows make themselves at home on your window-sill, and carry off

comes on. We go out and stroll about the Fort, noticing its broad walls, numerous buildings, and large grass plots surrounded by rows of shady trees;* its gravelled promenades, its parks of artillery,† and piles of cannon-balls and bombshells. Night soon obliges us to return. The hours roll on. The air is hotter than ever, for the heat is increased by the barrack lamps. We seek to rest, but cannot. We are kept awake by the barking of dogs,‡ the yells and howls of jackals (which appear to scour the country in troops), the screaming of elephants, the drumming of native music, the challenge of sentinels, the outcry of native watchmen, and the attacks of swarms of insects and flies, and especially of mosquitoes, which creep and trumpet and buzz all round us, and know, too, by instinct, the "fresh arrivals," and so hasten to make our particular acquaintance and devour us. *And this is* INDIA! § *the Paradise of the East.*

impudently any portable article of jewellery that takes their fancy on your dressing-table; sparrows hop about impertinently, and take the bread off your table-cloth; a solitary mongoose emerges every morning from a hole in your verandah, and expects a share in your breakfast; swarms of insects claim a portion of your midday meal, and levy a tax on the choicest delicacies of your dinner-table; bats career triumphantly about your head as you light yourself to your bedroom; and at certain seasons snakes domicile themselves unpleasantly in the folds of your cast-off garments."—*Sir Monier Williams.*

* "The Fort is spacious and handsome, but very hot from the ramparts that surround it. *The 44th Queen's have lost three officers by death, nine have returned to England on sick certificate, and three hundred of the privates are in hospital—this in six months!*"—FANNY PARKES. It will scarcely be believed that eight rupees used to be stopped from each soldier on his landing, *for the expense of his burial.* Yet this is stated as a fact. (See Memoirs of Lieut. John Shipp, page 32.)

† "The ordnance yards generally contain, independent of the guns mounted on the works, between 3,000 and 4,000 pieces of iron and brass ordnance, including many heavy mortars. The quantity of shot and shell for the different calibres seldom falls short of 1,800,000 rounds, ready-prepared grape and case shot included, but *exclusive* of *more* than 14,000,000 loose shot, of various diameters, for grape and canister.

"The Fort *mounts* 619 guns of various calibres, from 12 to 32 pounders, exclusive of mortars: viz., the bastions and redans, 205; flanks of bastions, 89; redoubts, ravelins, and counter-guards, 197; lunettes, 122; and faussebrais, 6. . . . The gunpowder magazines are all bomb-proof, and, independent of the grand magazine, are made to contain something more than 5,000 barrels or 500,000 pounds of powder. There are also branch or expense magazines in the outworks, also bomb-proof, to hold 200 barrels each. The proportion of ready-made small-arm ammunition lodged in the grand magazine is 1,200,000 rounds."—*Stocqueler.*

‡ Psalm lix. 14.

§ "The delicious breeze in the hot nights of summer, and the charming

(We remained about a month in Calcutta. I will sketch some of the events and scenes of a WEEK-DAY and of a SUNDAY in the INDIAN METROPOLIS.)

BOOM! *The Morning Gun!* The roll of the martial drum floats upon the drowsy ear. The bugle calls the garrison to their daily exercise. "Caw! caw! caw!" the cry of crows, is heard on every side. It is daybreak. See yon grey pyramidal column looming in the east, with its base on the horizon! It seems not to move for a while; but presently its foundations are, as it were, upheaved, while its outline becomes more brilliant. It is the Zodiacal Light!

Among the earliest objects to be discerned are the numerous pigs, which we find share with the "adjutants" and other animals the duties of scavengers of Calcutta, and may be perceived feeding on the Hindoo corpses thrown up or left by the tide on the shores of the Hooghly. These do not prepare us to anticipate with much gusto a dinner of roast pork, or to envy the fate of the Hindoo population.

People are now seen coming forth (as we learn) to their morning ablutions * and devotions in the river, the banks of which soon become thronged with bathers and worshippers, —men and women (more or less dressed)—paying their devotions *at the moment of sunrise* to the "lord of day," whose appearance they hail with a low prolonged murmur. These are all, we may suppose, Hindoos (but no! Mahommedans are mingled with them, though *they* do not worship the sun); and among the first things that attract our attention is the mark on the forehead which denotes the "god" whom each serves. (What a reproach is this to Christians *ashamed of their faith!*) Some bring with them little images of these "gods," while others make them from the mud on the spot. Some wash their clothes at the same time that they bathe. Many priests and teachers are among the masses, and the hubbub is great.

Italian climate in the cold weather, are said to be characteristic of Calcutta, and to relieve it from the stigma of Bishop Heber of possessing the worst climate he ever met with." *We* have no knowledge or recollection, however, of these ameliorations of its plagues.

* Soap *such as we use* appears to be in India an almost unknown luxury. The Hindoos abhor everything prepared with animal fat; but earth and some vegetable substances, including the *soap nut*, are occasionally used.

But Calcutta is truly *L'Hôtel du Monde.* Here and there may be seen a Parsee, known by the pyramidal shape of his hat. Mingled with the somewhat strong-smelling mass of native inhabitants, Hindoo and Mussulman, with the vendors of sweetmeats and pulse (who give the scene the appearance of a fair), and with some few of our countrymen that soon follow, are bold and lordly Arabs; flat-nosed, angle-eyed, long-tailed, yellow Chinese; huge-mouthed, piratical-looking Malays; clean and portly Dutch; keen-eyed children of Abraham;* handsome and courtly Persians; haughty, turbaned, and wide-trousered Turks; industrious Armenians; brave, strong, muscular Danes; tall, thin, tobacco-loving Yankees; little lively Frenchmen; Portuguese, and Eurasians; dockyard *wallahs* (who are known by their tools) repairing to their daily toil; coolies, returning with their employers from market, carrying vegetables and miscellaneous purchases on their heads; and other coolies with fish in baskets slung across their shoulders. We observe that the natives, whether Hindoo or Mussulman, are an intellectual-looking people. Such women as are to be seen are often accompanied by their children, and are mostly muffled up in a sheet-like covering, which in the case of those who are going home is wet from bathing. Here, again, are pigs feeding, and goats going to be milked.

We are now on the "Maidan," the "Rotten Row" of

* There are distinct colonies of Jews in various parts of India. One, on the coast of Malabar, is divided into two classes, the *White* and the *Black.* The former appear to have established themselves there in the year 490; the latter seem to have arrived in India long before, while "their Hindoo complexion, and their very imperfect resemblance to the European Jews, indicate that they have been detached from the parent stock in Judea many ages before the Jews in the West, and that there have been intermarriages with families not Israelitish. The white Jews look upon the black as an inferior race, and as not of a pure caste; which demonstrates that they do not spring from a common stock in India."—*Buchanan.* · At Bombay, Panwell, Nizampoor, Chewul, Pon, Gorchgaum, Muslah, Savhurdun, and Moorood, Jews may also be met with. "They have the same marked countenance of national character and bravery, intelligence and thrift; preserving still amongst the surrounding mixed multitude a large portion of that European vigour of body and mind which fits them for enterprise. They cultivate their own land; many of them enter into the native army, and are proverbially distinguished for gallantry, fidelity, and cleanliness." —*Rushton.* Wherever scattered, as predicted of old (Deut. xxvii. 64, etc.), they are GOD'S WITNESSES (Isa. xliii. 10, 12) to the people around them, —witnesses that He is ONE, and that His Word is TRUTH.

Calcutta. Nor are we alone. The "adjutants" are already on duty, and the crows and kites everywhere busy, associated sometimes with the graceful yellow-legged and saffron-billed minas. Here, too, are numbers of European children, with their native nurses and attendants, brought out to take the morning air; but the city is now rather gay, the parents have been "keeping it up" late, and few of *them*—one or two ladies only on horseback, some solitary gentlemen equestrians, and two or three other wearers of "chimneypot" hats (our countrymen are everywhere known as *topee-wallahs* from so attiring themselves)—are to be observed. Crowds of people are coming in from the suburbs to their occupations in the town; clumsy vehicles dragged by the *sacred* bull or cow are here and there seen moving slowly on; military music is every now and then heard in the air; the strangely-shaped boats of the natives, laden with cotton, indigo, grain, and timber, some looking like huge haystacks, are noticed creeping up and down the great river, which is now so thronged by devotees at their morning ablutions, that their heads resemble a mass of cocoa-nuts floating on the surface; the native washermen are dashing the linen of the white folks about in the water, shouting "*EUROPE!*" with every blow they give it, as if chastising it for its foreign origin; while the busy crews of the vessels that rear their forest of masts down the centre of the stream are crying and screaming in their various tongues to each other; the gongs of the military and of the natives, and the watch bells of the shipping, tell out the hour; the cawing of crows is perpetual; and all is bustle and animation.

A ship from England, which, like our own, arrived yesterday, is now landing troops. Most of them are young men full of health and vigour. Every recruit has cost the Government £100 by the time he steps ashore in Calcutta.

The troops at Barrackpore (the rural residence of the Governor-General, some few miles from Calcutta), and the artillery at Dum-Dum (the scene of Clive's first victory in Bengal, seven miles from the capital), constitute, with the garrison of Fort William, the "Presidency Division" of our Army.

But it is now time to bathe and to breakfast, and we return

to our quarters. *Apropos* of breakfast, fine prawns are to be had in Calcutta; but it is not pleasant to remember that they have most probably fattened on the dead bodies of Hindoos.'

(We learn that *calls* begin to be made by officers and civil servants soon after six o'clock, and ladies make *their* calls before noon.)

It is evidently very important to be well acquainted with the native language. We have heard a strange story. A lady who had but recently arrived in India, and did not quite understand it, desiring some asses' milk (as we may suppose for her children *), sent her servant out with orders to bring the required animal to the house. The man accordingly went; but the sex of the animal not having been mentioned, nor the purpose for which it was wanted, he brought a male. Jack's arrival was duly announced to the lady, who, of course, on seeing him immediately discovered the error that had been committed, and attempted to explain it to her servant, which she did thus: "*Nahi, nahi! Sahib ka maufik gudda nahi! Hummareh maufik gudda lao!*" ("No, no! Not an ass like the master! Bring me an ass like myself!")

Another somewhat similar tale is recorded. An officer, it is said, fresh from Europe, and proceeding up the country for the purpose of joining his regiment, is related to have been set down about five one morning at the traveller's bungalow of a small station. Determined to eat a hearty breakfast, he bade the servant prepare a variety of dishes, concluding his orders with "and—and *curry belao!*" meaning, "and *bring* curry," but really commanding him to "*call curry*," by mistaking the verb "*belao*," which signifies the latter, for "*lao*," which denotes the former. Now, it so happened that a medical gentleman whose

* "The dearest article of native produce is asses' milk, in consequence of its being recommended by medical men for the nutriment of delicate children. The charge is never less than a rupee per pint, and it frequently rises much higher. It is useless to add a donkey to the farmyard belonging to the establishment, in the hope of obtaining a regular and cheaper supply. The expense of the animal's keep is enormous; and it is certain to become dry or to die in a very short time. Few servants refuse to connive at this knavery, and the same donkey may be purchased two or three times, even by its original proprietor; and not an individual in the compound, though the fact may be notorious to all, will come forward to detect the cheat. It is a point of honour amongst them to conceal such delinquencies, and they know that if asses' milk be required for the *baba* it will be purchased at any price."—*Miss Roberts.*

name was that of the dish so deservedly the chief favourite in India was attached to the station; and the servant, thinking the stranger might possibly be ill (although it was evident he had not lost his appetite), neglected the orders first given, and ran for the doctor, who, understanding that his presence was immediately required, roused himself up, ordered his buggy, and hastened with all speed to the bungalow. A moment's silence followed the entrance of the doctor, during which the parties stood looking at each other. "Good-morning!" the visitor then said: "I understand that you require my services." "I—I—beg pardon," replied the other; "I am not aware—a——what may be your name, sir?" "Curry; I am the medical officer here." "Oh—m—m. HA! HA! HA!" after a moment cried the traveller; "excuse me, doctor; I cannot help laughing. The servant, I see, mistook me. You will stop and take *hazree* with me, however; though, to tell you the truth, I called not for *Curry* the *medico*, but for *curry* the *dish*."

Mistakes in English, however, equally ridiculous, are frequently made by half-Anglicised natives. A public writer said on a certain occasion that "*many crowned heads must be trembling in their shoes.*" Another *literary* man wrote: "*I will be utterly thrown into a great jeopardy and hurly-burly, and say—a great fool of myself.*" A young man, wishing to be admitted into an English school, addressed the master: "*Messieurs ——, Esq. May it please your reverendship. The humble petition of Rham Hurry Dhoss sheweth that your petitioner is amazingly idle, and desirous of a commoner in your University, and he will take your most noble grace's name, and for ever and ever pray.*" A servant desiring to be engaged by some travellers assured them that he would *pursue* them wherever they went. In the pronunciation, too, of English names and words many laughable changes occur. Colonel Templeton is spoken of as *Cornill Tumbledown, Sahib*, and Captain Richard Bridges as *Captaun Wretched Breeches, Sahib;* while the police-station is called the *Paleesh-Istashun*, and the constable the *cunnishtubble.*

One of the first things a stranger notices in India is the division of the people into castes. He finds it in the multitude of servants every European family is obliged to

keep,* each of whom is forbidden by the rules of his caste to do anything but his own kind of work, *which is hereditary.* With a Hindoo, his caste is all in all; he who touches that touches the apple of his eye, and he is all on fire. The Mahommedans, too, have their castes: in some places they are formed into two divisions; in others, they are divided into three, and in others, again, into four; and there are minor classifications among them.

We are also much impressed with the Sepoys we see here. Many of these are good-looking fellows, tall, but somewhat delicate in appearance, and scarcely at ease in English uniform. The necklace they wear † looks strange on soldiers; we can't help thinking that—but we shall see more of them.

The daily newspaper seems to be as great an essential to our countrymen at the breakfast-table in Calcutta as at home. The military man seeks eagerly for accounts from our frontiers, turns to the lists of promotions and staff appointments, and forgets not to cast his eye at the death column; the civil servant looks for announcements affecting his department of public service, advertisements of fresh arrivals of horses from Arabia, Persia, and Burmah, spinsters and eatables from England, and wines from France and Germany; glances at the drafts of laws about to be enacted, and reads the programme of the next races: and the merchant studies the latest information relative to indigo, sugar, and saltpetre.

There are several English, and also several vernacular,‡ newspapers published in Calcutta and its neighbourhood.

* We have seen a list of servants in a private family which gives the number as 57, and the monthly expense at 290 rupees.

† Rings, made of the common sea-conch, and formed into necklaces of two rows, each containing from thirty to forty rings, are worn by the Sepoys as a part of their uniform.

‡ We learn from the *Friend of India* that the first Bengalee newspaper was published on May 23rd, 1818, at the Serampore Press, and was entitled the *Sumachar Durpun.* It was immediately honoured with the notice and approbation of the Marquis of Hastings, Governor-General. The next two papers that appeared were the *Sumbad Koumoodi* and the *Sumbad Chundrika*, one advocating Hindooism, the other more liberal sentiments; these two native newspapers frequently engaged in violent controversy. A fourth paper assumed the title of the *Teemeer Nausuk*, the "Destroyer of Darkness," but its character ill corresponds to its pretensions; it is devoted to Hindooism. Besides these, there are two papers in the Persian language, which are occupied chiefly with uninteresting details relating to the transactions

Military affairs occupy a great share of the former; and the *Englishman*,—a name so expressive of intelligence, wealth, strength, mastery, and influence,—which is the leading paper, is a great authority on such matters. The *Hurkaru*, too, has a good circulation. The *Friend of India* is edited with much ability. THE PRESS IS FREE. In addition to the newspapers there are the *Journal of the Asiatic Society*, the *India Review*, the *Calcutta Monthly Journal*, the *Indian Journal of Medical Science*, the *Bengal Sporting Magazine*, the *Christian Observer*, the *Christian Intelligencer*, and the *Circular of Selections*, all of which are published monthly; the *Bengal Army List*, the *Calcutta Quarterly Register*, and *Journal of Natural History*, quarterly; and certain almanacs, etc., yearly. A PUBLIC LIBRARY, established at the instance of Mr. Stocqueler, editor of the *Englishman*, appears to be supported by subscription.

One of the most memorable incidents connected with the history of the liberty of the Indian Press is the banishment, in 1822-3, of Mr. James Silk Buckingham,* the well-known traveller and author of several important works on different countries, then the proprietor of the *Calcutta Journal*,† for a

of the native courts. The number of subscribers to the six native papers is estimated at from 800 to 1,000; and it is supposed that there may be five readers to a paper.

Mr. Arnold Wright gives us some amusing examples of native newspaper character:—

"One paper on the day of its birth came out with two blank pages, and in one of its columns boldly announced that some 'specially interesting matter' had been held over 'for want of space.'

"Here is another brief but weighty announcement: 'Our next paper day falling on Christmas Day, the *next issue of this journal will not appear.*'"

* Afterwards the founder in London of the *Oriental Herald*, of London (which was substantially a continuation of the suppressed *Calcutta Journal*), and of the *Athenæum* (now the leading weekly literary journal).

† Commenced under high auspices, and at first published only twice a week. Its success was so great as at length to lead to its daily issue. "A taste for learning and enlightened pursuits was called by it into existence; in polite literature and general information it is said to have been unequalled; and it numbered every individual in India of literary eminence among its contributors. The good it effected is admitted by all who were then in that country to have been greater than was ever achieved by any publication that had previously existed in any part of our Eastern possessions. It exposed many public abuses, and caused them to be redressed; and prevented many more being committed, from the apprehension of its censures: it greatly improved the administration of justice in the native courts; was the first to inveigh openly against the practice of Suttee, and ultimately forced on the suppression of that frightful and murderous

playful critique published in that newspaper on a ludicrous appointment made by the Indian Government.* Scarcely had Mr. Buckingham been expelled from the country than the Government of Bengal, as a sequel thereto, introduced for the first time a law compelling all proprietors of newspapers to take out a licence, and giving itself a power to withdraw such licence from any paper that might contain anything objectionable to the authorities. The liberty of the Press had before been restrained by a censorship; it was now altogether abolished. On this, however, one of the most remarkable Memorials† ever presented to a Government was addressed

rite; condemned the equally revolting practice of the Government deriving a revenue from the superstitions of the natives in their pilgrimages to Juggernaut, and accelerated the abolition of that iniquitous source of gain; defended the Christian missionaries in their holy and benevolent labours; advocated the education and elevation of the Indian population; opposed every despotic act; and pleaded boldly, earnestly, and incessantly for the great reforms then required for India, nearly all of which have since been accomplished."

* It is but fair, however, to state that Mr. Buckingham is accused of having given previous offence by his strictures on various acts of the authorities, and had been warned of the danger he was incurring.

† Notwithstanding the great importance and unique character of the Memorial referred to, it is not, we believe, to be found in any History of India. We are enabled, however, by a special privilege, to lay it before our readers, who, we are persuaded, will read it with the deepest interest:

"To the Honourable Sir Francis Macnaghten,
Sole Acting Judge of the Supreme Court of Judicature
at Fort William in Bengal.

"My Lord,—

"In consequence of the late Rule and Ordinance passed by his Excellency the Governor-General in Council, regarding the publication of periodical works, your memorialists consider themselves called upon, with due submission, to represent to you their feelings and sentiments on the subject.

"Your memorialists beg leave, in the first place, to bring to the notice of your Lordship various proofs given by the natives of this country of their unshaken loyalty to, and unlimited confidence in, the British Government in India, which may remove from your mind any apprehension of the Government being brought into hatred and contempt, or of the peace, harmony, and good order of society in this country being liable to be interrupted and destroyed, as implied in the preamble of the above rule and ordinance.

"1. Your Lordship is well aware that the natives of Calcutta and its vicinity have voluntarily intrusted Government with millions of their wealth, without indicating the least suspicion of its stability and good faith; and reposing in the sanguine hope that their property being so secured, their interests will be as permanent as the British power itself; while, on the contrary, their fathers were invariably compelled to conceal their treasures in the bowels of the earth, in order to preserve them from the insatiable rapacity of their oppressive rulers.

to that of Bengal by some of the most eminent natives of India (including the illustrious Dewar Kunauth Tagore, their leader, and the author of the Memorial, of whom we shall have to

"2. Placing entire reliance on the promises made by the British Government at the time of the perpetual settlement of the landed property in this part of India, in 1793, the landlords have since, by constantly improving their estates, been able to increase their produce in general very considerably; whereas, prior to that period, and under former Governments, their forefathers were obliged to lay waste the greater part of their estates, in order to make them appear of inferior value, that they might not excite the cupidity of Government, and thus cause their rents to be increased or themselves to be dispossessed of their lands—a pernicious practice, which often incapacitated the landowners from discharging even their stipulated revenue to Government, and reduced their families to want.

"3. During the last wars which the British Government was obliged to undertake against the neighbouring Powers, it is well known that the great body of natives of wealth and respectability, as well as the landholders of consequence, offered up regular prayers to the objects of their worship for the success of the British arms, from a deep conviction that, under the sway of that nation, their improvement, both mental and social, would be promoted, and their lives, religion, and property be secured. Actuated by such feelings, even in those critical times, which are the best test of the loyalty of the subject, they voluntarily came forward with a large portion of their property, to enable the British Government to carry into effect the measures necessary for its own defence; considering the cause of the British their own, and firmly believing that on its success their own happiness and prosperity depended.

"4. It is manifest as the light of day, that the general subject of observation, and the constant and familiar topic of discourse among the Hindoo community of Bengal, are the literary and political improvements which are continually going on in the state of the country under the present system of government, and a comparison between their present auspicious prospects and their hopeless condition under their former rulers.

"5. Under these circumstances your Lordship cannot fail to be impressed with a full conviction that whoever charges the natives of this country with disloyalty, or insinuates aught to the prejudice of their fidelity and attachment to the British Government, must either be totally ignorant of the affairs of this country and the feelings and sentiments of its inhabitants, as above stated, or, on the contrary, be desirous of misrepresenting the people and misleading the Government, both here and in England, for unworthy purposes of his own.

"6. Your memorialists must confess that these feelings of loyalty and attachment, of which the most unequivocal proofs stand on record, have been produced by the wisdom and liberality displayed by the British Government in the means adopted for the gradual improvement of their social and domestic condition, by the establishment of colleges, schools, and other beneficial institutions in this city; among which the creation of a British Court of Judicature, for the more effectual administration of justice, deserves to be gratefully remembered.

"7. A proof of the natives of India being more and more attached to the British rule, in proportion as they experience from it the blessings of just and liberal treatment, is that the inhabitants of Calcutta, who enjoy in many respects very superior privileges to those of their fellow-subjects in other parts of the country, are known to be in like measure more warmly devoted to the existing Government; nor is it at all wonderful that they should in

say more by-and-by), setting forth the claims of their people to the confidence of the Government, and the evils likely to arise from such an edict. Yet, though a comparative freedom

loyalty be not at all inferior to British-born subjects, since they feel assured of the same civil and religious liberty which is enjoyed in England, without being subjected to such heavy taxation as presses upon the people there.

"8. Hence the population of Calcutta, as well as the value of land in this city, have rapidly increased of late years, notwithstanding the high rents of houses and the dearness of all the necessaries of life compared with the other parts of the country, as well as the inhabitants being subjected to additional taxes, and also liable to the heavy costs necessarily incurred in cases of suits before the Supreme Court.

"9. Your Lordship may have learned from the works of the Christian missionaries, and also from other sources, that ever since the art of printing has become generally known among the natives of Calcutta numerous publications have been circulated in the Bengalee language, which by introducing free discussion among the natives, and inducing them to reflect and inquire after knowledge, have already served greatly to improve their minds and ameliorate their condition. This desirable object has been chiefly promoted by the establishment of four native newspapers, two in the Bengalee and two in the Persian language, published for the purpose of communicating to those residing in the interior of the country accounts of whatever occurs worthy of notice at the Presidency or in the country, and also the interesting and valuable intelligence of what is passing in England and in other parts of the world, conveyed through the English newspapers or other channels.

"10. Your memorialists are unable to discover any disturbance of the peace, harmony, and good order of society, that has arisen from the English press, the influence of which must necessarily be confined to that part of the community who understand the language thoroughly; but we are quite confident that the publications in the native languages, whether in the shape of a newspaper or any other work, have none of them been calculated to bring the Government of the country into hatred and contempt, and that they have not proved, as far as can be ascertained by the strictest inquiry, in the slightest degree injurious, which has very lately been acknowledged in one of the most respectable English missionary works. So far from obtruding upon Government groundless representations, native authors and editors have always restrained themselves from publishing even such facts respecting the judicial proceedings in the interior of the country as they thought were likely at first view to be obnoxious to Government.

"11. While your memorialists were indulging the hope that Government, from a conviction of the manifold advantages of being put in possession of full and impartial information of what is passing in all parts of the country, would encourage the establishment of newspapers in the cities and districts under the special patronage and protection of Government, that they might furnish the supreme authorities in Calcutta with an accurate account of local occurrences and reports of judicial proceedings, they have the misfortune to observe that, on the contrary, his Excellency the Governor-General in Council has lately promulgated a rule and ordinance imposing severe restraints on the Press, and prohibiting all periodical publications even at the Presidency and in the native languages, unless sanctioned by a licence from Government, which is to be revocable at pleasure whenever it shall appear to Government that a publication has contained anything of unsuitable character.

was subsequently permitted, it was not till 1835 that Sir Charles Metcalfe, when occupying the office of Provisional Governor-General, gave full liberty to the Indian Press by

"12. Those natives who are in more favourable circumstances, and of respectable character, have such an invincible prejudice against making a voluntary affidavit, or undergoing the solemnities of an oath, that they will never think of establishing a publication which can only be supported by a series of oaths and affidavits, abhorrent to their feelings and derogatory to their reputation amongst their countrymen.

"After this rule and ordinance shall have been carried into execution, your memorialists are therefore extremely sorry to observe that a complete stop will be put to the diffusion of knowledge, and the consequent mental improvement now going on, either by translations into the popular dialect of this country from the learned languages of the East, or by the circulation of literary intelligence drawn from foreign publications. And the same cause will also prevent those natives who are better versed in the laws and customs of the British nation from communicating to their fellow-subjects a knowledge of the admirable system of government established by the British, and the peculiar excellences of the means they have adopted for the strict and impartial administration of justice. Another evil, of equal importance in the eyes of a just ruler, is that it will also preclude the natives from making the Government readily acquainted with the errors and injustice that may be committed by its executive officers in the various parts of this extensive country; and it will also preclude the natives from communicating frankly and honestly to their gracious Sovereign in England and his Council the real condition of his Majesty's faithful subjects in this distant part of his dominions, and the treatment they experience from the local government, since such information cannot in future be conveyed to England, as it has heretofore been, either by the translations from the native publications inserted in the English newspapers printed here and sent to Europe, or by the English publications which the natives themselves had in contemplation to establish before this rule and ordinance was proposed.

"13. After this sudden deprivation of one of the most precious of their rights, which has been freely allowed them since the establishment of the British power, a right which they are not and cannot be charged with having ever abused, the inhabitants of Calcutta would be no longer justified in boasting that they are fortunately placed by Providence under the protection of the whole British nation, or that the King of England and his Lords and Commons are their legislators; and that they are secured in the enjoyment of the same civil and religious privileges that every Briton is entitled to in England.

"14. Your memorialists are persuaded that the British Government is not disposed to adopt the political maxim often acted upon by Asiatic Princes, that the more a people are kept in darkness their rulers will derive the greater advantages from them; since, by reference to history, it is found that this was but a short-sighted policy, which did not ultimately answer the purpose of its authors. On the contrary, it rather proved disadvantageous to them; for we find that as often as an ignorant people, when an opportunity offered, have revolted against their rulers, all sorts of barbarous excesses and cruelties have been the consequence; whereas a people naturally disposed to peace and ease, when placed under a good government, from which they experience just and liberal treatment, must become the more attached to it in proportion as they become enlightened,

Act XI. of that year,* a proceeding that cost him the favour of the Court of Directors, and probably the Governor-Generalship itself, which appointment it is likely he would have otherwise received.

We are living under the viceroyalty of Lord Auckland (to whom Sir Charles Metcalfe was required to surrender the Government). Under a Declaration of War dated October 1st, 1838, a force was despatched by his lordship to Afghanistan to expel a chief believed to be hostile to British interests, and to replace upon the throne of that country the exiled king Shah Shoojah, who had been driven thence nearly thirty years before,—who was represented to be friendly to those interests and popular with his former subjects,—and who, it was hoped, would prove a barrier between Russian aggression and our Indian possessions. That force has captured Ghuzni, and

and the great body of the people are taught to appreciate the value of the blessings they enjoy under its rule.

"15. Every good ruler who is convinced of the imperfection of human nature, and reverences the Eternal Governor of the world, must be conscious of the great liability to error in managing the affairs of a vast empire; and therefore he will be anxious to afford every individual the readiest means of bringing to his notice whatever may require his interference. To secure this important object, the unrestrained liberty of publication is the only effectual means that can be employed; and should it ever be abused, the established law of the land is very properly armed with sufficient powers to punish those who may be found guilty of misrepresenting the conduct or character of Government, which are effectually guarded by the same laws to which individuals must look for the protection of their reputation and good name.

"16. Your memorialists conclude by humbly entreating your Lordship to take this memorial into your gracious consideration; and that you will be pleased, by not registering the above rule and ordinance, to permit the natives of this country to continue in possession of the civil rights and privileges which they and their fathers have so long enjoyed under the auspices of the British nation, whose kindness and confidence they are not aware of having done anything to forfeit.

"(Signed) CHUNDER COOMAR TAGORE.
"DEWAR KUNAUTH TAGORE.
"RAM MOHUN ROY.
"HUR CHUNDER GHOSE.
"GOWREE CHURN BONNERGEE.
"PROSSUMU COOMAR TAGORE."

[While we regret the incident that called forth this important and truly historic document, we are proud of the magnificent and unimpeachable testimony it affords to the benefits which England at so early a period of her rule had conferred on India.]

* It is interesting to note that this Act was drafted by Macaulay, who was also, it will be remembered, the author of the great Minute on the Education of India.

reinstated Shah Shoojah; and the whilom occupant of the *musnud*, Dost Mahommed, having just fled, has at this moment surrendered to our envoy. Yet the state of things in that far-distant country is still unsatisfactory, and by some is considered doubtful and unpromising. It may be questioned how far Calcutta is a suitable capital for North India, now that our territories extend so far to the north-west, and that we have to keep a watch on that frontier.

But we resume our SURVEY.

Calcutta stands on the alluvial soil brought by the Ganges and other rivers from afar, and stretching hence in one broad plain to the sea. It is a fine city,* looked upon from a distance, but on a near approach loses much of its magnificence from the admixture which it exhibits of the mean with the magnificent. During the heat of the day, too, it is almost like a city of the dead, so great is its stillness. (People are taking their *siesta*.) It may be said to be divided into two parts,—the EUROPEAN TOWN (in which, however, many Hindoos and Mussulmans reside) and the Native. The former has some handsome streets ("If we would see Europe transferred to India," says Count Bjornsterjna, "we must visit Calcutta"), the best being the Dhurrumtollah, nearly two miles long, which has many splendid mansions, *but is disfigured by native huts.* (The hut of bamboo, matting, and thatch, in all its meanness and filth, seems to cling to the mansion of the Britisher; both are types of the characters within them: the white man proud but kindly, the Bengalee cringing but reliant.) The Chowringhee Road is next in importance, and still longer, but has houses† on one side only; in this quarter are numerous good streets, though the jungly waste that once occupied the whole site of the city is not far off. (About all the best houses hang a host of native servants, many of whom may be seen sleeping in the verandahs.) Russell Street is a remarkably fine one,

* *Vide* Jacquemont's "Letters," and Grandidier's "Tour du Monde."

† "Many European houses in India are deserted in consequence of the reputation they have obtained of being haunted. A splendid mansion on the Chowringhee Road, to which some ridiculous legend is attached, is untenanted and falling into ruin. No one can be found to occupy it; the windows have deserted their frames, the doors hang loosely upon one hinge, rank grass has sprung up in its deserted courts and fringed the projecting cornices, while the whole affords a ghastly spectacle, and seems the fitting haunt of vampires and ghouls."—*Miss Roberts.*

but opens into Park Street, along which the melancholy hearse passes almost every morning and evening to the great cemetery, —Calcutta has been called "THE GOLGOTHA OF INDIA,"—with its frequent long train of mourners; * while at one end is a congregation of huts. Wellesley Road and Camac Street have many fine residences; but these, too, are disfigured by native hovels, and the former is annoyed by the neighbourhood of the Lascars' quarters. The Upper and Lower Circular Roads are noble thoroughfares, but have comparatively few houses, and are spoilt by the Mahratta ditch and the jungle behind it. (Doctors driving about here use a very light chariot drawn by Burmese ponies; other people, buggies, with hoods to keep out the sun; and others again palanquin carriages.) In all the best parts of the city may be seen long files of coolies bearing on their heads boxes of wares—shawls, draperies, silks, muslins, jewellery, and ornaments—to the houses of the European and other wealthy residents, where the ladies amuse themselves in looking over the treasures which the salesman lays out seductively before them. We have already mentioned Garden Reach as one of the suburbs, and there are many others, inferior and far-reaching, in which the houses of Europeans are here and there to be found among those of the Eurasian and wealthy native population. Some of the

* "The last rites paid to Europeans who die in Calcutta are conducted with more pageantry than in England, and what adds much to the effect is the number of vehicles of all descriptions that accompany the procession. From the nature of the clime, it is indispensably necessary that the funeral should take place within twenty-four hours at farthest from the time the spirit has quitted its tenement of clay, and it very seldom happens that a corpse is kept so long. If a person dies before sunset, he is generally buried at sunrise the next morning; and if before sunrise, at sunset. Hence the undertakers are all prepared with coffins, etc., so that no delay takes place, and the persons who bring the coffin wait to carry the body to its dark domain. No invitations are given, but cards with black edges are freely circulated through the city, stating that the friends of A. B., Esq., are respectfully informed that his remains will be consigned to the tomb at five o'clock p.m., or six o'clock a.m., as the case may be; and all who have been in the habit of associating with the deceased generally attend—some in coaches, others in buggies and palanquins. These all move in a dense mass after the mourning coaches; and when the corpse is taken into the burial ground, the parties all alight, and follow it along the walks between the rows of tombs to the vault or mausoleum opened for its reception, and, when the service is ended, drive off to their respective residences with very little apparent concern or reflection on the solemn scene just presented to their view, *so much does the frequency of the scene detract from its influence on the minds of survivors.*"—*Rev. J. Statham.*

larger houses have Grecian fronts, which seem to be fashionable among the native nobility.*

The principal public buildings (besides the churches, to be mentioned hereafter) are the Government House (already spoken of), the Town Hall (a magnificent edifice), the Hindoo College (a very handsome structure), the Madrissa or Mahommedan College, the Medical College (large and comprehensive), La Martinère (a splendid institution for the education of youth erected under the will of General Martin, a munificent Frenchman who made a great fortune in India), the Presidency General Hospital, the Writers' Buildings (for the accommodation of newly-arrived Civil Servants), a fine Theatre, and that inevitable companion of civilisation, the JAIL. We should mention, perhaps, a little Mosque which stands near the Ochterlony Column in our front, and very quietly asserts itself. Calcutta has no historic monuments † (unless the one to Ochterlony can be so called). It had formerly an Obelisk, fifty feet high, which commemorated the tragedy of the Black Hole, and the names of its 123 victims. (We wonder that there is not at least a monument to CLIVE.) There are numerous institutions, schools, societies (including the famous "Asiatic," and the well-known "Agricultural"), scientific, literary, and commercial associations, Masonic Lodges, etc. Specially deserving notice is the Sailors' Home, affording as it does a harbour of refuge to our seamen from the vultures that would prey on them. There are also many religious and charitable establishments that mark the presence of a *Christian* people; among which may be mentioned the European Female Orphan Institution, the Native Hospital, the Seamen's Hospital, and the District Charitable Society. There are besides, as might be expected, several hotels and numerous boarding-houses (good, bad, and indifferent), mercantile houses of various nations, and houses of agency, shipbuilders, engineers, silk and indigo merchants, wine merchants, archi-

* The domestic architecture of the Hindoos is understood to be generally inferior—and, indeed, very far inferior—throughout India to that of the Mussulmans.

† It has now (1893) *many*, a number having since been erected, including one to Lord William Bentinck—a bronze statue on a circular granite pedestal, with a suitable inscription—opposite the Town Hall.

tects, surgeons, dentists, tailors, milliners and dressmakers, hairdressers, boot and shoemakers, watchmakers and jewellers, paper manufacturers, printers, booksellers, librarians, and bookbinders, music-sellers, teachers of music, and *dancing masters*. The number of British inhabitants is perhaps about three thousand, including Government officials civil and military (exclusive of the garrison), merchants, shopkeepers, and artificers, the latter of whom are really *master*-workmen. French, Portuguese, and Eurasians number together about eight thousand.

In the commercial houses of the European quarter, the general absence of glazed shop-fronts, which make our home cities so pictorial, so interesting, and so amusing, is felt by the visitor to render these establishments singularly dull and unattractive. But the multitude of native vendors of odd things who throng and perambulate the streets in this quarter —vendors of books of all sorts (old and new, folios, octavos, and duodecimos), pictures, workboxes, writing desks, dogs, cats, birds, guinea-pigs, and a thousand other things in endless variety, who use all their arts to induce you to buy—make the scene very lively. Moreover, the Auction Rooms,—where household goods of all sorts, and horses and carriages, are continually on sale, and where, towards evening more especially, crowds of visitors and would-be buyers, and picturesquely clad native attendants, assemble,—also afford much amusement, together with a pleasant retreat from the sun.

The city, we must say, is poorly paved, indifferently supplied with water,* and undrained; and at night it is miserably lit by oil lamps.

Let us now see the NATIVE TOWN. It consists chiefly of narrow streets, crowded with people, most of whom are nearly and some entirely naked; the lower floor of each house being an all-open shop with wooden eaves—some-

* "Up to 1870, as every old Indian knows, Europeans and natives alike obtained their water from tanks cut in the maidan or plain of Calcutta, and in the densely inhabited portions of the city. The best of these tanks were exposed to all the filth of the neighbouring roads and passers-by. The majority of them consisted of those holes out of which the natives dug the material of their mud huts, and into which they void their filth. All of these small collections of water received the natural drainage of a soil saturated with disease germs."—*Correspondent of the "Times," March 25th*, 1873.

times shaded by mats projecting into the road—under or in the recess behind which the dealer *sits on his heels* amid his wares. It is for the most part mean and ill-smelling, and has a neglected and dilapidated appearance, though called the *bazaar*! There are, however, good houses to be seen, and some occupied apparently by wealthy people. Here is an "adjutant" standing on one leg, and another "adjutant" stalking gravely along. Many of the houses have cakes of cowdung plastered, like great pancakes, upon the walls, as it would seem, to dry for fuel.* Here sits a man in front of his dwelling, beating cocoanut husks for spinning, as we are told, into ropes and cables. Every here and there are seen groups of little children playing, naked as they were born; and, now and then, a babe that has been rubbed with mustard-oil, and put, as it seems, *to bake* in the sun. Here are tobacco dealers in plenty, selling "the weed" in stalk and leaf; and selling it, too, for next to nothing, for there is no "duty." (The tobacco is not "cured," but mixed with *jaggery*—coarse sugar—for smoking.) Here, too, are dealers in pipes—the cocoanut bowl, the already familiar "hubble-bubble." Too often may be seen what is probably an opium den, where the wretched smokers of that drug find their Heaven—or HELL! Here is a man reading some religious book, moving his body like a tree in a high wind; and here a group of Hindoos listening to others who are reciting and chanting some dramatic tale. Crowds! crowds! and every one takes his own way: there is no order, or rule of walking, in the streets. Here are some beggars. *Dust! oh! dust!* Pigeons, crows, and kites! Everything is dingy and dirty, and again the walls are plastered with cowdung. Everywhere are to be seen the images—the "gods"†—of the Hindoos; some grotesque, some hideous; reminding us (if we could forget) that we are among a heathen people.

* We learn that cowdung dried and used as fuel does not throw out sparks like dry burning wood (which would be very dangerous in native houses), while it has the valuable property of smouldering for a long time, thus enabling the people to leave their food to cook while they are otherwise occupied, and that no offensive smell is noticed in burning it.

† "I have been informed that some merchants of Birmingham have made a good speculation lately in manufacturing idols of brass for the Indian market, for which they have had a ready sale. It was mentioned to me as a fact that two missionaries were embarking for Calcutta on board a ship which carried several chests filled with idols."—*Weitbrecht.*

A voice of ONE unseen seems to echo in the air, "*To whom will ye liken* ME?" Yet we cannot but be interested and amused by much that we observe. Let us look, if we can, with veneration, for the Arts are ancient, though non-progressive, in India. *It will give a tenfold interest to everything we see, if we remember that we have here a stereotype of the condition of society, and even of the style of dress (or undress), thousands of years ago.** ALMOST EVERYTHING IS DONE BY HAND; the hand, however, being frequently aided by the *foot*. The most common trades are those of the potter, the brass-founder, the blacksmith, the carpenter, the barber, the confectioner, the basket-maker, and the washerman. These and many more are at work all around us, and some of them, it would appear, form distinct streets of their own. Two or three fires, however (which it would seem are frequent among the native dwellings †), have lately occurred, and have probably caused some little confusion; while new houses rising up make the old look all the dirtier. Here are the money-changers, with piles of coin, silver and copper,—*gold* coin is rarely seen in India,—and cowrie shells,‡ five thousand of which go to the rupee, for small payments, around them. These also supply *hoondies*, or drafts, on native bankers in other towns, which are usually written on a small piece of yellow glazed paper. They are very clever in detecting base or depreciated coin, of which there is always plenty in circulation.§ Here is a fakir, a holy man, but very dirty, to whom the people *salaam*! MUSIC, MUSIC! *horns, cymbals, and tom-toms!*

Amid all this bustle and dirt the fields and gardens are

* "The natural and artificial productions of India have from time immemorial been the mainspring of the commercial activity of the Old World."—*Sir G. Birdwood.*

† A strange tale, said to be true, is told. Some Government buildings at Howrah took fire, and were burnt down. The fire and its ravages were reported, and inquiries were ordered to be made through the Executive and police officers of the district. The inquiry lasted six months, at the end of which time an Order was issued that, if the fire had not died out, immediate steps should be taken to extinguish it.

‡ "Cowrie shells pass as money in almost every ancient trading country of the world."—*Dilke.*

§ A hole is drilled in the thickness of a rupee, and the silver scraped from the inside, leaving only the shell, into which lead mixed with some alloy that will give it the requisite ring is then poured, and the hole carefully closed. The silver thus abstracted is worth less than a shilling, and the time taken in getting it might have produced double in honest employment.

represented. Here is a grain-dealer, sitting on his heels, surrounded by heaps of parched corn, maize, millet, pulse, rice, and other articles largely used by the people—*amid which a Brahminee bull feeds at his leisure*; and here a fruiterer offering jacks—each like an enormous bowl, as much as a man can well carry, filled with luscious seeds—pomegranates and mangoes, plantains and custard-apples,* guavas, loquats, litchis, and many other strange fruits; besides the more familiar pineapple,† orange, tamarind, citron, lime, melons, gourds of many kinds, tomatoes and cocoanuts; with yams, carrots, turnips, sweet potatoes, lettuce, celery, cucumbers, in endless variety and abundance. *And monkeys come and help themselves!* ‡

What a war of words! Two tradesmen are besetting one customer in the street, and each abusing the other, with

* The custard-apple is by many persons thought the most delicious of all Indian fruits, while by others it is regarded as of a nauseating sweetness. It is rarely indeed that any two agree in opinion concerning it.

† It is worth our notice that, as Stocqueler observes, an exceedingly beautiful flax, of great fineness and strength, may be prepared from the leaves of the pineapple by simple maceration and beating. In the Philippine Islands dresses equal to the finest muslin are woven from it, and embroidered with extraordinary taste; and though expensive, they last for many years; being in duration, colour, and beauty equal to fine Flanders lace.

‡ The monkeys that infest the gardens of the town are sometimes seen in the streets, and are not a little mischievous. An inhabitant writes: "I was riding through the bazaar on horseback, when a monkey caught hold of my horse's tail, and began to pull the beast, first to one side and then to the other. I had no whip to drive him off, and he was a long-armed, powerful creature; so that, though the horse struck out at him, he maintained his hold without being kicked. In this way we proceeded some distance along the bazaar, the horse becoming more violent in his kicking, and the monkey more active in his pulling, until my *syce* (groom), having procured a bamboo, assailed the enemy in the rear, when he took refuge on the roof of a banyan's shop." The same gentleman tells us: "One morning a little boy, about eight years of age, was going to school, with a fine bunch of plantains in his hand, to be eaten at tiffin; these did not escape the watchful eyes of a very large monkey, that was perched upon an almond tree near. Making a rapid though circuitous movement to gain the rear, Jacko soon came up with the object of his pursuit; and jumping between the bearer, who carried a *chattah* (umbrella), and the little boy, he put his tremendously long paws round the child's neck, and seized the plantains. The bearer screamed, and fled to a distance; but the child, though terribly alarmed, maintained his rights manfully for some time, clinging to his plantains with all his might. But Jacko was not to be disappointed; giving the boy a blow on the head, he knocked him down, and bore off the plantains in triumph.

"Such is their propensity to retain whatsoever they once grasp, that they are often caught by putting two large bunches of green plantains,

special allusions to ancestors gone, as *they* say, to yet warmer regions. There goes a wandering Jack Tar from one of the ships in harbour! It is the Mahommedan hour of prayer, and yonder are several of "the faithful" kneeling at their devotions. A woman passes, whose arms are covered with rings from wrist to elbow, yet who is evidently among the poorest in the land. Other women are seen here and there drudging in the streets, carrying bricks, tiles, etc., and gathering cowdung. More beggars, and flocks of pigeons! There is a man selling a horse, and looking as crafty as any dealer at the well-known "corner." * Now—and again presently—a group of gamblers is seen sitting around an extemporised chess-board, or shuffling a pack of dirty cards. Here is a printer's, and here another: would there were more of them, for where the Press is, we may at least *hope* for LIGHT! Yonder, in an open space, sits a fakir, surrounded by seven fires, the sun blazing down upon him. Here is another fakir, to whom one of the people bows down, places the saint's foot upon his head, and licks off the dust. There goes a poor leper, and beside him one whose legs are swollen with elephantiasis, which appears to be common. Here is the shop of a Chinese shoemaker, who, no doubt, thinks that he makes a very fine display. Gaudy slippers of red cloth, bedecked and beautified with spangles, for the rich, adorn the front of his stall; while for the poor there are rough, untanned leather ones, but all are turned up at the toes in the Eastern fashion. (The shoemaker, by the way, is most despised among the Hindoos, because he works up the skin of the sacred cow and other animals; yet in very ancient times shoes

which, being hard, will not break to pieces, in two narrow-necked jars; these being placed in a conspicuous situation, soon attract the notice of one of the monkeys, who, eagerly seizing the plantains, soon finds he cannot extricate his hand, yet will not let go his hold, and will endeavour to make his escape with the jars and their contents, but at a very slow pace, as, both his hands being thus secured, he is obliged to shuffle along in an erect posture. When pursued, he will still maintain his hold, uttering screams, grinning and chattering at an amazing rate; until, a noose being thrown over his head, he is dragged to a neighbouring tree and properly secured, though not without struggling with all his might and main. A monkey thus retreating is one of the most ludicrous objects in nature."

* When a vicious horse is to be sold at any of the markets in India, *it is said* the natives administer to him a small dose of opium, which gives him the appearance of one of the most gentle and tractable disposition.

of bovine and other hides were worn; and waterbags and buckets, and even sails, were made of leather. These men, too, we are told, remove the dead, and perform other offices accounted vile.) Here, however, is one who makes boots, shoes, and slippers for our countrymen; and who is evidently doing very well. We are told that these sons of Crispin unite the profession of music with their own. On the opposite side is the stall of a barber, who is engaged *outside* in shaving a customer, who has himself, no doubt, ere this cleaned his teeth; for this, with the scraping of the tongue, are the first duties prescribed to the orthodox Hindoo in the morning.* No one thinks of shaving *himself* in this country. The barber has no idea of using a brush to lay on the lather, but wets the soap, spreads it on the face, and then rubs it in with his fingers. Now he has done the beard—ah! he must be a Mussulman, for a Hindoo wears no beard, but only moustaches —and is going to commence operations on the head. He scrapes it bare all round, leaving only a solitary lock on the top, by which he believes that Mahommed will one day lift him up to heaven. An assistant is cutting another customer's nails; a second assistant probing and cleaning the ears of another; and a third kneading the body and cracking the joints † of another. Inside the stall, quite *apropos*, you may discern the barber's wife engaged in a hunting excursion among the dark and dishevelled locks of a female companion, and anon staining the lady's hands and feet with *henna*. (*Beggars again!*) Here are some bird shops, remarkable for the number and variety of the doves on sale, with some curious specimens, said to be brought from the hills and jheels.‡ There, in an open space, is to be seen the "hook-swinging," with which the narratives of our missionaries have made us familiar from boyhood; the devotees (who, it would appear, are frequently intoxicated by "bhang," a preparation of hemp) being suspended on a lofty revolving apparatus by hooks thrust through the muscles of the back, and whirled around amid the beating of tom-toms, and the tumult of a crowd of people.

* Both are performed with a stick or small twig, one end of which is formed into a brush, and immediately after use is thrown away.

† The people of India are very partial to this peculiar practice.

‡ Among the birds of the jheels (or lakes) the handsome jacuna may be mentioned.

Now we come to a tavern, or punch house, in which some of our soldiers and sailors may be seen drinking;* while outside there awaits them a "Jingling Johnny," like the body of an old cab that had never been lined or painted (or from which time has removed all vestige of such processes), without windows, but open on all sides, and fixed without springs on four rickety wheels; attached to which are two native colts of the roughest breed, dirty and sore, one taller than the other, fastened abreast by something that looks like an old shirt tail and some pieces of old rope (picked up, perhaps, from the streets), and "handled" by means of other long pieces (connected with a *something* in the mouth of each steed that serves as a bit), which pieces, being doubled, answer as reins.† It is driven by one with a long bamboo, wherewith he wakes up the ponies. Here are some women—poor outcast widows, we fear—who cast amorous glances at us as we pass along; and others, more modest, who, as we approach, draw

* In the bazaars of Calcutta the vilest poison is sold to our English sailors in bottles branded and capsuled as "Martell's Brandy," "Hennessy's Brandy," "Dunville's Whisky," and the like. Jack pays the full price of the genuine article, but is supplied with a villainous compound of native concoction. The dealer knows the value of brands. He lays in a stock of the genuine *bottles*, and never disturbs labels or capsules. By the skilful application of the blowpipe, he drills a small hole in the bottom of each bottle, clears off the genuine liquid (which he sells to his more knowing customers), refills the bottle with his poison, closes up the hole so that no trace remains of it, and palms off the bottle on unsuspecting Jack as "Real Martell," or "Fine Old Irish." It is believed that many of our soldiers and sailors fall victims to this villainy, dying from dysentery or cholera. Nor is this the only kind of sharp practice carried on in Calcutta. Damaged cheese, hams, etc., are disposed of to the native shopkeepers, who retail them to the lower orders of Englishmen; and it is surprising to see with what avidity their predilection for the produce of their own country leads them to feast on these putrid remains of the once savoury viands from Yorkshire, Gloucestershire, or Cheshire. The "fine cheeses," in particular, are often so decayed that a shell about an inch thick is all that remains, the inside being completely gone. The native shopkeepers have a method of doctoring them. After cautiously cutting out a large diamond in the lines which cross the cheese, all the putrid remains are carefully scooped out, and the interior is then filled with a paste made from the scrapings of the shells of other damaged cheese; and the diamond being neatly fitted to its place, the late decayed cheese has the appearance and weight of a newly-arrived prime article.

† The manner in which the conductors of these odd "machines" (which are common in Calcutta) perform the operation of "changing horses" is as unique as their appearance. This is not done by putting in a fresh pair, but merely by putting the "near" in the place of the "off" horse, and *vice versâ*.

their *chuddahs* more closely round their faces. Yonder is a Brahmin standing at prayer in the middle of the street, with some of his "gods" before him; his face directed to heaven, his knee bent, his hands uplifted and clasped together. Here is another Brahmin seated in an idol shop; he may be known by the marks on his forehead, and the sacred cord round his neck. Here is a confectioner's. (*Crows again!*) See the pyramidal piles of dirty sugar and rancid oil cakes, and sweetmeats of a hundred sorts (for the people are prodigiously fond of sweets) set on the filthy stage which serves as a shop front. There sits the proprietor amid swarms of flies of all sorts, smoking a red clay pipe, with cocoanut bowl, and driving its fumes among his commodities, while he repeats at intervals the names of his guardian deity. His principal assistant is employed over a cauldron of simmering *ghee* in manufacturing the favourite *jelabee*, supporting in his hand (while the crows watch him with interest) a vessel of flour and water, and having in the bottom a hole, through which he lets the mixture drop into the ghee, twisting and turning the flour-pot about continually, so as to form the mess into circular figures, which, when fried, are ready for consumption. These are sold in little cups made of leaves (off which the people generally eat). (The Hindoos feed themselves with the fingers of the right hand, the left hand being regarded as unclean.) Here is a spicery, smelling strongly of assafœtida. A palanquin passes us, the bearers groaning and puffing, and shouting "HI! HI!"; and a cart drawn by buffaloes, with a creaking of its wooden wheels that may be heard afar off. Here are some Chinese shops, with their "josses" (*their* idols), ivory carvings, screens, vases, lanterns, and so on. There is a (Moslem) cook's shop, the master of which doubtless thinks himself a very Soyer (if he ever heard of that distinguished worthy). See! he is preparing a *kabob* for that famished-looking boy, who stands gazing at it like a hungry bull at a haystack. It *looks* like a piece of a jackal, which—cutting it in little bits and roasting it upon a skewer—the *artiste de cuisine* is about to palm off upon his customer for mutton. It is done at last (*more beggars!*), and the hungry boy eagerly seizes it, but finds it too hot to eat immediately, and so lays it down for a moment beside him. Look! the pariah dog

that just now passed us, as he draws near the stall, smells the savoury *kabob*, springs at and seizes it (just in time to save it from the crows * and kites), and runs off with it. And the boy?—"*And he is left lamenting.*"

Music again! Noise and squabble! Here is a gourd-seller, with the green leaves spread out on his stall, and betel-nut and lime, for chewing, on each. Here, too, are beads, combs, and small looking-glasses, for the fair sex, which a woman is selling. Now we see some toy shops, with lifelike models of all kinds of people, including European ladies and gentlemen, elephants whose trunks move with every breath, birds that do everything but sing, and snakes that seem all alive. Yonder goes a "Poor White"—one of the few † of our vagrant countrymen who, in some way or other, find their way to India, and, having no means of maintenance, lurk about the town and the bazaars, disgracing us in the eyes of the natives. Here is a sick man being carried to the Ganges to die, while his bearers shout out the names of his gods and goddesses. There are two old women quarrelling in the street, and abusing and screaming at each other like furies. Here sits a man at the door of his house, repeating the names of his gods—an endless reiteration. A drunken native goes rolling by, showing that he has picked up *some* foreign manners. ‡ Here is an astrologer, making his calculations; and a father watching him with great anxiety. A man passes with a chaplet of flowers round his brows, and in his hand part of a goat which it seems he has been offering in sacrifice to KALI. Here is another *going* to the temple of that dread goddess, leading after him the goat he is about to immolate. Every here and there is a little pagoda, or mosque; and now and then a wooden or plaster idol. (There are no Buddhist remains in Calcutta; the place

* Crows are particularly fond of flesh. A "Civilian in Lower Bengal" informs us that a woman had her nose violently cut off, but that it was presently looked for and found; that a surgeon having said it could be fitted on again, a servant was told to wash it, and that while doing so his attention was called off for a moment, when a crow caught it up and flew away with it. A friend of the same Civilian, moreover, had the top of his thumb bitten off by a bear; the piece of thumb was picked up, and set down, with a view of refitting it, when a crow swooped down and carried it off.

† These became more numerous with the introduction of railways; 963 were arrested for vagrancy in Calcutta in 1871, and it is regarded as a very serious, as it is a *growing*, evil, and has necessitated special legislation.

‡ It is deeply to be regretted that the natives have picked up habits of drinking from the English.

is too modern.) Some wretched native ponies, with skeleton ribs and sore hides, are here being whipped along. Here is a school, in which the boys are gathered round their master, repeating loudly their lessons; while the *dominie* himself storms more loudly.* Here are the cloth merchants. Now we come to a shawl shop, and are invited to enter. What splendid specimens of Oriental manufacture are here! See, a customer calls. "Ho, baboo! what is the price of this shawl?" "Five hundred rupees, sar." "Five hundred! say two-fifty." "*Nahi*, sahib." "Very well; let us go." "Stop, sar; you shall have it for four hundred." "No, no." "Well, say three hundred and fifty." "No, not one piece more than I have offered." "Look at it, sahib! much splendid. Well, there, take it for three hundred." "*No*, NO, NO!" The would-be customer departs, and we follow. Here are some people boring pearls, in which they are so skilful that it is said pearls are sent even from England to be pierced in Calcutta. Here is a man bowing down to a Brahmin, to whom he presents a vessel of water, in which the latter places his foot, when the former drinks it off. Here is a missionary preaching, and a native assistant distributing tracts; they have a crowd of people of all sorts about them, many of whom seem to be listening with interest. Now there passes us a "holy" cow, belonging, as it would seem, to one of the temples hard by, where it is petted, pampered, and *worshipped*.† Here, on the other hand, is a native hackery,

* Some of the school *punishments* are curious. For instance, Sir Monier Williams tells us that sometimes "a boy is condemned to stand for half an hour on one foot; another is made to sit on the floor with one leg turned up behind his neck; another is made to hang for a few minutes with his head downwards from the branch of a neighbouring tree; another is made to bow down and grasp his own toes, and remain in that position for a fixed period of time; another is made to measure so many cubits on the ground by marking it with the tip of his nose; another is made to pull his own ears, and dilate them to a given point, on pain of worse chastisement. Two boys, when both have done wrong, are made to knock their heads several times against each other."

† "The cow is, of all animals, the most sacred. Every part of its body is inhabited by some deity or other. Every hair on its body is inviolable. All its excreta are hallowed. Not a particle ought to be thrown away as impure. On the contrary, the water it ejects ought to be preserved as the best of all holy waters—a sin-destroying liquid, which sanctifies everything it touches; while nothing purifies like cowdung. Any spot which a cow has condescended to honour with the sacred deposit of her excrement is for ever afterwards consecrated ground, and the filthiest place plastered

drawn by a pair of bullocks attached together by a pole laid across their necks, which bears upon them with the whole weight of the load, and with every step they take rubs and frets the flesh it has laid open; while the driver, sitting in front, smokes his hubble-bubble, and now and then twists the tails of his poor beasts to make them move faster, causing them, doubtless, excruciating anguish. Here are the gold and silversmiths, whose trade is a good one (as well as one of the most ancient) in India; where not only its princes array themselves in unrivalled splendour, but every lady, and almost every woman, of whatever rank, must have her armlets, bracelets, anklets, earrings, nose-rings, and toe-rings. Again, we are invited to enter. See, here is one about to make an ornament of some kind for a customer who sits by him, who has just brought him two gold coins, with which it is to be made, and who will sit by him till it is done, when he will pay him a few halfpence (*pice*) for his labour, and walk off with it. Here is another making a chain. He has just melted some pieces of gold like those lying beside him, and with a few simple instruments—a pair of long tongs to arrange his charcoal fire, and a tin tube, through which he blows, for a bellows, while his furnace is an earthen pot, and his crucible of clay—will manufacture an exquisitely beautiful article. (In making fine jewellery, it is said the natives use one-fourth alloy.) Our own goldsmiths, clever as they are, if desired to make a chain of the same kind with the same tools, would stare, and say it was impossible; but here every one follows the trade of his ancestors;* and a kind of hereditary skill is possessed, and sometimes, perhaps, though it would seem but rarely, improved upon. The great peculiarity of Indian gold

with it is at once cleansed and free from pollution; while the ashes produced by burning this hallowed substance are of such a holy nature that they not only make clean all material things, however previously unclean, but have only to be sprinkled over a sinner to convert him into a saint.

"A celebrated saint felt himself compelled to commit suicide by jumping into the river, and was further condemned to become a Mahommedan in his next birth, because he had accidentally swallowed the hair of a cow by drinking milk without straining it."—*Sir Monier Williams.*

* Bernier found it so. "No one," says he, "aspires after any improvement in the condition of life wherein he happens to be born. The embroiderer brings up his son as an embroiderer, the son of a goldsmith becomes a goldsmith, and a physician of the city educates his son as a physician. No one marries but in his own trade or profession."

and silver ware is its thinness, so that while it has all the appearance of solidity, and is at the same time exceedingly pure, it is cheap.* *There* is beautiful silver filigree work, of most ancient character, exquisite in delicacy and design; and *here* some images, alas! for *worship*.† The Indian goldsmith, we are told, has sometimes to produce work of this kind on a truly colossal scale. Image-makers are said to be as numerous in Calcutta as they were in Ephesus in the days of Demetrius the silversmith. The images are of two kinds: permanent and temporary. The former, which are of gold—sometimes inlaid with precious stones—silver, brass, copper, mixed metal, crystal, or stone, are in the temples and the houses of the wealthy; the latter, which are of clay, etc., are more especially made for great festivals, and are thrown into the river after the occasion. Here are some jewellers (wealth is hoarded in India in the shape of jewels), whose stores of precious gems—diamonds, pearls, topazes, emeralds, sapphires, rubies, corals, etc.—we must not now stay to look upon; they are, however, most skilful in their art, and are well known to produce the most brilliant and sumptuous settings at a comparatively low price, like the gold and silversmiths, by economising their *materiel*.‡ Here, apparently, is a pawnbroker's (of whom, perhaps, there are many), where the people, when in need, pledge the ornaments and jewellery of which they are so fond. Here are sellers of ornaments in gilt and silvered brass, which are largely used by the lower classes. (The Hindoos are said to be excellent copyists of patterns.) A rich Hindoo is now borne past us to the river-bank to die. What noise, hubbub, and confusion! What a beating of drums and blowing of horns! It is, we are told, a Mahommedan festival, which "the Faithful" are going to the mosque to celebrate.

* It may be added that labour is inexpensive. "It is only in India," says a writer in the *Oude Gazette*, "that patience, dexterity of manipulation, grace in designing, trustworthiness in handling gold and precious stones, and the skill which is the result of many years of application, can be bought for *threepence a day*."

† See Isa. xlvi. 6, 7.

‡ "The Indian jeweller," says a writer on the subject, "uses up flawed tallow-drop emeralds, and foul-spinel rubies, and mere splinters and scales of diamonds, but uses them with such art and grace as perhaps to excel in elaborateness, delicacy, and splendour, all rival ornament."

We have here some conjurers, dancing-girls, and snake-charmers; and a little crowd around them. There sits a Gooroo, a teacher of religion, rapt, as it seems, in meditation, notwithstanding all the bustle going on round about him. Here are brass-founders, and here coppersmiths, making various articles for domestic purposes, and the vase-like water-vessels (*lotas*) used in religious worship, the form and decoration of which, it is said, are ever and everywhere in India the same.* (The Hindoos use brass utensils, and the Mahommedans tinned copper, in endless variety; these take the place of our plate, porcelain, and glass.) Here are some household-furniture shops, in which they sell cheap goods to the poorer Europeans and Eurasians. Here are carpenters painting "gods" (which we suppose they have constructed †), and making doors, window-frames, benches, and other familiar articles. Yonder are two or three Brahmins, and *there* two Mahommedan Moulvies, who glare at each other as they pass. Here and there on the stalls are some books; but they appear to be only old and shabby. Now and then we see some handsome houses, standing in large courtyards, with flower-gardens—the dwellings of native gentry. Here is a baboo's *gharry* (a palanquin carriage), in which he is going out, bent, as it would seem, on business. This is a blacksmith's, of whom there are many. (Some kinds of Indian iron have long been famous, and Indian steel has been renowned from the earliest ages.) All the men are squatting at their work, making reaping-hooks, hoes, axes, nails, locks, tools, and articles of general use. The natives sit to do everything, and all are slow but painstaking workmen, yet not, perhaps, over-fond of work. Many important aids and appliances, common in Europe in all trades, are here, however, unknown and unthought of. Ah! the shawl merchant is coming after his customer, who is going the same way as we are. "Well, baboo!" "Salaam, sar! Take the shawl at your own price." "What, two-

* "The most interesting of all known *lotas* is one in the Indian Museum, discovered by Major Hay in 1857, at Kundla, in Kulu, where a landslip had exposed the ancient Buddhist cell in which the *lota* had been lying buried for 1,500 years; for it is attributed by Oriental scholars to the date A.D. 200 or 300. *It is exactly of the shape now made.*"—*Sir George Birdwood.*

† See Isa. xliv. 13.

fifty?" "Yes, sahib; *I not get one pice by it.* You more buy." "Very well, baboo! send it home for me." "Salaam, sahib!" There he goes, glad to get half the price he first asked. There are but few Jews in Calcutta; it is said that many have tried to settle there, but never could get a living, as "the Bengalees *outjewed* them." Here are some basket-makers, and a good many too, quietly carrying on their primitive occupation; making baskets and mats for the table, the floor, and for sleeping on, of rattan and bamboo-cane, reeds, grasses, palm-leaves, date-leaves, etc. Here are the makers of palm-leaf fans, large and small—(fans are also made of bamboo, kuskus grass, peacocks' feathers, ivory, and talc); and here also are punkah-makers. Here are sellers of lacework, marbles, walking-sticks, bangles, toys, etc., in great variety. Here are shell-ornament makers, who manufacture, among other wares, the rings of that material so commonly worn by women on their arms and wrists.* (*Another party of musicians!*) Here are flower-sellers, who, besides vending natural flowers—and there are said to be 5,500 species of flowers in our Indian *hortus*, each full of exquisite grace!—make artificial flowers, for wedding processions and wedding crowns, while they also manufacture fireworks. Here is a musical-instrument shop—horns, conch-shells, tom-toms, cymbals, reeds, hautboys, fiddles, and what-not. Some of the Hindoo stringed instruments are of remote antiquity.† India is the original source of cotton, and excels all other nations in its manufacture; and here is a cotton weaver, with his simple and primitive loom, whose produce is, however, chiefly a coarse material, the fine muslins being made elsewhere.

* "Up to a very recent date no Hindoo wife would consider herself pure unless she had on her wrists bracelets made of conch-shells. A brief religious ceremony was always performed to welcome this valuable ornament before it was actually put on. The shell-bracelet was respectfully put on a plate, and an offering was made to it of vermilion, green blades of grass, and rice, and food was given to the man who brought it for sale. The shell-bracelet was a favourite ornament of the great goddess of Energy."—*T. R. Mukharji.*

† "Indian musical instruments are remarkable for the beauty and variety of their forms, which, the ancient sculptures and paintings at Ajanta show, have remained unchanged for the last two thousand years. The harp (*chang*) is identical in shape with the Assyrian harp represented on the Nineveh sculptures, and the *vina* is of equal antiquity. The Hindoos claim to have invented the fiddle-bow."—*Sir George Birdwood.*

Silk has been manufactured in India for ages; and here is a weaver of silk mixed with cotton, a material much worn by rich Mahommedans. Cotton and woollen carpets and mats are here; many rugs and carpets are made in Bengal; most of them appear plain and rough, but some are finer and of picturesque design. (The more costly carpets do not seem to be produced here.) Here are mercers who sell neither stockings nor gloves (for neither are *usually* worn by their customers),* but silks and muslins of exquisite and unrivalled fineness. A man passes with a basket on his head containing offerings for his idol. Here, "all of a row," are the tailors—the dressmakers, shirt-makers, and men-milliners of Calcutta, one of their tribe being employed in every European household, as well as by the natives — stitching and chattering, and smoking between whiles, as the one pipe (the hubble-bubble, which serves them all) comes round in regular order to each. Here the washerman—men in India often do women's work, and women men's—may be seen ironing his linen after bringing it home from the river, where he has washed it, with little soap, if any, but with much beating. Here is a seller of glass: the articles are very poor, coarse, and clumsy; for though the manufacture is an ancient one, it appears to be still in a very primitive state. (Better glass is, we are told, made in the Upper Provinces.) Here are some potters, with the old-time wheel, making water-jars, cooking-pots, frying-pans, dishes,† toys, and the images‡ we are already acquainted with for worship. There is much variety in Indian pottery: there is glazed and unglazed; plain, coloured, and artistic. It appears, for the most part, shapely and tasteful, and has many local specialities of character. Yonder is a dyer's, as may be seen by the long strips of yellow, blue, green, and other bright-coloured cloths

* "The heat is so intense in *Hindoustan*," says Bernier (1663), "that no one, not even the King, wears stockings." It appears, however, that *some*, imitators of Europeans, now do.

† We learn that the Hindoos have a religious prejudice against using an earthen vessel twice, and that it is generally broken up after the first using; thus creating a constant demand for common earthenware in all Hindoo families.

‡ The clay figures of Karttikeya, the Indian Mars, made for his annual festival by the potters of Bengal, are often, we are told, twenty-seven feet high. The small images, a few inches high, are sold "for a song."

hanging about it. In the dyeing of cotton, however, though India is so famous for her dye-stuffs, the people are thought somewhat unskilful—black and red appear to be their only very durable colours—though in the dyeing of silk they are more accomplished. Here is a butcher's. He is just going to kill a sheep, and that in the open shop. See, he catches it, lays it on the ground, and, while another man holds its legs, with two cuts of his knife takes its head clean off. Then he lets the blood drain for a few seconds, hangs up the yet quivering carcass, skins it (a vulture is seen hovering near); and in ten minutes from the time at which he drew the blade across its throat it is ready for the pot. (*Beggars again!* and adjutants, crows, and kites.) Here are fish-sellers, as low in their language, and as noisy, as those of Billingsgate (which is remarkable), but having an abundance of excellent fish, large and small, in great variety; though we confess that, as we look at them, the thought of the swarms of human bodies in the river makes us shudder. It is certain that the Hindoos are fond of fish, especially Hindoo *women* (though the unmarried and widows are not allowed to eat it); and *it is probable that the fish are fond of Hindoos.* Yet the mango-fish, when in season, is said to be excellent; and it may be remembered that Pliny heard of eels in the Ganges three hundred feet long, which the natives at least would think capital eating. (The *mahaseeap*, a delicious fresh-water fish of the size of a large cod, which it resembles in colour and shape, and which is said to rise to the fly and to afford splendid sport to the lovers of angling, is the largest now taken in the Indian rivers.)

We have seen something of the Black Metropolis of India—the representative, as we may imagine, of every native town. (We have not observed *any* hospitals, or philanthropic or literary or scientific institutions there.) Besides the businesses we have noticed, there are many trades and professions practised in Calcutta by the natives, hosts of general dealers, and all sorts of petty workpeople and idlers. *But every Hindoo must follow his father's business.* And every Hindoo WORSHIPS HIS TOOLS annually, as the Chaldeans did of old.* This is done on the Feast of Sauri (a wife of Siva),

* See Hab. i. 16.

which occurs in September, when they offer sacrifices to the implements they use: the clerk bows down before his pen; the carpenter prostrates himself before his plane, saw, and rule; the barber before his razors; the farmer before his plough, spade, and dunghill; and the women before their domestic utensils. *Murderers also worship their professional instruments.*

We have not seen many book-shops. The fact is that the people of India are not a reading people, and beyond the newspapers, *there is little or no vernacular literature.* Nearly all their literature is in Sanscrit, with which only scholars are acquainted, but of which we may learn something hereafter.* The idea was started some time ago of paying authors to write books in the languages of the country. Macaulay, however, said that "to hire four or five people to make a literature is a course which never answered, and never will answer, in any part of the world. Languages," he added, "grow; they cannot be built. We are now following the slow but sure course on which alone we can depend for a supply of good books in the vernacular languages of India. We are attempting to raise up a large class of enlightened natives. I hope that twenty years hence there will be hundreds, nay thousands, of natives familiar with the best models of composition, and well acquainted with Western science. Among them some persons will be found who will have the inclination and the ability to exhibit European knowledge in the vernacular dialects. This I believe to be the only way in which we can raise up a good vernacular literature in this country." † *The white ants are the greatest lovers of books in India.* Printed paper is with them a most

* As to English books of any commercial value, they would certainly have no large sale among the natives at the prices they command in the shops of our own countrymen in Calcutta. A few *old* ones may now and then, as we have seen, be found in the bazaars, or bought of the perambulating *bookwallahs.*

† That this plan was successful need hardly now (1893) be stated. Trevelyan, years ago, said "these hopeful anticipations have been more than realised." Twice twenty years have brought into existence, not hundreds or thousands, but hundreds of thousands, of natives who can appreciate European knowledge when laid before them in the English language, and can reproduce it in their own. Taking one year with another, upwards of a thousand works of literature and science are published annually in Bengal alone, and at least four times that number

toothsome morsel; and they devour science, law, history, biography, travel, politics, and even official papers, with equal relish.* (Happily they could not devour the *stone* books of ancient days, or our wise men would not now be able to read them.)

If, like ASMODEUS, we could *uncover the houses* and view the scenes within, what strange things should we behold! Let us suppose this to be done. Our eyes would fail, did they desire, to penetrate the darkened chamber of maternity, which it would appear is often the chamber of death to the new-born babe,† from whom every possible intrusion, alike of fresh air and of malignant spirits, is shut out; while a large fire is kept burning in the centre of the room, even in the hottest weather, and that for three weeks (or a month when a girl is born), till the ceremony of purification is performed. In the smaller households may be seen here and there a seemingly happy couple in loving association, though now and then a young husband beats his bride cruelly; but more frequently the solitary wife, from twelve to fifteen years old, with perhaps a puny infant at her breast, or on her hip, and one or two others at her heels, may be observed in a gloomy and wretched cell, with bare walls, adorned only with an

throughout the entire continent. And Hunter states that "4,890 works were published in India in 1877, of which 4,346 were in the native languages; only 436 were translations, the remaining 4,454 being original works or new editions."

* "In an incredibly short space of time," says Sir Emerson Tennent, "a detachment of these pests will destroy a chest full of records, reducing the paper to fragments; and a shelf of books will be tunnelled into a gallery if it happen to lie in their line of march." Hence, too, as Humboldt observes, "throughout the equinoctial regions of America—and the same is true in similar climates of the Old World, indeed, in all where very special precautions are not taken against it—it is infinitely rare to find any records much more than half a century old. In James Town, in the island of St. Helena, the books of the Public Library were destroyed by white ants." And Hunter tells us of a press in which the records of his office were discovered. "The volumes presented every appearance of age and decay; their yellow-stained margins were deeply eaten by insects; their outer pages crumbled to pieces under the most tender handling; and of some the sole palpable remains were chips of paper mingled with the granular dust that white ants leave behind." And again he says: "Of the researches that had occupied the ablest administrators during the past fifty years of our rule—researches that they had designed as the basis of a consistent system of Indian rural law—the greater part has, during the second fifty years, been made over as a prey to the mildew and *white ants*."

† It may be added that still-born children are said to be disposed of *in the room in which they are born.*

image of some "god"; the floor spread over with a coat of cowdung; a bamboo bedstead, and one or two earthen vessels, the only furniture. She may sometimes be noticed devouring with her children *the remains of her husband's meals*, while he sits smoking his hubble-bubble in the shop without. In larger households may be witnessed a somewhat similar scene, with perhaps two or three wives of varying ages, and many children, *left to themselves*. Some of the women are seated at the millstones grinding corn for the day's consumption, while the children run in and out between the father's and mother's apartments; for they seldom or never come all together, and there are no pleasant family gatherings in which young and old meet, and where the children cluster round the knees of their parents and grandparents. In the largest households are to be seen all the horrors * of a polygamous domicile (which we must not call by the sacred name of HOME), to which all the sons of the father—*for all marry*—have brought their brides (as usual in India); † and where—while the men occupy the best rooms of the house, and pass their time alone or in each other's society—rival, jealous, and perhaps quarrelsome wives (quarrelsome especially where the ages greatly differ), who all live at the back of the premises, seldom see anything of the outer world, and eat after the men (and as it would seem *of their leavings*), with countless numbers of children, and any unhappy widows of the family who may happen to be among them, (and who, though often very young, are the drudges of the whole,‡) are ruled with a rod of iron by the ever supreme, always imperious, and too often cruel MOTHER-IN-LAW. (A childless wife, or one who bears only daughters, is slighted, despised, and persecuted.) What sterility of heart is here! It is a clan rather than a family,

* Polygamy has, indeed, its humorous side, as is illustrated by Æsop in his fable of the man and his two wives, the young and the old, who—plucking out, the young one all the grey hairs from his head, and the old one all the black hairs—between them left him *bald*. But after all, it is an infelicitous institution.

† The number of such households is said sometimes to amount to more than two hundred persons.

‡ Widowhood is regarded as the punishment of a crime committed in a former state of existence, and is looked upon with abhorrence. The *child*-widow, who had not *lived* with her husband before his death, and the widow of mature age, who has had no children, are especially objects of hatred.

knowing little or nothing of those tender feelings and interchanges of kindness which belong to our households. Even children, much as they are desired, receive few of those caresses which are so naturally sought, and among ourselves so naturally and freely given them; and daughters are generally disregarded and neglected. / Not, indeed, that all is dull and sorrowful. Here a young wife may be seen preparing for the advent of her firstborn, having the fine delicacies which are the supposed food of the gods—milk, ghee, curds, honey, and *cowdung*—set before her, she being gaily dressed in a red-bordered robe. In another house may be observed a party of ladies gathered together for a feast, with singers and dancers in attendance; the principal lady (who is in immediate expectation of an heir) sitting finely dressed on a white seat in the centre of the apartment, with a lamp burning in front of her; a sacred conch-shell is sounded; a rupee that has touched her forehead is offered on her behalf to the gods; and the feast is about to begin, at the end of which the guests will depart, wishing her a happy deliverance and giving many farewell gifts—*farewell* gifts because, alas! of the many who die on these occasions. In another house may be seen a father, jumping with joy at the birth of a son; and, in yet another, the preparations going on for the betrothal of the infant boy. Here, on the other hand, is a youthful convert to Christianity, beset by father and mother, who entreat him to recant, and load him, when he refuses, with curses. Here is a party of females, beating their breasts and foreheads, crying, shrieking, and bewailing, round the couch of a sick man, who is about to be borne to the Ganges to die, and whom they are not allowed by the rules of seclusion to accompany beyond the doors. / Very frequently, too, may be seen a young mother lovingly tending her little ones, and bending over some poor infant with fond anxiety. In some of the more lordly houses the ladies of the zenana (who are almost prisoners within its walls *) find a dull amusement in personal decoration, smoking, and small talk; but few know

* "Polygamy renders unavoidable the seclusion of women. A man can secure the affections, and, indeed, watch the conduct of one wife; he cannot expect to be loved by three or four. He must control them by force, and the only effectual way is to shut them up."—*Clot Bey* (quoted by Archdeacon Whately).

anything of those social enjoyments or those intellectual pleasures in which their Western sisters participate. And what shall we say of those European wives of native gentlemen who have been tempted to ally themselves with the *baboos*, and by so doing are committed to seclusion, and cut off from European society?

In many houses we may notice chapels appropriated to the worship of the "gods," and reminding us of the "chambers of imagery" of Ezekiel. *But we can no longer take the part of an Asmodeus.*

The native population and all foreigners together (except those already mentioned, viz., British, French, Portuguese, and their descendants) number, it is understood (for no census has yet been taken in India*), about 218,000; making a total of 229,000 inhabitants of Calcutta. The division of the natives into Hindoos and Mussulmans, and the sub-division of the former into castes and the latter into sects,† seem likely to prevent for a long time to come—until, indeed, these barriers are broken down—any union of the people as a mass into one organised whole. And a yet greater gulf exists between the Europeans and the Natives.

On the opposite side of the river is Howrah, famous for shipbuilding, and having a special interest with Europeans who care for the natives, as identified with the reformer Rajah Ram Mohun Roy, the profound mathematician, Justice Dwarka Nauth Mitter; and the great Bengal poet, Varata Chandra Roy.

There, too, as we have seen, are the BOTANICAL GARDENS, which form one of the most beautiful and attractive resorts of the *élite* of Calcutta; and, indeed, have been compared to Milton's "Paradise." Founded and given to the State by General Kyd—to whom the land had been presented by the Soobadar of Bengal some time in the last century—and laid out by the celebrated Roxburgh,‡ who was succeeded by

* The first Indian census was taken in 1871.

† Mahommed is said to have predicted that his followers would separate themselves into seventy-three sects; all of which, however, save one, would eventually perish. There are *here* (as it would seem) four great sects, and many minor ones.

‡ Author of the "Flora Indica," and other botanical works, and among them a Catalogue of the contents of these Botanical Gardens, edited by Rev. Dr. Carey.

Hamilton and Wallich,* the gardens are classic ground to the botanist, and to all lovers of nature a delicious retreat.† A fine banyan tree attracts the special attention of the visitor. Here, however, are to be seen, in all the grandeur of tropical growth, the productions of every warm region, and conspicuous among them the varieties of stupendous creepers from Nepaul. The establishment has this additional interest, that it is continually enriched by gifts and collections from all parts of the world; while, on the other hand, it distributes seeds and plants freely to every part of the globe.‡

One curious custom in India is the Marriage of Trees by planting two of different species together, and entwining their branches. This is done in connection with some

* Author of the invaluable "Plantæ Asiaticæ Rariores," and other important works.

† Dr. Hooker notices, however, the destruction of most of the palms, and of all the noble tropical features of the gardens alluded to by Bishop Heber, during Dr. Griffiths' rule: "The avenue of sago palms, once the admiration of all visitors, and which for beauty and singularity was unmatched in any tropical garden, had been swept away by the same unsparing hand which had destroyed the teak, mahogany, clove, nutmeg, and cinnamon groves." But he adds: "The great banyan tree is still the pride and ornament of the garden. Dr. Falconer has ascertained satisfactorily that it is only seventy-five years old; annual rings, size, etc., afford no evidence in such a case, but people were alive a few years ago who remembered well its site being occupied (in 1782) by a *wild date palm, out of whose crown the banyan sprouted*, and beneath which a fakir sat. It is a remarkable fact," he goes on to observe, "that the banyan seed rarely vegetates on the ground; but its figs are eaten by birds, and the seeds deposited in the crowns of palms, where they grow, sending down roots that embrace and eventually kill the palm, which decays away. This tree is now eighty feet high, and throws an area three hundred feet in diameter into a dark cool shade. The gigantic limbs spread out about ten feet above the ground, and on Dr. Falconer's arrival there were no more than eighty-nine descending roots or props; there are now several hundreds, and the growth of this grand mass of vegetation is proportionately stimulated and increased. The props are induced to sprout by wet clay and moss tied to the branches, beneath which a little pot of water is hung; and after they have made some progress they are enclosed in bamboo tubes, and so coaxed down to the ground. They are mere slender whip-cords before reaching the earth, where they root, remaining very lax for several months; but gradually, as they grow and swell to the size of cables, they tighten, and eventually become very tense. This is a curious phenomenon, and so rapid that it appears to be due to the rooting part mechanically dragging down the aerial. The branch meanwhile continues to grow outwards, and being supplied by its new support thickens beyond it, whence the props always start outwards from the ground towards the circumference of the tree."—*Himalayan Journals* (1855).

‡ Among its greatest triumphs is the introduction of the TEA plant from China into India and Assam; and, perhaps, also that of the Otaheite and Bourbon sugar-cane.

religious ceremony. Sleeman tells us that "among the Hindoos neither the man who plants a grove nor his wife can taste of the fruit till he has *married* one of the mango trees to some other tree (commonly the tamarind tree) that grows near it in the same grove." *

FLOWERS—fragrant, beautiful, and abundant—are *the joy of India.*

BIRDS! BIRDS! BIRDS! Besides the crows—crafty and vigilant, eager, busy, and bustling, walking about with all freedom and impudence, but flying off at our near approach—the kites, and the Bengal green and blue rock pigeons, of which there are so many in Calcutta, there are the large and splendidly-coloured minivet, the hair-crested drongo, with its wonderful voice,† the white-headed ibis, whose pink tail feathers are used by ladies as a head-dress; the pied fly-catcher (called the king of song birds), etc., etc. Many birds, including the peacock (considered sacred ‡), the *goose*, and the owl, are worshipped by the Hindoos.

"THOU art, O GOD! the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from Thee.
Where'er we turn Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine."

We have mentioned the Eurasians—the descendants of European fathers by native mothers. The great majority are of Portuguese, many of British, and some of French extraction.

* "The proprietor of one of the groves, that stands between the cantonment and the town, old Berjore Sing, had spent so much in planting and watering the grove, and building walls and wells of pucka masonry, that he could not afford to defray the expense of the marriage ceremonies till one of the trees, which was older than the rest when planted, began to bear fruit in 1833; and poor old Berjore Sing and his old wife were in great distress that they dared not taste of the fruit whose flavour was so much praised by their children. They began to think that they had neglected a serious duty, and might in consequence be taken off before another season could come round. They therefore sold all their silver and gold ornaments, and borrowed all they could; and before the next season the grove was married with all due form and ceremony, to the great delight of the old pair, who tasted of the fruit in June 1834."—*Rambles of an Indian Official.*

† "The voice of this remarkable bird is changeable, and in constant exertion, from a beautiful song to whistling, chattering, and creaking like a rusty wheel, at times resembling the higher strains of the organ, both striking and plaintive."—*Jerdan.*

‡ Two English soldiers killed several peacocks. The people fell upon them and treated them so roughly that they soon after died.

Altogether they form a separate community, as distinct from the natives around them as from the Hindoos and Mussulmans; they do not travel; here they live and multiply, marrying generally among themselves. As they are daily increasing in number, they will of course in time become so numerous as to consider themselves a People, and desire a place in history. We are unwilling to speak ill of them; but they do not seem to be much regarded by our countrymen. While it is admitted that they are intelligent and industrious as clerks (in which capacity they seem to be generally employed), they appear to devote little or no attention to the cultivation of literature or art, and to have no zeal in the pursuit of science. Yet one may certainly find *among* the Eurasians men possessing a variety of talent which would do honour to any of our countrymen, and ladies adorned with every grace and accomplishment. But it would seem to be considered that these are rare among them.

Leprosy is sadly prevalent in Calcutta. Heber mentions it in his "Journal" as "almost as common here as in Syria and Arabia," and there is reason to fear that since his time it has greatly increased. This seems to be little thought of. Nothing is done by Government to arrest it, which is strange, and might well appear marvellous.* *Lepers are sometimes, with their own consent, buried alive.*

Calcutta cannot be called a healthy city, though it is not so bad as it once was. Fevers prevail; Europeans often sicken and die—the hearse very frequently passes in the direction of the cemetery—and great numbers of the natives die daily. Many indeed die who should not.† *Thousands are really murdered in India every year.* When a sick Hindoo appears to be approaching death,‡ he is taken from his bed to the

* A Leper Asylum has since been opened in Calcutta, and much Christian effort appears to have been made on behalf of the poor sufferers. Yet we heard that very recently there were thousands abroad in the streets of that city; while the census of 1881 shows that the number in Bengal of persons so affected amounted to 56,533!

† We have already had occasion to speak of the thousands of infants formerly sacrificed at Saugor. We may add that it has been stated by a learned Brahmin, who held an official station under Government, that he believed two thousand infants were annually destroyed in Bengal *before birth.*

‡ "Very early one December morning, which was cold to a European, but bitterly cold to a native, I have seen a young *woman*, her chest and limbs bare, and her body but lightly clad, exposed on the lonely river bank, and watched

river bank * by his sons (or the nearest male relative), be the season or the weather what it may, in order that his sins may be washed away in the Ganges; water from the stream is then poured over his head; he is rubbed and it would appear *drenched* with the river mud, which is also spread upon his forehead and breast, whereon the name of his "god" is then written; while he is called on by his relatives to repeat such name, they also at the same time repeating it. Often they then leave him to die.† Sympathy and tenderness seem to be unknown. A missionary says: "At present I am residing near the Hooghly, not far from Calcutta, and scenes like the following constantly occur under our windows. About midnight we hear the noise of a number of natives going down to the river; there is a pause, then a slight muttering, and sometimes you may catch the sound of some one as if choking: it is truly a human being, who is having his mouth crammed with mud and dirty water by 'his friends.' 'HURREEBOL! HURREEBOL!' they urge him to repeat; and when he appears dead, they push his body into the stream: then singing some horrid song, they depart. Soon the tide washes the body ashore; and then we hear the dogs and jackals quarrelling over their horrid meal, as they tear the corpse limb from limb. In the morning a few vultures are sitting around the spot, and nothing remains but a few bones to attest one murder out of hundreds, perhaps thousands, committed every night on the course of this dreadful river. Within one-eighth of a mile I have counted the remains of six human bodies; and it is said that, when property is in question, it is not always a sick man who is thus treated. Every one knows that the bodies of men, women, and children pass constantly to and fro in the river."

over by the family Brahmin and three hired old women. She had been there an hour, and unless her end were prematurely hastened, it seemed that she would have long to remain before death relieved her."—*Weitbrecht.*

* "In case of a person dying at a distance from the Ganges, a cow, duly decorated, is sometimes brought to his bedside, and he is made to grasp its tail, under the notion that by the sacred animal's assistance he will be transported over the river of death. This, however, will be quite ineffectual unless the cow is afterwards handed over as a gift to the Brahmins."—*Williams.*

† Should he *not* die, he becomes an outcast. The village of Chandah, forty-six miles from Calcutta, is entirely occupied by persons who have survived such exposure.

We cannot, however, wonder at these horrors when we remember that the tutelary deity, from whom Calcutta derives its name, is the sanguinary goddess Kali, the Moloch of Hindostan, the patroness of murderers. Her temple is at Kali Ghat, about two miles from the city,* and is the most popular and wealthy idolatrous shrine within many miles of Calcutta. She is represented by an image with a large head, black face, staring eyes, a broad and bloody tongue hanging down to her breast, four arms with a decapitated skull in each hand, and wearing also a necklace of skulls. To this hideous monster human sacrifices were formerly openly offered, and it is thought probable that they are sometimes secretly offered now; but generally some animal—usually a goat—is sacrificed in lieu. This is done daily; and on great festivals many oxen and goats are slaughtered in that way.† Yet it is understood that Kali is infinitely better pleased with the sacrifice of human lives.‡ Surely Britons ought not to be indifferent while so hideous and bloody an idol is the reigning spirit among the native inhabitants of Calcutta, the City of Palaces, the seat of our Empire.

Yet this worship cannot be abolished in a day. The murderous sacrifice has, it is true, been prohibited, and, we

* It was here that our first "Factory" stood; the land on which it was erected being the first conceded to the English in this part of India. Kali Ghat was then only a miserable village. We have read that "*in* 1802 *a deputation from the Government went in procession to Kelie Ghat, and made a thank-offering to this goddess of the Hindoos in the name of the Company for the success which the English have lately obtained in this country. Five thousand rupees were offered. Several thousand Natives witnessed the English presenting their offerings to this idol.*"

† "In temples such as that at Kali Ghat, where bloody sacrifices are offered, the courtyard has all the appearance and frightful smell of the worst shambles, for on certain days of the year the executioners are at work from dawn to dark decapitating the victims, whose blood streams over the pavement, whilst the sun is shining in all its strength."—*Wilkins.*

‡ Among the papers of Rajah Shankar Sahal, who was executed for the part he had taken in the Mutiny of 1857, was the following HYMN TO KALI:—

"O! great Kali, eat up the backbiter;
Trample under thy feet the wicked;
Grind down the enemies, the British, to the dust;
Kill them, that none remain.
Destroy their women, servants, and children;
Protect Shankar Sahal.
Preserve thy disciples, O Kali!
Listen to the call of the humble;
Do not delay to cut the heads of the unclean race
Devour them quickly, O great Kali!

may hope, to a great extent prevented; but indirect murder, if it can be called indirect, still, as we have shown, prevails; and until the spirit of murder be exorcised, the law cannot in its fulness be enforced. It is only Christianity, with its benign influences, that can drive out that spirit.

Few Englishmen will visit Hindostan without thinking of Reginald Heber,* the poet, and the apostolic divine, second Bishop of Calcutta, whose "Journey through India from Calcutta to Bombay" is now a classic in English literature. His Missionary Hymn,

"From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,"

is the most popular of all such compositions; and that beginning—

"The Son of God goes forth to war,"

which is from his pen, one of the most noble.† Nor can we forget the Baptist missionary, William Carey ("unquestionably," says John Foster, "the very foremost name of our times in the whole Christian world"‡); who, to quote the words of Robert Hall, "from the lowest poverty and obscurity, without assistance, rose by dint of unrelenting industry to the highest

* It will be interesting to the lover of books to be reminded that *Richard* Heber, half-brother of the Bishop, was the famous collector of books noticed by Dr. Dibdin as "Atticus," and designated by Allibone "the most voracious HELLUO LIBRORUM in the annals of bibliography." His collection in England is said to have numbered 105,000 volumes, and he had also many thousand volumes on the Continent. "On hearing of a curious book he has been known to put himself into the mail coach, and travel three, four, or five hundred miles to obtain it, fearful to entrust his commission to a letter. His residence in Pimlico, where he died, is filled, like Maghabecchi's at Florence, with books from the top to the bottom,—every chair, every table, every passage, containing piles of erudition. He had another house in York Street, leading to Great James Street, Westminster, laden from the ground floor to the garret with curious books. He had a library in the High Street, Oxford, an immense library at Paris, and another at Antwerp, another at Brussels, another at Ghent, and at other places in the Low Countries, and in Germany. In short, there is neither end nor measure to his literary stores" (*Gentleman's Magazine*, January 1834). After his death, when his books were brought to the hammer, the sale in London occupied 216 days, and the proceeds amounted to £65,000.

† Both are among those selected as "The Best Hundred Hymns" in our language.

‡ "I am glad," says Mr. Gladstone, "to think that from the bosom of the Church of England there went forth men like Bishop Selwyn and Bishop Patteson, bearing upon their labours a very heroic and apostolic stamp. But I rejoice not less unfeignedly to recollect that they have competitors and rivals. Among many such rivals we might name Carey and Marshman."

honours of literature, became one of the first of Orientalists, the first of missionaries, and the instrument of diffusing more religious knowledge among his contemporaries than has fallen to the lot of any individual since the Reformation." It may be remembered that Carey, the "FATHER OF MODERN MISSIONS," and one of the principal founders of the Baptist Missionary Society, came to India as the first missionary of that society in 1793; that he was Professor of Oriental Languages in the college at Fort William from 1800 to 1830; and that up to 1832 the Serampore Mission, which he conducted, had issued about two hundred thousand Bibles or portions of Scripture in some forty Oriental languages or dialects. Heber and Carey represent to us the interest which the Christians of England, both Churchmen and Nonconformists, feel in missionary enterprise in India. And the Bishop's College, which, as we have seen, stands at the threshold of the Indian capital as the School of the prophets for a Native ministry, is an indication of the design of our National Church to plant Christianity throughout the land;* while the Serampore Mission, whose special work is the translation and circulation of the Scriptures, shows that the sowing of the seed of the gospel in the native tongue is considered the primary work to be done.

But the sun is rapidly drawing near the western horizon, and all "society," roused from the torpor and indolence or escaped from the business of the day, is hastening to the

*We deeply regret to say (1892) that the design appears to have been grievously defective. Bishop Middleton pictured to himself "a second grove of Academe" in which—that is, in the neighbouring avenues of the Botanic Garden—the professors and students would walk; but he left the sweltering classrooms and debating societies of the Chitpore quarter of Calcutta to atheism and Voltaire. Hence the only good fruit of the vast expense lavished to this day on Bishop's College has been the *Christum Sangita*, the Christian Epic in Sanscrit of the learned Dr. Mill, its first Principal. What one of the early missionaries who shared the dream wrote in 1844 is still true: "Sure I am that if sainted spirits ever weep, Bishop Middleton is now weeping in heaven over the idol of his heart."—*Life of Dr. Duff.*

Madame Pfeiffer, in her "Woman's Journey Round the World," relates a curious incident in connection with this institution, which reminds us of some narratives of the neglect of books in public libraries that we have read elsewhere. (See Blades' "Enemies of Books.") "The library, which is a noble-looking room, contains a rich collection of the works of the best authors, and is thrown open to the pupils; but their industry does not appear to equal the magnificence of the arrangements, for on taking a book from the book-case I immediately let it fall again, and ran to the other end of the room: *a swarm of bees had flown upon me from out the book-case.*"

"Maidan" to "*eat the air.*" Here on the great plain, crossed by broad roads in various directions, and with the fine river filled with boats and shipping full in view, may be seen the Viceroy and his sisters (the Misses Eden) in carriage and four, with outriders and bodyguard; members of council, judges, and magistrates, in their several equipages (some lolling, as if spent, with feet on carriage door); the general on his English charger, the colonel on his Arab, the cadet on his showy hack or "cast" stud horse; and European merchants, and private professionals, more or less well mounted, or on wheels, and moving along briskly. Here, too, are many of our fair countrywomen—residents in, or visitors to, Calcutta—some on horseback and some reclining in coaches, animating and gladdening the scene by their presence and their smiles, and receiving in exchange the admiring courtesies of their male acquaintances. Here, too, are Native Princes—rajahs and ex-rajahs and nawaubs—some in silk and gold, and some wrapped in costly shawls and glittering with jewellery, accompanied by their retinues; rich and fat *baboos* (often in the old-fashioned carriages laid aside by Europeans, and sent to the auction rooms), and Armenian and Persian merchants, each in his own special turn-out. The absence of ladies in the carriages of the native nobility and gentry is specially noticeable by the stranger, presenting a striking contrast to the carriages of the Europeans. Many occupants of carriages have their turbaned and liveried coachmen; their attendants standing behind, and their white-robed servants running alongside them (the horses not always very well "groomed"). Here, too, is the poor Eurasian quill-driver, in his buggy or trap, and *his saces running beside him*; and here and there some sailors in "Jingling Johnnies," driving helter-skelter through the crowd. For number and variety of equipages and horses—of the latter the natives prefer the large Persian breed—the scene is unequalled. For the most part they move rapidly on, sweeping by like the Roman charioteers of old; but some of the steeds are sorry creatures, drop behind, and eventually come to a dead stop, or retire.

Meanwhile a still more interesting spectacle—at least, to fathers and mothers—may be seen between Government House and the river. For here the young "*pale-faces*" of "the better

sort"—the lords and ladies of the future—are gathered with their nurses, their numerous white-robed attendants, and their little equipages—pony and goat carriages, and all sorts of pretty miniature vehicles—and, the latter being collected in one place, the juveniles walk to and fro and gambol and sport in happy freedom. This goes on till sunset approaches, when the small conveyances are brought up, and the children are taken by the servants before it gets dark to their several homes. At the same time a more mournful procession—perhaps more than one, possibly five or six such processions—passes along another part of Calcutta to "that bourn whence no traveller returns."

The sun sinks—night immediately sets in, for there is no twilight here—the lamps of the carriages in the *Maidan* are presently lit, and the scene then changes to a vision of gigantic fire-flies. But soon all is again dark, for all the *sahibs* and their ladies go to dinner. Lightnings play harmlessly on the horizon; there seems to be no thunder. We return to our quarters.

By-and-by, after some hours, we hear BOOM! — the evening gun. Yet awhile, and the "fire-flies" are again seen; for to-night there are several balls, receptions, and suppers. The sky is intensely black; the stars shine out brightly; the tramp of horses, the rolling of wheels, and the shouts of palanquin-bearers are heard all around; houses, porches, and grounds are seen brilliantly lit up; and fair ladies glittering in light apparel, lace, and jewels, and officers in gay uniforms, attended by swarms of native servants and torch-bearers, are seen passing to and fro in various directions.* The sound of *English* music is heard, and the merry dance goes on, to the amusement of the dark-coloured spectators, who laugh at our people for not employing others to *dance for them*, as they employ the nautch girls who unite dance and *song* and music—such as it is!—in their performances (of which the natives are exceedingly fond). And so the night closes, amid the explosion and glitter of vari-coloured fireworks (in which Hindostanees excel), the drumming, and blowing of horns in the bazaars; the yelling of jackals, and other now familiar noises; the carriages are heard rolling home, and—*we sleep.*

* The Juveniles, too, it seems, have their evening parties, which come off at an earlier hour.

CHAPTER III.

SUNDAY IN CALCUTTA.

BUT now Sunday has arrived. It was said of old that Sunday was only known in Calcutta to be something different from other days by the hoisting of the British flag at Fort William. Bishop Turner found all signs of a day of rest, Christian or national, utterly absent. The majority of the residents, even so late it would seem as 1830, made Sunday a time of pleasuring; when they could absent themselves from their offices, which were open and busy every day of the week. Boating excursions, picnic parties to Barrackpore and the French and Dutch settlements up the river, and pig-sticking on the edge of the Sunderbund jungles, were the employments of the *sahibs*. It is no longer so.* The Morning Gun, as usual, is fired at daybreak. The British flag—as in all our possessions on the Day of Rest—is still hoisted. But there is now at least an outward reverence shown to the English Sabbath. We attend Divine Service in the Garrison Church (St. Peter's), a pretty Gothic building,† with a beautiful painted window. As might be expected, nearly all the congregation are Military. The punkahs (long, light frames of wood, covered with white cloth, suspended in the air, and moved to and fro by cords pulled by native attendants seated outside the church) stir and cool the atmosphere (which the ladies also fan), yet at the same time intercept our view, and

* On January 12th, 1847, all public works, except in cases of urgent necessity, which were to be specially reported, were ordered by the Governor-General to be suspended on Sundays.

† "The Fort church," says Fergusson, "is a copy of the chapel in York Place, Edinburgh, and that is a copy from St. Mary's, Beverley; and at the time it was built was the best thing of its class that had been done in India."

give a singular aspect to the building. But our venerable Liturgy—nowhere, perhaps, so much appreciated as in a foreign land—reminds us, as we look around, that our countrymen who came here before us "got not the land in possession through their own sword," but, as it were, by THE SWORD OF THE LORD AND OF GIDEON.*

And now, with Asmodeus-like flight and vision we pass from church to church of the Episcopalians:†—St. John's,‡ consecrated by the ministrations of Claudius Buchanan and Henry Martyn (to which Warren Hastings, his Council, and all the "Factors" in the settlement used to walk to Morning Service), which, as well as an adjoining pavilion, contain many memorials to old officers, and which has been enlarged, and is *called* "the Cathedral";§ and the Old (Mission) Church, built in 1771 by Kiernandier (a famous and, as it would appear, the *first*, Protestant missionary, who came to Calcutta at the instance of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, in 1758,‖ from Tranquebar),¶ and which was afterwards purchased and presented to the public by Mr. Charles Grant, and was the centre (as it is and has ever since been) of evangelical influence in this city, and which also has many memorials—

* See Judges vii.

† Two churches were erected before those now standing, one of which perished in an earthquake; and the other was destroyed by Suraj-ood-Dowlah, on his sack of Calcutta.

‡ This is the church of which Mr. Wallace wrote many years ago: "Were a country gentleman in the full enjoyment of all his bodily faculties in this happy climate to be suddenly transported to St. John's Church in Calcutta during the performance of Divine service in the month of June, he would fancy himself seated among ghosts. He would look upon their sallow countenances with fear, and see the big drops like tears coursing each other on the anxious brow, notwithstanding the large fans suspended overhead, and drawn briskly backwards and forwards by means of ropes passed through the windows, by natives outside, to produce an artificial circulation of air." He adds, "If he followed any gentleman to his home, he would see him there throw off his coat and put on a light, white jacket, as a relief from his sufferings. And in passing the burying-ground beyond Chowringhee, the stranger would there perceive, in the numberless tombs, ample evidence of the terrible mortality prevailing in the land of his sojourn."

§ The erection of a more suitable building—a veritable CATHEDRAL—was an object greatly desired by Bishop Wilson, and was, it is well known, afterwards accomplished by him. It is called St. Paul's, and is a fine building. The first stone was laid October 8th, 1839.

‖ After that several other societies entered the field, and amongst them the Church Missionary Society (to whose work in India we shall have frequent occasion to refer), and the BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY.

¶ The first Protestant Christian mission in India was at Tranquebar.

seem to be the principal that have any historic interest. None appear to possess any special architectural merit;* but they show that the love of the Church of England is strong in the hearts of her expatriated children. A succession of Bishops—from Middleton (consecrated 1814), Heber, James, and Turner, to the present Primate (Wilson)—have ruled the Church of our fathers in India. "DANIEL CALCUTTA," formerly the well-known Vicar of Islington, and of great repute as an evangelical preacher and author, was consecrated in 1832. He appears to regard himself as a veritable *father* of his people, possesses a thoroughly missionary spirit, and is most energetic and untiring in his labours. Next to the bishop is the Archdeacon, and under him several "Presidency Chaplains." The number, however, is far too few to represent a *National* Church in India. The prevailing tone of the Calcutta pulpit appears, as might be expected, to be Evangelical.

We pass on to other sacred fanes. There are several Roman Catholic churches, attended chiefly by the Portuguese and Eurasians. The Baptists, we believe, have several Chapels in Calcutta. The Scotch church, St. Andrew's, erected in 1813, is a handsome and notable one; it is adorned with a steeple, and is the only "Kirk," we believe, in Calcutta. It is presided over by Dr. Duff, the first missionary of the Presbytery to India; a distinguished preacher and lecturer, who has laid the foundation of the Institution (so well known in connection with his name) for giving to the youths of India, *through the medium of the English language*, a high scientific, literary, and Scriptural education. There are some other Christian churches in the metropolis. One of the most interesting and, it would appear, most *characteristic*† places of worship is the Union Chapel, a large and plain, but pleasant-

* "They are merely square halls, sometimes with ranges of pillars in the centre to support the roof where the span is such as to require their introduction, and with pillared porticoes outside to protect their walls and windows from the sun."—*Fergusson.*

† It is a parallelogram supported by two rows of massy pillars, and having at the further end the pulpit, and, opposite it, the organ. The walls are white, with long venetianed windows reaching from the basement to the roof. The floor is covered with fine Bengal matting; the pews are of open trellis work, and contain from six to ten arm-chairs; while from the roof are suspended the punkahs, which are kept in motion by the dark-faced, white-robed attendants. The congregation—among whom are ordinarily many

looking building in Dhurromtollah (the fine thoroughfare already mentioned), and the property of the London Missionary Society, in which evangelicals of all denominations worship together harmoniously, and where they have also a Monthly Meeting, and an Annual Meeting on the first day of the year. Here the well-known missionaries Keith, Townley, Micaiah Hill, and Lacroix (the greatest vernacular preacher), have ministered; and here Mr. Boaz now labours.

There is also a GREEK, and there is an ARMENIAN, Church.

We pass into the Native Congregations gathered together in the different parts of Calcutta, and we see the people all seated on mats—the women, with their babies, on one side the preacher, the men on the other, some of them in clean white dresses—all looking attentively at their pale-faced pastor as he reads or expounds to them the Scriptures in their own tongue; or we listen while they sing with energy or pathos some familiar hymn with oft-repeated refrain; or again, we watch them listening to the preacher's sermon, as he sets forth and illustrates Gospel truth with story, and incident, and parable (after the manner of the East); or, once more, we see them—having first been baptised, *at the cost in many cases of all they held dear**—gathered round the Holy Table, where they reverently unite with their pastor in the Sacred Feast; and we feel that a work has been done by our Missionaries for India, the value of which it would be difficult to appreciate, though we, at the same time, are sure that the work of the Missionary in this country is too vast and too exacting to be accomplished without the aid to a very large degree of a Native Ministry. It would appear that Sunday Schools are associated with the Native Churches, and in these we see to a very large extent, the hope of the future.

Christian Missions have indeed taken a deep root in Calcutta; and they are greatly needed, for the grossest idolatry prevails. HINDOOISM recognises but ONE SUPREME (an apparently infinite and unintelligible nonentity), who is said to have sent forth from himself a sacred Triad: BRAHMA, the *Creator*;

from various parts of Europe and America—are all dressed in white; the ladies without bonnets (some of them lightly veiled), the gentlemen in white jackets, white vests, and white continuations, the native attendants also in turban and flowing robes of white.

* Phil. iii. 8.

VISHNU, the *Preserver*; and SIVA, the *Destroyer*; who in their turn have given birth to 330,000,000 of "gods." Every Hindoo has his own "god," to whom he pays special homage and devotion, and everything that a Hindoo does from his birth to his death is an act of "religion." His devotion to it is incessant and universal. And yet he is constantly haunted and oppressed by the fear of demons—*devils*, wicked spirits of all kinds, from whom all evil proceeds, and whom he seeks by cruelties, which he supposes will please them, to propitiate. And the most advanced thought of Hindoo Philosophy is that "all around us is Maya, that is, *illusion*; the play, the amusement of the Supreme, who leads us to believe that we have a separate existence, which we have *not*; and that by-and-by all will be absorbed in Him, and there will be no conscious existence in the universe." Moreover, "the bulk of the rich and poor expend by far the larger portion of their earnings or income in offerings to idols." "In this state of cruel bondage, helpless mysticism, and blind devotion, the Missionary comes to make known to them the glorious Gospel."

One of the most important of all Missionary operations in Calcutta in the present day is that recently inaugurated by Dr. Duff, the minister of the Scottish Church, in the educational institution to which we have alluded. Dr. Duff arrived in India from Edinburgh in 1830 as the Missionary of the Presbytery, with directions to form a Missionary School or College, but with full powers to formulate his own plans. This institution, after full inquiry, he determined to establish in Calcutta; and here, by giving a thorough English education, including *Scriptural* as well as general and scientific knowledge (a new idea!), "to undermine the whole fabric of Hindooism, and lay a train which should by-and-by explode and tear up the whole fabric from its lowest depths."* It was a high and an ambitious resolve; but he undertook the task, and carried it on for awhile without any assistance, and with but little sympathy, from his own countrymen.† Yet

* "It was the special glory of Alexander Duff that, arriving here in the midst of a great and intellectual movement of a completely atheistical character, he at once resolved to make that character Christian."—*Dr. Cotton, Bishop of Calcutta.*

† Dr. Duff found a friend in the celebrated Ram Mohun Roy, and it was through *his* assistance that he obtained five pupils, with whom he opened his new school.

he still persisted. He was convinced that every individual who received such a thorough English education, whether he became a convert to Christianity or not, would, with it, imbibe much of the English spirit,* *i.e.*, become intellectually Anglicised. "Give me," he said afterwards, "the school-books and the schoolmasters of a country, and I will let any one else make not only its songs and its laws, but its literature, sciences, and philosophy." He pleaded eloquently at public meetings on behalf of this new system. In a few months his plans, experiences, and successes, were the talk of India.† In the course of five years he brought the rulers of the country to the conviction that the Government institutions for the education of the natives in Oriental lore were a mistake, and that the great object of the British Government ought to be the promotion of European literature and science among the natives of India;‡ and gave to the Missionaries generally a

* The remark of Gibbon may be remembered: "So sensible were the Romans of the influence of language over national manners, that it was their most serious care to extend, with the progress of their arms, the use of the Latin tongue. The ancient dialects of Italy—the Sabine, the Etruscan, and the Venetian—sank into oblivion. The Western countries were civilised by the same hands which subdued them. As soon as the barbarians were reconciled to obedience, their minds were opened to any new impressions of knowledge and politeness. The language of Virgil and Cicero, though with some inevitable mixture of corruption, was so universally adopted in Africa, Spain, Gaul, Britain, and Pannonia, that the faint traces of Punic or Celtic idioms were preserved only in the mountains, or among the peasants. Education and study insensibly inspired the natives of those countries with the sentiments of Romans."

† The same system was carried out at the missions subsequently planted by the Church of Scotland at the other presidencies of Madras and Bombay, and tens of thousands of the youth of India have thus received a Christian education.

‡ The famous Minute of Macaulay seems to have led to the issue of Lord Bentinck's proclamation of March 7th, 1835. That Minute deserves to be written in letters of gold. We can give but a brief extract from it here:—"We have to educate a people who cannot at present be educated by means of their mother tongue. We must teach them some foreign language. The claims of our own language it is hardly necessary to recapitulate. It stands pre-eminent, even among the languages of the West. It abounds with works of imagination not inferior to the noblest which Greece has bequeathed to us; with models of every species of eloquence; with historical compositions, which, considered merely as narratives, have seldom been surpassed, and which, considered as vehicles of ethical and political instruction, have never been equalled; with just and lively representations of human life and human nature; with the most profound speculations on metaphysics, morals, government, jurisprudence, and trade; with full and correct information respecting every experimental science which tends to preserve the health, to increase the comfort, or to expand the intellect of man. Whoever knows that language has ready

status as educators which they had not till then possessed. During the years that have since elapsed, many young men who have been trained in this institution have discarded the idolatries of India, and have been found on the high road to Christianity.* "If in India," as Dr. Duff has himself said, "you only impart ordinary useful knowledge, you thereby demolish what by its people is regarded as sacred. Every branch of sound general knowledge which you inculcate becomes the destroyer of some corresponding part in the Hindoo system." But he has himself also said, "The raising up of a class of Native Teachers and Preachers from an institution is the only thing that will meet the demands of India."

Dr. Duff is at this time in Europe, and we cannot therefore have the pleasure of making his acquaintance.

Equally important with the training of boys and young men—perhaps more so—in the Christianisation of India, is the work of FEMALE EDUCATION. A scholastic education may be said to begin with the art of reading. But "to teach a woman to read would a century ago have been regarded in the same light as if it had been suggested in London to instruct monkeys in Hullah's art of singing." And the lot of a Hindoo woman, it would seem, is still that of a poor despised one. Unwelcomed when born, and, *if allowed to*

access to all the vast intellectual wealth which all the wisest nations of the earth have created and hoarded in the course of ninety generations. It may safely be said that the literature now extant in that language is of far greater value than all the literature which three hundred years ago was extant in all the languages of the world together. Nor is this all. In India English is the language spoken by the ruling class. It is spoken by the higher class of natives at the seats of government. It is likely to become the language of commerce throughout the seas of the East. It is the language of two great European communities which are rising, the one in the south of Africa, the other in Australasia—communities which are every year becoming more important, and more closely connected with our Indian empire. Whether we look at the intrinsic value of our literature, or at the particular situation of this country, we shall see the strongest reason to think that, of all foreign tongues, the English tongue is that which would be the most useful to our native subjects."

* "Dr. Duff's plan unites science with Christianity, and aims chiefly at the intellectual improvement of the scholars. They are left to judge of the superior excellency of Christianity by the strictest examination into its principles and tendencies. No one can doubt or deny that Dr. Duff has been eminently successful in developing and cultivating the mental faculties of his pupils. A somewhat similar plan seems to have been followed by Dr. Boaz at the Bhowaneopore Institution."—*Weitbrecht.*

live, speedily betrothed to some infant boy, she is then left (untutored) to her childish sports till, on reaching the age of puberty,* she is conducted to the house of her husband, to be caged henceforth, like a wild bird, in the zenana. Consigned in most cases to a life of domestic drudgery † (it might well be termed slavery), vexed in polygamous households by the neglect of her husband and the jealousies of her fellow-wives, subject almost continually to the tyranny of a mother-in-law and the ill-will of sisters-in-law, she is without any intellectual, and has but little social, recreation or amusement. To her children she can give no higher education than she herself possesses. And thus life drags on, day after day, month after month, year after year. Should her husband die, though no longer required, as formerly, to immolate herself on his funeral pile,‡ she is consigned to a perpetual widowhood of utter desolation and contempt—and this is equally the case after only betrothal and before actual marriage—to the severest austerities, and to the most entire dependence on her sons or other relatives, who usually exact a heavy servitude from her in return for her support, and are not slow to reproach her with being a burden upon them. None but the poorest are exempt from this terrible doom; and they, too, are brought up in entire ignorance. It was in the hope (remote as its fulfilment might well have seemed) of rescuing Hindoo women from their deplorable condition, that, as we learn, a commencement was made in 1819 in the work of female education by some Eurasian young ladies at Calcutta, under the Baptist missionaries. This was followed up by Miss Cook (afterwards Mrs. Wilson), who opened the first native female school in January 1822, with seven pupils, and in the course of a year, under the patronage of the Marchioness of Hastings, had two hundred pupils in two schools. The Ladies' Society for Native Female Education was established in 1824, at the suggestion of the Committee of

* The Shastras say that a girl *should* be married in her eighth, and *must* be married before her tenth year.

† Except in families possessing opulence, the wife is charged with the task of performing, helped or unhelped, all the work of the household; from the sweeping and cleaning of the rooms to the preparing and serving out of the meals.

‡ Lord Bentinck's administration was immortalised by the abolition of *Sati* on December 4th, 1829, after an existence of some three thousand years.

the Church Missionary Society; the Marchioness of Hastings encouraged it, and it obtained great success under the control of Mrs. Wilson. (A Ladies' Association for Native Female Education in parts of Calcutta which this Society could not reach, was founded in 1824, and carried on for years, when both were amalgamated.) The foundation stone of the Central School for the Education of Native Females was laid in May 1826, and the work seems to have been continued ever since. Only orphans and the humbler classes of females are even yet, however, accessible; but there is good hope that the higher classes will by-and-by be reached. The fact that a native gentleman (Rajah Buddinauth Roy) has contributed no less than twenty thousand rupees to the Central School, is itself most encouraging; and we cannot doubt that the women of India will ultimately be released from their present state of ignorance and bondage. The young men who have had the benefit of an English education will feel the need of intelligent domestic companions, and will themselves instruct their wives; and new channels will be opened by which the fertilising streams of knowledge will spread themselves over the land.

The COLLEGE OF FORT WILLIAM, established by Lord Wellesley in the year 1800, was founded for the purpose of remedying defects in the education of the Company's civil servants, whose original designations of Writer, Factor, and Merchant had become utterly inapplicable, and who were now called upon to discharge the duties of Magistrates, Judges, Ambassadors, and Governors of Provinces. He therefore proposed to establish a Collegiate Institution, with numerous professors, etc.; intending, indeed, as was supposed, to form "a magnificent repository of European learning and principles, and Asiatic erudition; a vast moral magazine or treasury, in which the stores of learning and wisdom might indefinitely accumulate, and in which the sages of the East might find studious solitudes more attractive even than the sacred shades of Benares." He proceeded to carry out his plans by appointing professors,* etc. But the Court of Directors disapproved this bold step of their Governor-General, and

* Among these was the despised missionary, William Carey, *the only man in Bengal then qualified to undertake the office of teaching Bengalee.*

peremptorily ordered the immediate abolition of the College. Under the remonstrances of Lord Wellesley, however, it was permitted to be remodelled and revived on a reduced scale.

A Department was formed in the College of Fort William for the translation of our Scriptures into the Oriental languages, and as early as 1805 a commencement had been made in certain tongues. The first version of any of the Gospels in Hindostanee and Persian printed in India issued from the College Press. Within the first seven years of the existence of this Institution it had produced nearly a hundred volumes of Oriental literature. But in 1807 the establishment was reduced within narrower limits, and the translations of the Scriptures and other works suspended. "Its name, however," says Buchanan, "will remain; for its record is in many languages, and the good it hath done will never die."

But the morning is passing on as we go from church to church, from congregation to congregation. The sun grows hot, and we retire to our quarters. As we do so we cannot but be reminded by the stir and bustle all around us that the Hindoos have no weekly day of rest. The Mahommedans have their Sabbath on Friday, and more or less piously observe it. But the Hindoos have no such rest-day. Yet the latter have numerous Holidays in the year, during some of which, though nominally *Religious* Festivals, they break out into scenes of riot—which indeed, as it would seem, are a part of their religion—for days together.

The HOOLY, the Hindoo Carnival, commemorates (in the vernal equinox), with wild saturnalia, the beginning of the New Year. (It is remarkable that this holiday, *which occurs on or about March 31st*, is a kind of "*April Fools'*" day.) The CHURRUCK POOJAH, a popular swinging festival, is held in March, in honour of Siva, the third person of the Hindoo Triad; during its continuance, after several days devoted to preliminary ceremonies and noisy processions, the worshippers (sprinkled with vermilion, and wearing parti-coloured garments, garlands, etc.), suspending themselves by hooks passed through the muscles of the back, swing swiftly round at a lofty height, hang by the feet over fires kindled beneath them, or in other ways inflict on themselves frightful tortures, in order to atone for sin and acquire "merit" that will entitle

them to salvation. The DOORGA POOJAH, the greatest and most popular of all the festivals in Bengal, is held in September, in honour of Devi, the consort of Siva (the same with Kali, the black goddess of Calcutta), and lasts fifteen days (the first half-month of the Hindoo lunar year). During the first eight days of this period all public business is suspended, universal festivity and licence prevail, and every Hindoo visits his native place, and keeps holiday with his kindred. Several of the first days of the feast having been devoted to preliminary religious ceremonies, three days of worship follow; thousands of images (provided beforehand) are consecrated during the first two days, and adoration (with music, libidinous song, and wanton dancing by the temple women, who are richly dressed and covered with jewels) succeeds the consecration; while spectators are entertained with fruits and sweetmeats, and guests of distinction are perfumed. On the third day bullocks, goats, sheep, etc., in countless numbers are sacrificed; after which the multitudes (rich and poor) daub and besmear themselves with the clotted blood and mud of the temple floor, and dance like Bacchanalian furies before the idols * and through the streets (in which the idols are set up). During the three days of worship the mansions of opulent natives are illuminated at night, and thrown open for the reception of European guests, who are invited to view the processions and dances before the images; and whose countenance is thus sought, and it would appear gained, for these idolatries. Next day the idols are paraded with great pomp, music, and ceremony, and carried to the river; the stages on which they are placed are put between boats filled with musicians, singers, and dancers; and, while the banks are covered with thousands of spectators, and shameless abominations are openly committed, they are toppled into the water. An interval of comparative quiet follows. On the fifteenth day the devotees of the goddess spend the night in sports and merriment (it being considered unlucky to sleep); and so Doorga Poojah is brought to a close.† Another festival is the RAT'H

* Exod. xxxii. 6.

† The profusion of offerings presented during this festival is wonderful. A wealthy native has been known to give eighty thousand pounds weight of sweetmeats, eighty thousand pounds weight of sugar, a thousand sorts of cloth garments, a thousand suits of silk, and a thousand offerings of rice,

JATTRA, or Airing of the Images of Juggernauth, when that hideous idol and its ugly companions, gorgeously dressed, are *dragged** out from their temple, amid shouts of joy, plaudits, and acclamations, and placed upon their several cars, which are then drawn by thousands of men, women, and children, amid great noise, tumult, and clatter of loud-sounding and inharmonious instruments, to some neighbouring shrines, whence, after a while, they are taken back. The most enthusiastic of their worshippers have sometimes thrown themselves beneath the ponderous wheels of the cars, and been crushed to death. (There are twelve Juggernauth festivals annually, of which the Rat'h Jattra is the principal.) The DASAHARA also, which commemorates the descent of Gunga (the Ganges) from the mountain Baikuntha, is celebrated by thousands bathing together in that river, and casting offerings of flowers, fruit, and grain into it. An annual *Tumasha*, the RAM LEELA, a kind of Guy Fawkes' Day, with mock fights and wrestlings, may also be mentioned, as it is celebrated with various degrees of splendour all over India, to commemorate the Victory of Ram—one of the three incarnations of Vishnu—over the giant Ravana, and the recovery of Seeta, the spouse of the former, from the latter. Other holidays might be mentioned. Altogether, thirty-seven days in the year are festival days among the Hindoos, more or less generally observed.

The Mahommedans, too, have their festivals. The principal is the MOHURRUM (which lasts ten days, and is literally a fast, but has the appearance of a festival), the pageantry of which—for it abounds with splendid processions in honour

plantains, and other fruit. Another wealthy native has been known to spend upwards of £30,000 sterling on the offerings, the observances, and the exhibition of a single festival, and upwards of £10,000 annually afterwards to the end of his life. In Calcutta alone, at the lowest and most moderate estimate, half a million sterling is annually expended on the celebration of Doorga Poojah.

* So says Mr. Sterling, who long resided near the temple of Juggernauth: "A common cord being fastened round their necks, certain priests to whom the duty belongs drag them down the steps and through the mud, whilst others keep the figures erect, and help their movements by shoving them from behind, in the most indifferent and unceremonious manner, as if they thought the whole business a good joke. In this way the monstrous idols go rocking and pitching along through the crowd until they reach the cars, which they are made to ascend by a similar process, up an inclined platform reaching from the stage of the machine to the ground."

of Hossein and Hussein, the first martyrs of their faith—rivals the idolatrous pomp of the Hindoos. There is also the BUCKRA EADE, or Day of Sacrifice, commemorative of Abraham's wonderful offering (making it, however, the offering up of Ishmael instead of Isaac), in which they slay certain animals, which they are led to believe will be in readiness on the believers' way to doom to convey them across the bridge Al-Sirat into Paradise. The BHEARER is a night festival, celebrated by magnificent illuminations on the Ganges, in honour (as it is related) of the deliverance of an ancient king of Bengal from drowning, when he had fallen at night into the river, by the timely aid of a troop of maidens, who, after the manner of Indian women, had launched into the stream many little lamp-bearing boats, the united light of which enabled his attendants to rescue him. These Mahommedan festivals differ greatly from those of the Hindoos, and commend themselves to our respect, as they commemorate events of human interest, and are associated with persons who deserve to be gratefully and affectionately remembered. It is remarkable that Hindoos and Mahommedans—who in general so cordially hate each other—unite together on some of these occasions, the Mahommedans especially participating with the Hindoos in the saturnalia of the Hooly, and the Hindoos with the Mahommedans in the solemnities of the Mohurrum.* Yet

* When, however, these festivals happen at the same time, it would seem that there is much quarrelling. "The Mahommedan festivals," says Colonel Sleeman, "are regulated by the lunar, and those of the Hindoos by the solar year, and they cross each other every thirty or forty years, and (he remarks by the way) furnish fair occasion for the local authorities to interfere effectually. People who receive or imagine insults or injuries commonly postpone their revenge till these religious festivals come round, when they hope to be able to settle their accounts with impunity among the excited crowd. The mournful procession of the Mohurrum, when the Mahommedans are inflamed to madness by the recollection of the really affecting incidents of the massacre of the grandchildren of their prophet, and by the images of their tombs, and their sombre music, crosses that of the Hoolee, in which the Hindoos are excited to tumultuous and licentious joy by their bacchanalian songs and dances, every thirty-six years; and they reign together for some four or five days, during which the scene in every large town is really terrific. The processions are liable to meet in the street, and the lees of the wine of the Hindoos, or the red powder which is substituted for them, is liable to fall upon the tombs of the others. Hindoos pass on, forgetting in their saturnalian joy all distinctions of age, sex, or religion, their clothes and persons besmeared with the red powder, which is moistened and thrown from all kinds of machines over friend and foe; while, meeting these, come the Mahommedans, clothed in their green

it is not difficult, perhaps, to account for this: the Carnival, with its sport and fun, has an attraction for human nature, whether Hindoo or Mahommedan; the pageantry of the Mohurrum, like all great spectacles, has especial attractions for the Hindoo. There are some other Moslem holidays, Altogether the Mahommedans have seventeen days of festival in the year;* and it may readily be supposed that, as business is suspended (as is understood) on all these occasions, as well as on the Hindoo festivals; to *some* extent on the Jewish sabbaths, etc.; and on our great Christian holidays, the interruption which they occasion to trade is excessive.

* * * * * *

Our Sunday is almost gone. The hours have passed quietly away since we retreated from the sunshine. Evening is nigh at hand; and the Churches and Chapels are opening for service. Let us visit one of our missionary-preaching places. Like most of its kind in Calcutta, it is a very simple and unpretending building, but so situated as to attract the attention of passers-by. Within, it is an open space, with room for numerous hearers to sit down in, and a railed platform for the minister, with a bookboard in front of it. Scarcely any one is yet present, but one after another drops in, some (coolies) carrying bags of rice, others bales of cloth, and others articles for sale; while some are clerks, travellers, and idlers. The minister and a native teacher presently enter, preceded and followed by a little crowd, who have evidently been attracted by the minister or his assistant preaching outside. Both minister and helper ascend the platform, a hymn is given out—the natives are fond of singing—some

mourning, with gloomy, downcast looks, beating their breasts, ready to kill themselves, and too anxious for an excuse to kill anybody else. Let but one drop of the lees of joy fall upon the image of the tomb as it passes, and a hundred swords fly from their scabbards, many an innocent person falls, and woe be to the town in which the magistrate is not at hand with his police and military force! Proudly conscious of their power, the magistrates refuse to prohibit one class from laughing because the other happens to be weeping; and the Hindoos, on such occasions, laugh the more heartily to let the world see that they are free to do so."

* The RAMADAN—a fast of thirty days (from sunrise to sunset)—has been included by some among the Mahommedan festivals, which have thus been made to amount to forty-seven days annually. How so rigorous a fast, which, moreover, is not accompanied by a cessation of business, can be regarded as a festival, seems unaccountable.

at least join in the refrain, and the minister, after prayer, reads a chapter or part of a chapter from the Bible, which he then proceeds to explain, in a manner familiar to the people, going on for nearly an hour, while many of the congregation pass in and out, some listening for awhile, some, perhaps, loudly interrupting, or asking questions, and some laughing and jeering. However, some remain all the time, and at the end gather round the minister, who descends from the platform, and talks with them, and finally dismisses them with gifts of books and tracts, which they carry away, and some of which are conveyed into distant parts, where it seems that they often silently preach the Gospel.

"I never see a Missionary," says the eminent Civil Commissioner, Dr. Cust (who has held some of the highest judicial and revenue posts in Northern India), "but I seem to wish that I were one of them. Are they not to be envied, whose duties in this world lead them to the next; whose zeal in their earthly vocations promotes the work of their own salvation? They stand among the heathen as an ensign of what each of us values most: the General represents our victorious arms, the Governor our triumphs of administration, but the Missionary displays our virtues, our patience, our Christian charity, and should we not be proud of him? I ask myself, How is it that so few of England's learned and pious men select this profession? *Had I life to begin again, this would be my choice:* the glories and profits of other professions are but as vanity. We have fought battles, which are scarcely known beyond the narrow limit of the echo of the cannon. We have ruled over Provinces, but our fame is forgotten as soon as we are gone. But should we have saved souls, a long line of Christians will carry back the legends of their family to our era, and entwine our names with the golden thread of grateful thanksgiving. Who remembers the Generals, the Proconsuls of the time of the Cæsars? Who remembers not the Apostles?"

But the day is over. The funereal flames light up the horizon. The Evening Gun has fired. We return to our quarters, and to rest.

CHAPTER IV.

ON THE MARCH: CHINSURAH AND BURDWAN.

WE were directed to prepare for the MARCH. I was about to begin real soldiering, and to see the Mofussil—the Upper Provinces of Bengal, and North-West India.

There are four ways of travelling from Calcutta to Upper Bengal and the North-Western Provinces: by Palanquin Dak—a most wearisome and very expensive way for a long journey, and very disgusting at night, from the smell of the bearers' torches; by Horse Dak—that is, by relays of horses that await you at such places on the road as you may prearrange; by the River route, in boats towed by slow steamers (as far as Allahabad); and by the ordinary Sailing Boat—which is the most tedious of all, a few hundred miles occupying several months. *We*, however, are to trudge the road on foot, with heavy shako on head, throttling stock round neck, buttoned-up cloth uniform, knapsack on back, shoulder-belt and breastplate, pouch and water-can, haversack on loins, and "Brown Bess" on shoulder! We are to proceed, moreover, from Calcutta, the City of Palaces, to HAZAREEBAUGH, "*the Haunt of a Thousand Tigers.*"

Rat-tat,—rat-tat,—rat-tat-ta! I was aroused by the beating of the *réveillè* on the morning appointed for the commencement of our march. I sprang up in my bed, stared about me for a moment, rubbed my eyes, and throwing off the thin sheet which alone shielded me from the attacks of the mosquitoes, and hastily dressing, issued into the open air. It was just four: not a gleam of daylight was visible; the moon—far more brilliant than in Europe—was

setting; the barrack lamps burned faintly; natives were to be seen running to and fro with torches; soldiers loading the baggage carts with their bedding, and buckling on their knapsacks; elephants trotting off with our tents; and a general bustle and stir were apparent. I too buckled on my knapsack, and joined my comrades. The bugle presently sounded the assembly; all fell in, the *word*, "QUICK MARCH!" was soon after given, and away we went to the sound of the fife and drum.

We were soon out in the country, among the villages, where in rich luxuriance flourish the graceful bamboo, the towering palm, and, above all, the wondrous, stately, and *sacred* Banyan (the *Ficus Indicus* of botanists), with the leaves of which Milton conceives our first parents to have attired themselves after the Fall, and which he so well describes as

> "Branching so long and broad that in the ground
> The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow
> About the mother tree, a pillar'd shade,
> High overarch'd, and echoing walks between;" *

having sometimes a total circumference of five or six hundred feet, with an average height of one hundred, and affording a tent-like shelter to travellers, and a home to innumerable birds and to large families of monkeys. What a picture, again, does Southey give of this tree in his "Curse of Kehama"!

The stranger cannot but be impressed with the great beauty and fertility of the land. "The Valley of the Ganges," it has been said, "is one of the richest on the globe, and contains a greater extent of vegetable mould and of land under cultivation than any other country in that continent, except perhaps the Chinese Empire." † How different an aspect it must often have presented under the tyrannous Mahommedan rule, and

* "Paradise Lost," Book ix. (It may be observed that when the roots descend from branches overhanging a public road, it becomes necessary, when they have descended so low as to be within reach, to twist several of them together, and in this way, by tying them with a rope, to give them a slanting direction, till they are sufficiently long to reach the earth on the other side of the way. Thus the road actually passes *between the roots of the tree.*)

† Lower Bengal has three harvests annually, described by Sir W. W. Hunter, as "a scanty pulse crop in spring; a more important rice crop in autumn; and the great rice crop, the heaviest of the year, in December."

even in years of drought and consequent famine under our own sway, we may imagine, when we read that in 1789 one-third of the Company's territories had become "a jungle inhabited only by wild beasts." There is nothing, however, it would seem, like an English plough.* Rice is the staple product, Bengal being the most important rice-growing region of India; wheat, sugar-cane, peas, beans, etc., are also largely cultivated. But the stranger is also impressed with the miserable poverty of the people, most of whom are agriculturists. Their houses in general are but mud huts, with bamboo roofs and thatch, the floor and walls plastered with cowdung (which is thought to prevent insects finding a harbour, and to keep out the damp); and the furniture of their dwellings seems limited to a few of the most necessary articles—a bedstead of bamboo and rope; one or two brass, and some earthen, vessels; a stool or two, and, perhaps, a mat or basket; while their dress consists of a scanty cloth round their loins, and possibly another (among the better sort) thrown, like a Roman toga, round their shoulders. The ryots (as the small farmers are called) are victims of the sub-letting system; the zemindars —the hereditary proprietors of the soil—devour the fruit of their labours.

The LAND is the chief source of our Indian Revenue; the manufacture of SALT, which is a Government monopoly,†—used by Clive to give the Civil Servants of his day a suitable income—is its next main source‡ (which is much to be regretted, and some think is the cause why cholera is so prevalent); and the third great source is the monopoly of OPIUM, the beneficent *anodyne* and elysian POISON.

* The native instrument is *not* a plough. A plough consists mainly of a wrest, sock, coulter, mould-board, and share. The native article lacks the two last altogether, and in general the coulter. The sock also is often merely pointed wood, instead of iron. Hence the breaking up of the surface of the land, which it is a misnomer to dignify by the name of "ploughing," has to be repeated many times—often from *ten* to *twenty*—and, after all, the husbandman has not unfrequently to cover his field with women and children to break to pieces with clubs of wood the hardened clods which his so-called plough set loose without cutting.—*Jeffreys.*

† The salt was extensively manufactured for the Government at many places along the sea coast. This system continued in force until 1862, when it was gradually abolished, and a duty substituted.

‡ Opium has now taken the place of salt as the *second*, while Salt has become the third great source of revenue.

How strange that India should be a LAND OF VILLAGES!* Every village forms a distinct community, or little Republic, as in ancient times, when these were grouped into feudal chieftainships over a thousand villages, lordships over each hundred, and governorships over every ten, with a head-man to each village. Each village has now its own *Potail*, or chief magistrate; its *Panchayet*, or council; its priest (greater than all), astronomer or astrologer, banker, attorney, doctor, midwife, schoolmaster, musician, poet, goldsmith, barber, smith, carpenter (who is also builder and wheelwright), brazier, weaver,† shoemaker, potter, basket-maker, washerman, and watchman, as well as its great body of peasantry. Some of these may occasionally be wanting; others may sometimes be added; and offices are not unfrequently *combined*.

And every village has its tutelary deities. The pagoda usually occupies the centre of the village, or the neighbourhood of the market-place, and is often surrounded by trees, under which the people assemble.‡ Yet every, or almost

* "What Colonel Sleeman so continually insists on is that no one knows India who does not know the people in their village communities. It is that village life which in India had given its peculiar impress to the Indian character, more so than to any other country we know. When in Indian history we hear so much of kings and emperors, of rajahs and maharajahs, we are apt to think of India as an Eastern monarchy, ruled by a central power, and without any trace of that self-government which forms the pride of England. But those who have most carefully studied the political life of India tell you the very opposite. To the ordinary Hindoo, I mean to ninety-nine out of every hundred, the village was his world."—*Max Müller.*

† Besides the village weaver, "in the meanest hut," as Sir George Birdwood observes, "the mother of the family will be found, with her daughters, engaged in spinning or weaving; and in the proudest native houses of the great polytechnical cities, the mistress, with her maid-servants, may be seen at all hours of the day embroidering cloth in coloured silks, and silver and gold thread, reminding the visitor of similar household scenes in ancient Rome."

‡ "These temples, however," says a writer on the subject, "answer none of the ends of a lecture-room, or of a Christian sanctuary. Here the passions are never raised to heaven by sacred music, or by the voices of a large and devout congregation celebrating the praises of the Deity in the strains of sacred poetry; here no devout feelings are awakened by prayer and confession, nor are the great truths of religion explained or enforced upon the mind of an attentive crowd by the eloquence of a public speaker. The daily worship of the temple is performed by the solitary priest, with all the dulness, carelessness, and insipidity necessarily connected with a service in a strange tongue repeated before an idol made of cold stone, and in which the priest has no interest whatever. When the crowd do, as on festive occasions, assemble before the temple, it is to enter upon orgies which destroy every vestige of moral feeling, and excite to every outrage upon virtue."

every village in India has its *devils*, who are objects of worship,* and to whose attacks it is supposed to be liable. Pigs are the common village scavengers; the humble followers of the jackals, the crows, the kites, and the adjutants.

Our commanding-officer was Colonel Frushard, a name well known in connection with the history of Bengal about the latter end of the last century, as that of one of those unsuccessful "adventurers" who, in every district of this province, struggling on against usury, sickness, heat, and malaria—rigidly excluded from the society of their official fellow-countrymen,—and unable to afford "those necessary luxuries which alone rendered existence in India tolerable to a native of the temperate zone"—were afterwards relieved from oppressive inflictions. He became, though a non-official, a powerful and influential silk planter,† Magistrate, and self-appointed Judge.

And here let us mention Major Rennell, an officer first of the Royal Navy and then of the Bengal Army, who, in addition to his works on marine subjects, and on other countries, did so much about the close of the last century to extend our knowledge of comparative geography,‡ and whose "Memoir of a

* This practice is very common in India, especially among the Hindus. The fear of the devils has a most pernicious effect upon the mind and body of the people, and not a few fall a prey to this imaginary fear. The idol and demon worshippers are a bar to civilisation.—*Dr. R. B. Vishram Ramji Ghole.*

† His factory, rebuilt several times, "now forms," says Sir W. Hunter (1868), "the most imposing mercantile edifice in Beerbhoom. It is charmingly situated on a rising ground on the bank of the More, defended from the river by colossal buttresses, and surrounded by a high and many-angled wall, enclosing a space large enough to form a little town. The remnant of his ancient library" (and *we* are greatly interested to know this) "still bears witness to a fair degree of mental culture on the part of its ancient possessors, particularly an *editio princeps* of Gibbon, six whole quartos, over whose pages let us hope the isolated adventurer often forgot his squabbles with the collector, and the floods that threatened his mulberry fields. His successors now employ 2500 artisans for the single process of winding off the cocoons; and if to these be added the unnumbered multitudes of mulberry-growers and silkworm-breeders, with their families, it may be calculated that the factory gives bread to 15,000 persons. Its annual outlay averages £72,000, or nearly half as much again as the whole investment of the Commercial Resident of bygone days; and the yearly value of the general silk manufactures of the district exceeds £160,000."—*Rural Bengal.*

‡ His "Geographical System of Herodotus Examined and Explained by a Comparison with those of other Ancient Authors and with Modern Geography," is a work of wonderful ability and unrivalled merit,—the more wonderful as he was unacquainted with Greek.

Map of Hindostan "* shed more light on its geography and topography than had ever before been gained.

We have also our Anglo-Indian poets. Among these we may mention Captain D. L. Richardson, who thus describes to us

AN INDIAN DAY.

MORN.

Lo! morning wakes upon the grey hill's brow,
Raising the veil of mist meek twilight wore;—
And hark! from mango tope and tamarind bough
The glad birds' matins ring! On Gunga's shore
Yon sable groups with ritual signs adore
The rising Lord of Day. Above the vale
Behold the tall palmyra proudly soar,
And wave his verdant wreath,—a lustre pale
Gleams on the broad-fringed leaves that rustle in the gale.

NOON.

'Tis now the noontide hour. No sounds arise
To cheer the sultry calm,—deep silence reigns
Among the drooping groves; the fervid skies
Glare on the slumbering wave; on yon wide plains
The zephyr dies,—no hope of rest detains
The wanderer there; the sun's meridian might
No fragrant bower, no humid cloud restrains,—
The silver rays, insufferably bright,
Play on the fevered brow, and mock the dazzled sight!

NIGHT.

The gentle evening comes! The gradual breeze,
The milder radiance and the longer shade,
Steal o'er the scene! Through slowly waving trees
The pale moon smiles,—the minstrels of the glade
Hail night's fair queen; and, as the day-beams fade
Along the crimson west, through twilight gloom
The firefly darts; and where, all lowly laid,
The dead repose, the Moslem's hands illume
The consecrated lamp o'er Beauty's hallowed tomb!

Yet another Indian officer, Major Calder Campbell, has delighted our fellow-exiles with his verse. We shall meet with him hereafter.

It will be understood that we are now living in tents. These are of white canvas, large enough to contain a considerable

* This work suggested Dr. William Robertson's "Historical Disquisition concerning the Knowledge which the Ancients had of India, and the Progress of Trade with that Country prior to the Discovery of the Passage to it by the Cape of Good Hope."

number of men, whose bedding is spread on straw laid on the ground (when straw is to be had), and who sleep feet to feet, the tent pole occupying the centre, with the muskets piled, and belts, pouches, haversacks, etc., suspended around it. Of course there are a large number of tents to a regiment, and the officers have separate tents, around which their horses are picketed and their native servants sleep; while in the rear is the regimental bazaar, the elephants that carry the tents from camping-ground to camping-ground, the other baggage animals, and the native carts or "hackeries." Altogether the camp has a picturesque appearance, and is often, as it were, a town in the wilderness.

* * * * *

We are now at Chinsurah (famous for its tobacco and cheroots), a very interesting town, it having been the site of one of the five factories established on the Hooghly by the nations of Europe—by England about 1640—when they were first permitted by the Mogul emperors to share in the trade of Bengal. Here it was that when the Dutch came into collision with the English, the commander of our forces received the laconic epistle from Clive: "Dear Forde,—Fight them at once; I will send you the Order in Council to-morrow." It was ceded to us in exchange for Sumatra in 1825. It has the enviable reputation of being one of the healthiest places in Bengal; it is the station of a European regiment; and numerous merchants and pensioners live here. (Yet the graveyard, though a large one, is said to be very full of our soldiers.*) Many of the Dutch mansions yet remain on the bank of the river. Some of them are understood to be inhabited by wealthy natives, but some are in ruins. Here are a church built by a Dutch governor in 1768, at his own expense, containing some curious escutcheons of old Dutch governors, and now used by our troops; a Government College; and a station of the London Missionary Society.† (The Mission of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel

* The author of "Four Years' Service in India," passing through Chinsurah (in the rainy season), a few years later, observes: "Such a graveyard I never witnessed. The earth being so full of water, it filled the graves immediately; so that we had to pile the earth and stones upon the coffin to sink it."

† A Zenana Mission has lately been established here.

in Foreign Parts was founded here by Bishop Heber.*) A little farther up the river is an old settlement of the Portuguese, where they had a fort, and sustained a siege of three months, but were then obliged to retire to their ships, most of which were captured, and four thousand Portuguese taken prisoners. Hooghly, as it was called, was afterwards the residence of the English, and continued to be so till the founding of Calcutta in 1686.

Six days after leaving Calcutta we entered Burdwan, called in Sanscrit "The Ornament of the Earth," the chief town of a district of the same name ceded in 1760 to the British. Its Sanscrit title was probably given it in consequence of the rich endowment of the Brahmins by its princes, for the priests are said to have possessed 45,000 acres of land in the district. Yet the city, though large, is altogether without architectural beauty, and, with all due deference to the Brahmins, scarcely deserves to be called a city at all, but only a big aggregation of huts in the midst of a forest. The utmost ignorance of, and insensibility to, the laws of health are everywhere apparent. The district, however, is well cultivated, and is called, very justly, "The Garden of Bengal"; and, being exceedingly fruitful,† is also densely populated,‡ having between six and

* Here, in May 1814, Mr. May, an humble Dissenting minister, commenced an attempt at gratuitous vernacular education, which was immediately successful; and which, being subsequently encouraged and subsidised by Government, became so widely extended that at the time of his decease the existence of thirty-six schools, attended by about three thousand natives, both Hindoos and Mahommedans, attested his zeal, prudence, and benevolent perseverance.

† Yet this district seems, like other parts of Bengal, to have been often desolated by FAMINE occasioned by drought. A predecessor of the present Rajah died miserably towards the end of the Famine of 1770 (in which it is said that one-third of the population perished), leaving a treasury so empty that the heir had to melt down the family plate, and, when this was exhausted, to beg a loan from the Government, in order to perform his father's obsequies. (A very full account of this terrible Famine will be found in Hunter's "Annals of Rural Bengal".) And in 1824 one of those fearful visitations was experienced, which, on the other hand, in the rainy season, often visit Bengal, when the river bursts its embankments, sweeps whole villages before it, and destroys the fields, and covers them with sand, so that the land lies waste for years, until the ever-luxuriant vegetation again forms a fresh soil.

‡ There is not another district in all India richer or more populated, and the dense number of its inhabitants exceed those of the most populous parts of China. It is reckoned that if all India were peopled in the same proportion as the Zillah of Burdwan it would contain eight hundred millions of inhabitants.—*Rousselet.*

seven thousand villages * within it. It is still ruled by a native prince, whose palace occupies the centre of the capital—to whose predecessors, indeed, the town owes its origin—who is said to be the richest landowner in Bengal, and whose hospitality we enjoyed. "The happy owner of this magnificent land, a real kingdom, is certainly THE MOST FORTUNATE SOVEREIGN IN THE WORLD. He has neither army nor judicial administration to keep up; no fear either of wars or of revolutions; and, on the other hand, he enjoys all the advantages of royalty—pompous titles, honours, and cannon salutes."

Our Government maintains here a staff of Civil Officers—viz., a Judge, Magistrate, and Revenue Collector, with their Assistants.

Burdwan is also the seat of an important branch of the Church of England Missionary Society, commenced here in 1816—it was their first station in Bengal—by Captain Stewart of the East India Company's Service, and carried on, under great and fierce opposition, until its schools became so celebrated that Burdwan was known as the best-educated district in the Presidency. The Mission has now for some years been associated with the well-known name of Mr. Weitbrecht. † On the very spot where the Mission Houses now stand, and which, with the whole neighbourhood, was formerly haunted by robbers and murderers, 120,000 Mahrattas were encamped in 1742. On the approach of the Mahratta cavalry, thirty women plunged into a neighbouring stream, and drowned themselves, preferring death to dishonour. The place now resounds with the busy hum of boys and girls peacefully and cheerfully occupied under the

* "Baupas, a village in Burdwan, was formerly noted for its cutlery, and the blacksmiths of that place, numbering about six hundred families, have still a great reputation for the superior quality of their handiwork. Of late, one Premchand Mistri, of Kanchanaggar, in the same district, has succeeded in turning out knives and scissors almost equal to those of European manufacture. But they are hand-made, in the old primitive method, and although the prices are low at present, they can hardly hope in the long run to compete with machine-made articles."—*Mukharji* (1888).

† "The Church at large were ungrateful if it overlooked the obligations of the missionary cause to Germany. From that land came the successors of Zeigenbalg and Plutscho at Tranquebar—the apostolic Swartz of blessed memory, Schultze, and Kohloff, and their companions afterwards. It was from Germany that the Church Missionary Society drew those

eye of Christian parents and teachers, who are endeavouring to train them for future usefulness.

An almost primitive state of Christianity may, indeed, be said to exist here. "The neat cottages of the native Christians are erected in two straight lines, forming a right angle, which occupies two sides of a beautiful tank, 330 feet square, which is life and comfort to the bath-loving Hindoo. Most of the Christians appear to take pleasure in keeping their little domains neat and clean; and each family cultivates a spot of ground allotted to them, before their houses, as a garden. On Lord's day evenings a meeting for familiar exhortation is held for the women, whose little infants are often a hindrance to their remaining in church during the whole of the service. On moonlight evenings the people are visited for private conversation on the state of their outward and spiritual circumstances. These visits terminate by reading, exhortation, and prayer."*

Many anecdotes are told of the Rajah of Burdwan, who makes himself very familiar with our people. "I once," says Mr. Weitbrecht, "visited the Rajah, and found him sitting in his treasury. Fifty bags of money, containing a thousand rupees (£100) each, were before him. 'What,' said I, 'are you doing with all this money?' He replied, 'It is for my gods.' 'How do you mean that?' I rejoined. 'One part is sent to Benares, where I have two temples on the river side, and many priests who pray for me; another part goes to Juggernauth, and a third to Gaya.' Thus," adds Mr. Weitbrecht, "one native is spending £25,000 annually upon the Brahmins."

The town of Burdwan, we are told, is sometimes crowded with pilgrims to the Ganges; and swarms of them are seen bivouacking at night in the open air. Here, of course, as in every Hindoo town and village, idols of wood, stone, and clay are manufactured.

But little is known of the geological formation of this

faithful, simple-minded labourers who toiled and died in Western Africa; and its annals have no more honoured names than those of the German brethren: Johnson of Freetown, Rhenius of Tinnevelly, and Weitbrecht of Burdwan."—*Bengal as a Field of Missions.*

* The village and the Mission to which it belongs are highly spoken of by Bishop Wilson (see "Life," ii., 140), who visited them.

peninsula. In this neighbourhood, however, are extensive coal beds,* with iron and with limestone *suitable for flux.* In one place a mine was opened by our Government in 1812; but proving after a short time an unprofitable speculation, it was given up to a private individual. Mines have of late years, however, been opened in other parts of the district, and have proved more successful. The steamers that now regularly ply on the Ganges afford a constant and steady demand for coal. The whole province has come to be considered rich in mineral productions, and may hereafter become a great manufacturing centre. What visions does not this at once raise in our minds as to the possible future of this district! Yet perhaps we should not like to see rural Bengal transformed into a dreary tract of coal pits—its atmosphere poisoned with smoke—its people covered with the smut of "black diamonds." But there is no having the one without the other.

BUT WHAT STORES OF UNDEVELOPED RICHES APPEAR TO EXIST IN INDIA! Its mines, its forests, its fisheries, and many other sources of wealth, are yet comparatively unworked, while manipulative skill seems wanting for much of the raw material so liberally provided. "In a period," says Spry, "of two or three years, from a state of profound ignorance even of the *existence* of coal in India, which was destitute also of a single steam vessel, there was in 1831 a consumption of 700,000 *máns* of coals from Burdwan alone (value, say, £30,000), and in 1836 there were three steam vessels regularly navigating the Ganges." †

Indigo is largely cultivated in Bengal, and the indigo plantations are numerous: thousands of people are employed

* "The coal crops out at the surface, but the shafts worked are sunk through thick beds of alluvium. The age of these coalfields is quite unknown, and I regret to say that my examination of their fossil plants throws no material light on the subject. Upwards of thirty species of these have been procured from them, the majority of which are referred by Dr. McLelland to the inferior Oolite epoch of England: most of these are ferns, some of which are supposed to be the same as occur in the coalfields of Sind and of Australia. I cannot, however, think that botanical evidence of such a nature is sufficient to warrant a satisfactory reference of these Indian coalfields to the same epoch as those of England or of Australia."—*Hooker.*

† Other coalfields have since been opened. Burdwan, however, is the most important of all of which we have at present information.

in them; but the crop is very precarious, and large fortunes are made—and *lost*—by the planters.

In the evening the women* may be seen coming to the wells, with their pitchers on their heads, as in Scripture lands in the days of old.† It is, indeed, one of the pleasures of the traveller to notice the resemblance of many of the everyday habits of the people and incidents of social life, and also some of the features of nature, to those of Palestine, as related in the Bible. The grinding, by couples of women, of the household corn in the revolving stone hand-mill; the watering of the garden by means of the wheel, with buckets which bring up the water as the wheel revolves, and empty it into the channel provided for it; the courtesy of strangers meeting each other on the road; the simplicity of the wayfarer as he journeys; the running of servants before or by the side of their masters, as the latter ride on horseback or in carriage; the treading out of corn by the oxen; the little perching-place of the garden watchman; the fierce heat of the sun; the beauty and delight of shade; the palm-tree lifting its head by the way, and seen afar off on the horizon: these and many other things remind him of the stories that delighted his childhood, and the allusions of Holy Writ, familiar to his youth; and lend a charm to the dwellings of the natives and the scenery in which they might otherwise be wanting.

On Sundays we remain at the encamping ground reached on Saturday; a Divine Service is performed; parades—except church parade—are dispensed with; and the day passes quietly away.

* It is remarkable that many of these, and even those labouring in the fields (doing *men's* work), are *loaded* with ornaments. Bangles and anklets of solid brass, of glass, and of lac are, it would seem, everywhere used by these *poor* slaves of fashion in lieu of the gold and jewellery of their wealthier sisters.

† Gen. xxiv. 13; Exod. ii. 16.

CHAPTER V.

THE MARCH CONTINUED.

HAZAREEBAUGH.

THE months in Lower Bengal are, we find, somewhat as follows: January, cold and foggy; February, changeable; March, stormy, dusty, sultry, and trying; April, like March, but "more so"; May—in England the month of the poets, beautiful and joyous—*wretched.* In June the annual Rains begin, which drizzle and pour, making everything damp, till about October, which is a kind of medley of all the other months. November is the most pleasant month of the year; December, somewhat hot and hazy. Our thoughts turn to England.

SONG.

O England, dear England! O land of my birth,
And the fount of my song in my moments of mirth!
Though changeful thy clime, and though clouded thy skies,
On thy bosom the temples of freedom arise:
E'en the homes, the sweet homes, of thy hills and thy plains,
Where plenty e'er laughs, and where peace ever reigns,
Where love smiles on labour, where age finds repose,
And where health tints the cheek with the hue of the rose.

O England, dear England! O land of my love!
My soul clings to thee wheresoever I rove.
Thy daughters are fair as thine own blooming May,
And constant as fair, and as innocent, gay;
And they pray for the brave, and they honour the wise,
And joy ever dwells in their laughing blue eyes;
And they chase away care from the heart of the worn,
And they tend the afflicted, they soothe the forlorn!

O England, dear England! My fathers' and mine!
In war ever triumph, in peace ever shine!
Let thy commerce extend its glad wings o'er the world,
And each nation behold thy broad banner unfurled;

Let art and let science e'er bloom on thy breast;
Give thine hand to, and shield with thine arm, the oppressed.
Thy faith bears thee on to a glory sublime,
THY NAME SHALL BE GREAT IN THE ANNALS OF TIME!

On our march—having but a roadless track for our way—we are guided from place to place by a native, taken from the neighbourhood of each successive encampment.

Our letters are brought us by the post runners, who, as the name indicates, carry the mails on foot. They, of course, travel day and night (by reliefs), and are accompanied in the hours of darkness by torch-bearers, who light them on their path, and in passing through the jungles try to scare the wild beasts by waving their torches, and shouting and yelling. Yet they are sometimes seized and devoured; and the mails, in most cases, we may suppose, are *distributed among the inhabitants of the jungle.* Under any circumstances, it is a risky employment, especially in the hot weather and in the rains, and the delivery of letters is unavoidably slow.

In the course of a fortnight we reached the Rajmahal Hills, whose feet were once washed by the waves of the Bay of Bengal, though they are now so far inland; for here we have the apex of the Bengal delta. The aspect of the country is extremely wild; the jungle high, thick, and, indeed, in some places, almost impassable,* and probably full of poisonous snakes, as well as formidable quadrupeds.† Some of the

* Colonel Forrest, in his "Picturesque Tour," states that he found the grass, when standing up on his elephant, and when his head must have been 19 feet above the ground, to be in some places 6 feet higher than his head, with stalks 1½ inch in diameter.

† Wild elephants were formerly found here. The *Cornhill Magazine* had an article on the subject a few years ago. It said: "The ravages of the wild elephants were on a large scale, and their extermination formed one of the most important duties of the British officers after the country passed under our rule. Tigers, leopards, and wolves slew their thousands of men and their hundreds of thousands of cattle. But the herd of wild elephants was absolutely resistless, lifting off roofs, pushing down walls, trampling a village under foot as if it were a city of sand which a child had built upon the shore. In two parishes alone during the last few years of the native administration, fifty-six hamlets, with their surrounding lands, 'had all been destroyed and gone to jungle, caused by the depredations of wild elephants.' Another official return states that forty market villages throughout Birbhûm district had been deserted from the same cause. Large reductions had to be made in the land tax, and the East India Company borrowed tame elephants from the native viceroy's stud in order to catch the wild ones. 'I had ocular proof on my journey,' writes an

lands in these wilds have been brought into cultivation by sepoy pensioners, to whom Government formerly gave a certain number of acres on their discharge from the army, on condition that they did so. Tigers, leopards, bears, boars, and deer are said to abound here; and several young cubs were brought into camp by the villagers for sale as soon as they were aware of our arrival. Night after night the roar of the tiger, the howl of the hyena, and the bay of the jackal kept us awake. Sentries, however, being posted round the camp, and each one of them keeping up a blazing fire beside him, none dared to come within the flaming circle.* Perhaps

English officer in 1791, 'of their ravages. The poor timid native ties his cot in a tree, to which he retires when the elephants approach, and silently views the destruction of his cottage and the whole profits of his labour.' 'One night,' writes an English surveyor, in 1810, 'although I had a guard, the men of the village close to my tent retired to the trees, and the women hid themselves among the cattle, leaving their huts a prey to the elephants, who know very well where to look for grain. Two nights before some of them had unroofed a hut in the village, and had eaten up all the grain which a poor family possessed.' 'Most fortunately for the population of the country,' wrote the greatest elephant-hunter of the last century, 'they delight in the sequestered range of the mountains; if they preferred the plains, whole kingdoms would be laid waste.' All this is now changed. One of the complaints of the modern Englishman in India is that he can so seldom get a shot at a tiger. Wolves are dying out in many provinces; the ancient Indian lion has disappeared. The wild elephant is so rare that he is specially protected by the Government, and in most parts of India he can only be caught by official licence, or under official supervision. Many districts have petitioned for a close season, so as to preserve the edible game still remaining."

* The numbers of people destroyed by wild beasts constitute an extraordinary feature of Indian life. Rewards are offered by the Government for the killing of these animals, but still the loss of life is very great in some districts, and in others it is less only because goats are abundant, and the wolves prefer kids when they can get them. No less than 14,529 persons lost their lives by snake bites in 1869, and in 1871 there were 18,078 deaths reported as caused by dangerous animals of all classes; but Dr. Fayrer is of opinion that systematic returns would show that there are more than 20,000 deaths annually from snake bites. The inhabitants of the border lands between jungle and cultivation are killed and eaten by tigers in such numbers as to require the serious attention of the Government. A single tigress caused the destruction of 13 villages, and 236 square miles of country were thrown out of cultivation. Another tigress killed 127 people in 1869, and stopped a public road for many weeks. A third killed 108 people in the three years 1867-9. In Lower Bengal alone 13,401 human beings were killed by wild beasts in six years, and 40 in South Canara in the single month of July 1867. The Chief Commissioner of the Central Provinces has to report 946 persons killed by tigers in three years ending with 1869. There are difficulties in the way of extirpating tigers: the natives regard the man-eating tiger as a kind of incarnate and spiteful divinity, whom it is dangerous to offend; and, as readers of corre-

even here some wanderer, his head laid upon a stone, may have visions of angels such as Jacob had of old on his way to Padan-aram.

But it is otherwise with those on guard. It is near Christmas time. The youthful sentinel, as he paces his lonely post in the midnight hour, thinks perchance of his schoolboy days, when he learned about the great rivers, the lofty hills, and the broad plains of Hindostan, amid which he now finds himself, and feels (alas!) that he is no longer a boy; or, with emotion, of those in the now distant land of his nativity who gather around the family hearth, and, it may be, speak of him as the vacant chair reminds them of his absence; or, yet more tenderly, of the oft-repeated but lightly esteemed counsels of his father, or the tears of his widowed mother, who by her solitary fireside thinks of him, and weeps and mourns for her son; or perhaps there may be some dear "girl he left behind him," of whom he thinks, and, if he has wronged her, with shame and sorrow. And possibly a tear rolls down the truant's cheek, as he feels that he may never see those loved ones again; that all whom he knew are now lost to him, and that in this land of his self-exile he must now find his grave; or, if he hope that at some distant day he may again tread his native shore, that it must be as a crippled or a prematurely worn-out man; or else as one whose better days have passed,

spondence which we published some time ago on the subject will remember, it is the desire of a few in India actually to preserve tigers for sport. Mr. Frank Buckland has suggested an organised destruction of the tiger cubs in the breeding season, and the attraction of full-grown tigers to traps by means of valerian, of which tigers (which are only gigantic cats) are exceedingly fond. According to the latest official returns, which are for 1886, 24,841 persons were killed by wild beasts in that year in British India. Of these, 22,134 were killed by snakes, 928 by tigers, 222 by wolves, 194 by leopards, 113 by bears, 57 by elephants, 24 by hyenas, and 1169 by other animals, including scorpions, jackals, lizards, boars, crocodiles, buffaloes, mad dogs, and foxes. In the same year 57,541 animals were destroyed by wild animals; but in this case the proportions are quite different, for while snakes were responsible for the deaths of eleven-twelfths of the human beings, they only killed two in every 57 animals, tigers and leopards doing the greatest damage. Tigers show 23,769, leopards 22,275, wolves 4275, snakes 2514, hyenas 1312, and bears 758. In the case both of human beings and animals the destruction appears to be on the increase: in the former case the number is higher than in any one of the previous ten years, and in the latter it is third in ten years in point of numbers killed. At the same time, the numbers of wild beasts killed and the rewards paid for that purpose are increasing. In 1886, 22,417 wild beasts were destroyed, and 417,596 snakes.—*Newspaper Notices.*

and to whom nothing now remains but a quiet passage to the tomb. In his reverie, however, he remembers that if he does not keep awake the fires may go out, and he may be surprised by a tiger, a bear, a cobra, or a boa-constrictor;* or may be court-martialled if found sleeping at his post—an offence which, in time of war, would be punishable with DEATH, and might even now be with——he knows not what; and so he quickens his pace, throws wood on his fires, looks sharply around him, calculates how long he has to stay, and prepares, if his time is nearly up, to shout "SENTRY-GO!"

Among the valleys that skirt the Rajmahal Hills are scattered a most interesting, though uncivilised people—the Santhals,† descendants, as we learn, of the "aborigines"‡ of India, differing altogether from the Hindoo progeny of the Aryan race who in prehistoric ages came over the Himalayas into Hindostan, and—while some dispersed themselves through the then known world, and became founders of states and nations in the East and West—subdued the aborigines, and drove them into the mountains of Northern and Central India, in which their children have been living during the last three thousand years, and maintaining their own peculiar institutions. We are told that the Santhals—a Kolarian race, who were armed with bows and arrows—were formerly the plague of the lowlanders of Bengal by their periodical banditti-like incursions into the plains; but that, on our settlement of the Land Tax in 1790, many of them were induced by an annual pension to cease their maraudings, and by grants of land, pledges of immunity from taxation,

* Rajmahal is favourable to the growth of snakes, and the boa-constrictor gains a size unknown in other parts of the continent of India.

† An interesting notice of these people appeared in the "Asiatic Researches," vol. iv. (1799). A more recent account of the Santhals, their history, language, religion, ideas, customs, etc., is given us by Sir William Hunter in his "Rural Bengal" (1868), to which we are much indebted, as well as to Colonel Dalton's "Descriptive Ethnology of Bengal," a most interesting and comprehensive work, for the publication of which a grant of Rs. 10,000 was made by the Government of Bengal, and which was published in 1872, and was illustrated by lithographic portraits from photographs.

‡ These so-called "aborigines" were themselves, however, descendants of immigrants from the plains of Asiatic Scythia, who in earlier ages and in two distinct hordes—the Dravidian first and then the Kolarian—took possession of the land.

and other special privileges, were prevailed on to settle in the slopes and valleys, by which they restored to cultivation lands that had become desolate wastes; an event which seems frequently to have happened in the olden time. More recently they have taken a part not to be despised in the progress of general improvement in India. Outgrowing their original and later locations, they a few years since began to migrate northwards; but, coming into contact with another aboriginal race who inhabit the northern hills, were checked in their dispersion, and seemed likely again to become a trouble to our territories. About that time, however, our Government resolved to mark off the territory of the highlanders, whom we shall presently mention, from that of the dwellers in the plains by a ring fence of pillars of solid masonry, between which and the hills lay fertile but as yet uncultivated valleys. These the wandering Santhals were allowed to occupy; and amongst these they have now numerous villages, containing a population of several thousand souls. They are followed up, however, by the crafty Hindoo speculator, who obtains from the landlord a lease of the village at a rent the Santhal would not think of paying or demanding; and so the pioneers of civilisation are prematurely forced to move on. We say *prematurely*, for they love the forest, might well be called FORESTERS, and, it would seem, often voluntarily retire into the backwoods from lands they have brought into cultivation. They have an annual hunting festival, in which thousands take part.* While largely extending the area of cultivation, they have

* "These expeditions are organised with as much care and forethought as if the hosts engaged in them were about to undertake a military campaign, and take place in the hot season, when the beasts have least cover to conceal themselves in. When the array of hunters reaches the ground on which operations against the wild beasts are to commence, they form a line of beaters several miles in length, every man armed with a bow and arrows and a battle-axe, and accompanied by dogs, who, though ugly creatures to look at, appear, like their masters, to be endowed with a true hunting instinct. When they emerge from the woods on open spaces, the game of all kinds that are driven before them suddenly appear. Birds take wing, and are beaten down with sticks or shot with arrows; quadrupeds, great and small, are similarly treated; and in this way deer, pig, jungle-fowl, pea-fowl, hare, etc., are bagged; but tigers and bears, on these occasions of open warfare, are generally avoided. These hunting excursions last four or five days; and at the end of each day the Santals feast merrily on the contents of their bags, and thoroughly enjoy themselves. —*Dalton.*

lately shown a willingness to engage in various employments,* and are found specially useful in the indigo plantations. The Santhals appear to be scattered in groups, large and small, over some three hundred and fifty miles of Bengal territory. It is remarkable that, like the Israelites of old, they are divided into twelve tribes. In their villages they live, as it seems, under a kind of patriarchal government, the hereditary chief, or headman, of each village, having undisputed authority.† They have no distinctions of caste. A somewhat sturdy race, their colour is darker than that of the Hindoos, their lips are disposed to be thick, and their hair is woolly. The women —who are clothed, though scantily—are free from seclusion, and are treated with respect; child marriage and polygamy are unknown, and even bigamy is rare. The Santhals are distinguished from all around them by their proficiency on the flute, which, with the drum, accompanies them in singing and dancing, their favourite pastimes.‡ The Santhal language

* The culture of *tussur*, or wild silk, has since been introduced, under European superintendence, among the Santhals, and is now, it appears, largely carried on. The district, in fact, may be called the home of the tussur silkworm; and the manufacture might be developed to almost any extent, to the advantage of the people as well as to the benefit of commerce.

† "It would seem that under this headman there is (1) a Jagmanjhi, whose most important duty is apparently to look after the morals of the boys and girls, and if he is at all strait-laced they must often lead him a hard life of it; (2) a Paramarik, whose business it is to attend to the farming arrangements, and to apportion the lands. He disallows any monopoly of peculiarly fertile rice lands; all must take their share of good and bad. He has to look after the interests of new settlers, and to provide for guests, levying contributions for the purpose on the villagers. All the offices are hereditary; when a new settlement is formed the office-bearers are elected, after that the next-of-kin succeeds."—*Dalton.*

‡ "There is always reserved an open space in front of the Jagmanjhi's house as a dancing-place. To this the young men frequently resort after the evening meal, and the sound of their flutes and drums soon attracts the maidens, who smooth and adjust their long hair, and, adding to it a flower or two, blithely join them. It is singular that in this national amusement of the Santals we have handed down to us a most vivid living representation of one prominent scene in the sports of Krishna in Vraja and Vrindavana. There is nothing in modern Hindoo life that at all illustrates the animated scenes so graphically delineated in the Purans; but the description of the 'Rasa' dance in chapter xiii., Book V., of the Vishnu Purán, might be taken literally as an account of the Santal 'Jumhir.' We have in both the maidens decked with flowers and ornamented with tinkling bracelets, the young men with garlands of flowers and peacocks' feathers, holding their hands and closely compressed, so that the breast of the girl touches the back of the man next to her, going round in a great circle, limbs all moving as if they belonged to one creature, feet falling in perfect cadence, the dancers in the ring singing responsive to the musicians in the

differs from the languages of the Aryan family; it is thought to be probably that form of speech which prevailed in the Gangetic provinces before the Aryan conquest. Their religion also differs from the religions of the inhabitants of the plains, and they hate and dread the Hindoos. They have a kind of National Father, or Protector, symbolised under the name of "The Great Mountain," and each household worships its own deity—*an evil being*; they believe in the existence of innumerable demons, who, as well as common ghosts, haunt the villages, and whom they seek to propitiate by sacrifices;* and they have, as it would seem, in each of their villages, a priest, and a grove of sal trees, where they believe all the household gods assemble, and where on certain periodical occasions they gather together to worship them. Ancestors, too, are worshipped. The Santhals burn the dead, and consign the bones to the Ganges. They have no written records. Their traditions, however, are said to bear a strong resemblance to the Mosaic accounts of the Creation, the Deluge, etc. *No missionary seems yet to have been sent among them.*†

centre, who, fluting, drumming, and dancing too, are the motive power of the whole, and form an axis of the circular movement. We are told that Krishna, when he thought the lovely light of autumn propitious for the Rasa dance, with Rama commenced singing sweet-toned strains in various measures such as the milkmaids loved; and they, as soon as they heard the melody, quitted their homes and joined him: just so, on a moonlight night, the Santal youths invite the Santal maidens."—*Dalton.*

* "In seasons of scarcity the priests of Lower Bengal still offer up children to the insatiable demons who terrified the forest tribes three thousand years ago."—*Hunter.*

† A mission to the Santhals was begun by the Church Missionary Society in 1857, *under the auspices of the Indian Government, which made itself responsible for all expenses.* It has been so successful that they have now an ordained ministry. A church has been erected "on the top of the hills" at Taljhari, and there is a community of several thousand Christians. "Up the hillside to the house of God on the summit may be seen numbers of Santhal worshippers, no longer half naked, as they were a few years back, but clad in simple white, wending their way with their wives and little ones. The church holds about eight hundred, and on more than one occasion it has been quite full; and sometimes more than a hundred and fifty, perhaps nearly two hundred, have at one time within its walls met to partake of the Lord's Supper. Below the church hill stand the simple, unpretending bungalows of the missionaries, rows of trees leading up to them, and the whole place looking, in the sweet rural quietness, a most charming spot. Round the bungalows, at a little distance, are grouped the training and practising schools, girls' and infant schools, and the houses of the native Christians. From the top of the church hill many Santhal villages may be seen, half hidden in the jungle and underwood, and two or three of these

Another aboriginal race, the Kols, of whom we can learn but little, appear to have their villages alternating with those of the Santhals. They are a middle-sized, strong, very dark, black-haired, and thick-lipped people; are divided into a number of small tribes; have no regular system of religion, but *worship the dog*, the Sahajan tree, and other objects, and live on berries, and game, and the flesh of animals that have died a natural death, as well as of those they have slain. Like the Santhals, they appear fond of dancing. With some tribe of these Kols, in the neighbourhood of the Station to which we are appointed, we were recently at war. They use the bow and arrow in warfare,* the arrow-head being of rough iron, double barbed, and often poisoned; they also use a war-hatchet to cut down horses in action; it is sometimes fixed at the end of a long bamboo, to enable them to hamstring horses at a distance. They gave our troops a good deal of trouble, but were eventually reduced to submission.

Yet a third, and a very interesting aboriginal race, the Puharees, a Dravidian family, inhabit the tops of the Rajmahal Hills; and of these, Bishop Heber gives a long account in his Journal.† He describes them as a peculiar race, of dwarfish stature, fairer than the Bengalees, and reminding him of the Welsh; distinct from the people of the plains in features, language, civilisation, and religion; having no castles and no idols; caring nothing for the Hindoo deities; though living on plunder,‡ yet honest among themselves, and *regarding a lie as the greatest of all crimes.* He further describes them as living chiefly by the chase, for which they are provided with bows

villages are almost entirely occupied by Christians. A few years ago this spot was the haunt of the wild elephant and rhinoceros, and no foot had trodden it but those of the wild, freebooting Puharees. Sixty years ago Bishop Heber expressed a hope that something might be done to make known the Gospel to the dwellers among the Rajmahal Hills, and now indeed his wish has been most nobly accomplished." The *Church Missionary Gleaner* gives us a picture of nine Santhal Christians, which we regret that we cannot here reproduce.

* "In India, as in other countries, the oldest and the most important of national weapons is the *bow*."—*Mukharji.*

† Vol. i., p. 258, *et seq.*

‡ "They were encouraged in predatory habits by the zemindars at the foot of the hills, who invited the chiefs to plunder neighbouring estates, giving them a passage through their territory for the purpose, on condition of getting the lion's share of the spoil. Thus not only were the roads near the hills made unsafe, but even the boats on the Ganges."—*Dalton.*

and arrows; dwelling in villages very small and wretched; paying no taxes, but living under their own chiefs, with British protection. He also tells us that a deadly feud formerly existed between them and the owners and cultivators of the neighbouring lowlands (the latter being often the aggressors); and that the Puharees made continual forays on the lowlanders, and were shot down by them like mad dogs whenever they came within gunshot; but that at last the magistrate of the neighbouring station of Bhagulpore—a young man named Cleveland—had interfered, had rigorously forbidden all aggression by the lowlanders, and had sought to conciliate and civilise the Puharees, by promising pensions to the chiefs, on condition of their maintaining peace and the authority of the Company in their several districts; treating kindly all who approached him; establishing bazaars, to which he encouraged them to bring for sale the game, wax, honey, and other produce of the hills; giving them wheat and barley for seed; founding a school for their children; and bringing them into contact with their more civilised neighbours by forming some of them into a corps of archers, which he placed under the command of the Rob Roy, or rather the Rhoderick Dhu, of the district, and stationed at the foot of the hills to protect the peaceable and keep in check the unruly. Mr. Cleveland died in 1784, at the age of 29, and a monument was erected to his memory by the joint contributions of the highland chiefs and lowland zemindars (who gave him the title of Father of their Country); and this monument is kept in repair by an endowment of land which they provided for its perpetual maintenance. After Mr. Cleveland's death, however, all his plans for their improvement fell to the ground: the zemindars were permitted again to encroach with impunity; the pensions which had been promised the chiefs, though paid by the Government, never reached them; and the only one who stood by them was Lieut. Shaw,* who had been appointed to the command of the corps formed by Cleveland. Eventually,

* This officer published an account of the Puharees in the "Asiatic Researches" in 1795. And more recently some addition to the information given by him has been made by Colonel Walter Sherwill, who surveyed these hills; which, with some MS. notes by Mr. W. Atkinson, of Rajmahal, has enabled Colonel Dalton to give a more full and comprehensive account of this race in his "Ethnology of Bengal," already referred to.

however, a re-settlement was made, and they have now for some years been going on quietly. The "Hill Rangers," as the corps (which has been equipped with the usual arms) is now called, are stationed at Bhagulpore.

It would appear from other and later inquiries (but it is difficult to obtain information, for the people are timid and reserved), that all the Puharees worship the sun; * that they reverence one Supreme Being, whose eye they believe sees all things, and to whom they regularly offer morning and evening prayer, and occasional propitiatory sacrifices; that they have a tutelary deity in each village, together with a household god in every dwelling, and several minor gods; it is also now said that they have temporary idol images.† They have several great religious festivals (in only one of which, however, females are allowed to take part); they have priests and priestesses, who practise divination, and the former of whom wear their hair unshorn and drink the blood of sacrifices; they believe in the due reward of virtue and punishment of vice, often even in this life, and certainly hereafter, and in the transmigration of souls; ‡ they have great faith in witchcraft and charms, and have various legends and traditions (one of which attributes the origin of the human race to these hills). Though dirty in their persons (through the difficulty of getting water), they are clean in their villages, which are well built of wattled bamboo and often situated among beautiful groves; they are but little acquainted with agriculture; the men spend their

* The mission to the Santhals has now been extended to the Puharees.

† "They have material representations of all their gods. They make wooden images which are honoured for a season as idols, but they are renewed every year, and the old ones are discarded and thrown away as rubbish when the festival for which they are made is over. This may be derived from the Hindoo custom at the Durga and other festivals."—*Dalton.*

‡ "When a good man has lived this life as long as God pleases, God sends for him and says, 'You have behaved well, and have kept My commandments, and I will exalt you, but for a season you must remain with Me.' The object of this sojourn is not stated, but when it is completed the spirit of the good man is remitted to earth, to be born again of a woman as a raja or chief, or in some higher position than he previously held. If he show himself unmindful or ungrateful in his exaltation his days are cut short, and he is born again as an inferior animal. Suicide is a crime in God's eyes, and the soul of one who so offends shall not be admitted into heaven, but must hover eternally as a ghost between heaven and earth; and a like fate awaits the soul of a murderer."—*Lieut. Shaw, in* "*Asiatic Researches*," vol. iv., p. 48.

time in idling and hunting; they marry at suitable ages, and polygamy is allowed and practised; their women, who cultivate the gardens, have good figures and, sometimes, pretty faces, and dress gracefully;* *they have Bachelors' Halls and Maidens' Dormitories, in which unmarried adults who are excluded from their parents' dwellings are required to sleep*;† they are addicted to drink, fond of dancing when under its influence, and have a dancing-place in every village;‡ and they bury their dead, except in the case of the priests and of persons who die of contagious diseases, whom they convey to and deposit in the forests, covering them up with leaves.

"The Puharees, from their lofty eyries, look down on the settlements of the Santhals," says Dalton, "with indifference; but the slightest attempt of the latter to encroach on the hills arouses their jealousy, and ensures the expulsion of the intruder. Sometimes, indeed, they watch, with chuckling complacency, the labours of a Santhal, who, presuming that silence means consent, is beguiled into clearing for a short distance the slopes of the hills; but the moment he

* "Their dress is extremely graceful and effective. It consists of an ordinary white skirt, with a square of gay-coloured, striped, or banded tussur silk, one end of which is passed over the right and under the left shoulder, and the opposite corners tied; the other end is tucked in under the skirt at the waist. Red coral necklaces are worn in great profusion."—*Ball.*

† "The hill lads and lasses are represented as forming very romantic attachments, exhibiting the spectacle of real lovers, 'sighing like furnaces'; and the cockney expression of 'keeping company,' is peculiarly applicable to their courtship. If separated only for an hour, they are miserable; but there are apparently few obstacles to the enjoyment of each other's society, as they work together, go to market together, eat together, and sleep together! But if it be found that they have overstepped the prescribed limits of billing and cooing, the elders declare them to be out of the pale, and the blood of animals must be shed at their expense, to wash away the indiscretion, and obtain their readmission into society."—*Ibid.*

‡ "All accounts agree in ascribing to the Puharees an immoderate devotion to strong drink; and Buchanan tells us that when they are dancing a person goes round with a pitcher of the homebrew, and without disarranging the performers, who are probably linked together by circling or entwining arms, pours into the mouth of each, male and female, a refreshing and invigorating draught. Buchanan considers the origin of this custom to be the feeling that in no other way would they drink fair. The beverage is the universal *pachwai—i.e.*, fermented grain. The grain, either maize, rice, or janera, is boiled and spread out on a mat to cool. It is then mixed with a ferment of vegetables called *bakan*, and kept in a large earthen vessel for some days; warm water may at any time be mixed with it, and in a few hours it ferments and is ready for use."—*Dalton.*

commences to cultivate he finds, from very significant threats, that he must withdraw and leave the hillmen to profit by his toil."

Not a few of our party would gladly linger at Rajmahal. I have already become aware that India as a sporting country is almost, if not altogether, unequalled. Here the huntsman and the fowler are in all their glory, and find enjoyment unparalleled. The former has only to choose between tiger, leopard, elephant, bear, rhinoceros, hog, buffalo, wolf, civet-cat, deer, antelope, jackal, fox, hare, rabbit, badger, otter, and a variety of other animals, all of which afford good sport; the latter between partridge, grouse, curlew, coslen, bittern, plover, kingfisher, peafowl, woodcock, quail, bustard, calidge, ortolan, pigeon, ptarmigan, buzzard, florekin, wild goose, wild duck, jungle-fowl,* pheasant, snipe, chickore, teal, lark, and an innumerable multitude of birds whose names are not familiar to the English ear, but with which our countrymen soon become acquainted in the East. And yet sportsmen of the present day are not so well provided for as were those of fifty years ago. Many of the larger stations, which were then surrounded by forests and low jungle, are now environed by cultivated fields, and thus cover for game has been destroyed; while manufactories set up in the heart of the wilderness, and the havoc created by our sportsmen, have affrighted the denizens of the woods from their old haunts, and driven them to seek refuge in the interior recesses of the land.

But we still have the jackal, even in our Indian cities, and here it abounds. An instance of the voracity of this species may be mentioned. Two of our men died in these wilds of cholera. As coffins were not procurable, they were sewn up in their beds, and so committed to the earth; while their names, corps, and the dates of their respective deaths were pricked out by their comrades with a fork on the bottom of a tin mess-plate (the soldier's apology for a tombstone), and nailed against a tree over the place of their interment. Shortly after we had reached our destination, a detachment of recruits, who had left Calcutta a few days subsequent to ourselves, arrived there. From these we learned that they had encamped near the place at which we had buried these men,

* The stock to which all common fowls owe their origin.

and had observed that the earth had been scratched up from the grave, the wrappings of the bodies torn in pieces, and, as was evident from the bones scattered around, the bodies themselves devoured by the jackals.

It may be added that several of our men were drowned on the march while bathing. The dense weeds that cover the surface of the ponds* into the midst of which they ventured to plunge are like meshes of rope, and in these they became entangled.†

In about a month after the commencement of our march we found ourselves at Hazareebaugh, the first military station we possess west of Burdwan. It is 241 miles from Calcutta, is the chief town and military headquarters of a district of the same name in Chota Nagpore, and is picturesquely situated on the high central plateau of the district, at an elevation of 2,000 feet, and in the midst of conical hills. Its name, signifying "A Thousand Tigers," was probably given it in consequence of the large number of these savage beasts that formerly ravaged it. A traveller in 1827 thus described the country in this neighbourhood: "Few kinds of wild animals besides the lion are wanting in the prodigious wastes that extend in every direction. Even wild elephants frequently come down from the neighbouring district of Kurruckpoor, and destroy the huts in small villages for the sake of the grain that has been so carefully stored within. The supply of the miserable ryot, which he has laid by for the year, becomes the single meal of four or five of these resistless monsters, who, demolishing every blade of crop that is standing in the fields, and devouring the contents of every granary, completely expel the inhabitants from houses and lands which it has cost them so much toil to prepare. The destruction of human life by tigers along the banks of the Barrakur Nuddy

* "Tanks and *jeels* are in almost all parts of India full of rushes and of the conferva, which, together with duckweed, docks, etc., both cover the surface and fill up the deeps. They are generally replete with small fishes of various descriptions; and, if of any extent or depth, either harbour or serve as visiting places for alligators, which infest both the running and the stagnant waters in every part of the country."—*Stocqueler.*

† To the disappointment, doubtless, of many, this was no longer the case, and tiger-hunting was not, therefore, among our daily diversions, as sportsmen might have expected it would be; though, of course, it could easily be had by going a little way out into the jungle.

is enormous: a hundred lives during the year were reported to me as a fair average; and if one-third of this number perish in this horrid manner, the continuance of the natives to inhabit the neighbourhood is a strong instance of their naturally indifferent character. The crops are cut and the lands ploughed to the beat of drum; and so impervious are the jungles to all pursuit of the savage enemy, that the only mode of hunting him with success is to attach some bait to the trunk of the tree, amongst the branches of which the patient hunter must remain concealed with his gun."

Hazareebaugh is one of the principal towns on our south-west frontier, and the residence of an "Assistant Agent to the Governor-General," who presides over the district—a tract of country consisting of six divisions, of which Hazareebaugh is the first. Of the district, which is much larger than all Scotland, it has been officially said: "Within these wide limits many varieties of climate and of physical aspect exist. For the most part the appearance of the country is beautiful; picturesque groups of hills, deep groves, clear and rocky streams—all things that are graceful in landscape—in varying succession—meet and charm the eye at every turn.* The agricultural produce at present consists chiefly of rice and oil seeds. Recent experiments have shown that coffee of the finest kind may be grown on the newly-cleared lands; and the tea-plant, though not cultivated for any practical purpose, flourishes.† Hazareebaugh is not subject to the usual calami-

* *We* may add that, besides the forests with which the mountains in this district are covered, and which will produce large quantities of excellent timber—"between Singhoom and Sumbhulpore," says *Spry*, "there is *a forest of Saul trees extending uninterruptedly for upwards of thirty miles*, and from their extraordinary loftiness and magnitude, they may be esteemed the finest in Hindostan"—the lands abound with valuable and important plants. (The valleys of Surgoojah, for instance, yield vast crops of *tikhoor*, from the roots of which the natives obtain a capital substitute for arrowroot.) Moreover, bees of different kinds appear to frequent the forests, and honey seems to abound. The silkworm is found in the jungles, where the trees on which it feeds are plentiful. The lac insect also abounds. Gold, iron, coal, and other minerals, are met with; and Sumbhulpore has long been distinguished for the production of the finest Oriental diamonds in the world. The district has two rivers, which, though generally shallow, might perhaps be found navigable. It may be added that there are several mineral springs; so that food, clothing, medicine, and the elements of commerce, are all provided for the native and settler.

† In 1882 there were six tea plantations in the district.

ties of Bengal: blight and flood are unknown. It has much uncultivated land. The greatest obstacle to the extension of agriculture is the want of roads. On the eastern border is Mount Parisnath, the resort of Jain pilgrims."

We must here pause for a moment to speak of this venerable Mountain. "The Jews," says Baboo Chunder, "have their Sinai, the Jains their Parisnath. The hill is named after the principal demigod of that sect. Its founder meant to have steered the same middle course between Brahminism and Buddhism that Nanuk-shah intended in a later age—to have the Hindoos and Mussulmans amalgamated by the doctrines of Sikhism. But the Brahmins can never bear 'a brother near the throne.' They were touched in the sore part by their antagonists in inculcating against a hereditary priesthood, and could have no rest nor respite until they had driven their dangerous adversaries from every city, town, and haunt of men whatsoever.

"The passing traveller sees the stupendous Parisnath lift up its head to heaven. To enjoy the view in the best of humours he should be in a reverie like that into which Mirza fell on the hills of Bagdad—he should transport himself in his imagination to the days of India in the eighth and ninth centuries. Then would the length and breadth of our peninsula appear to him as one vast field of contention between the Brahmins, the Buddhists, and the Jains—the first refuting, persecuting, and chasing away the two latter to the woods and mountains. *Then would these desolate hill regions appear to him as enlivened with shrines and monasteries, and peopled with monks and contemplative religionists. And then would these silent vales be heard by him as resounding with the hymns of chanting priests and the voices of preaching worshippers. Such things were where all is now wild and without a trace of habitation. The land was completely lost to the civilised world for more than a thousand years; its name and history were forgotten; and until the opening of the Grand Trunk Road, except to solitary pilgrims, its very site was unknown."**

* "We were intensely delighted," says an official report, "with the glorious scenery of the mountain (Parisnath), and the striking contrast which it afforded, after having been for weeks among the almost unbroken

The inhabitants of these parts are chiefly Hindoos. Sometimes a village of Santhals may be seen among the dense jungles. The Santhal chooses an eligible site, clears the land, cultivates it for a few years, and then quietly removes, to go through the same course in another place. It would appear that parts of this district, as well as parts of Beerbhoom, were colonised long ages ago by the Santhals, who have within the last century emigrated in large numbers to Rajmahal and other districts.

We are told that a curious aboriginal folk—the Birhors—live in the jungles of the hillsides, in watertight huts made of branches and leaves, and wander about from jungle to jungle as the sources of their existence are exhausted. They

plains of Bengal. The wonderful beauty and richness of its thickly-wooded sides, broken up by the cool grey of the projecting rock, whose precipitous cliffs cast their deep shadows around, with the almost boundless view from its summit, stretching away over the billowy ridges to the west and north-west, and the unbroken plains to the east; the clearness of the atmosphere above, while all below was shrouded in a heavy mist called up by the overheated air of the plains, all combined to render it a scene of amazing beauty, and to impress one forcibly with the idea of the desirability of such a resort being made accessible to Europeans as a relief from the destructive glare and broiling heat of Calcutta." Travellers can now leave Calcutta by rail at night and breakfast in the morning on the top of Parisnath.

It is a delightful region, too, for the ornithologist. "Imagination," says a lady who visited it some time back, "cannot draw a more charming picture than the country near the Dunwa Pass presented. Lofty hills with their pointed summits rising one above another, and covered with rich, though stunted foliage, surrounded us. The intervening valleys and rocky passes were filled with topes of graceful bamboos and other trees, over whose branches climbed luxurious creeping plants, while the whole scene was animated by numerous varieties of birds of exquisite plumage. In the long grass by the roadside partridges were quietly seeking their evening meal; and flying from tree to tree were numbers of wood-pigeons, doves, minas, and countless varieties of paroquets, their green wings glittering in the sun, and their brilliant colours only equalled by that of the young trees on which they perched, and from which they could hardly be distinguished as they swung from branch to branch. *I have never before seen so many beautiful birds in their natural wild state; the woods and trees seemed alive with them, and their varied notes echoed through the hills with indescribable sweetness. I have since been told this spot is celebrated among bird-fanciers, who go and destroy these happy wild creatures for the sake of their plumage, and to add to their collections of stuffed birds. The King of Oude also sends annually to this part of India for hundreds and thousands of these splendid birds, from which when shot the choicest and most brilliant colours of their feathers are reserved for the decoration of the walls of his palace.*"

Dr. Hooker, also, in his "Himalayan Jousnals," i., 12 *et seq.*, gives an interesting account of Parisnath, its botany, temples, etc.

have hardly any cultivation, and never trench or plough. The men spend their time in snaring hares and monkeys, and also trade in various jungle products. They worship female deities and devils; and it has been reported that they at one time practised cannibalism, *disposing of their own dead by eating them.**

Another aboriginal race, the Oraons, are scattered over this and some other districts—a dark and somewhat ill-favoured people, who live with their cattle in miserable, low, thatched huts, intermingled with swarming piggeries; each village under its own headman. They cultivate rice and pulse, but eat almost everything—wild plants and leaves, bullocks, goats, buffaloes, sheep, tigers, bears, jackals, foxes, snakes, lizards, birds, fish, tortoises, frogs, and, above all, *pork*, which they prefer to all else Field mice and such small game are, however, thought great delicacies. The young men burn marks on their forearm, an ordeal (among others) they have to go through to make them hardy and manly. They have, however, a pleasing appearance, and are the dandies and humorists of the race. Their females† are tattooed in infancy with three marks on the brow and two on each temple, and on attaining womanhood are further tattooed on the arms and back. It is remarkable that the women wear *chignons*.‡ The Bachelors' Hall is here, too (as among the Puharees), but not always the Maidens' Dormitory, though

* "The Rajah of Jaspore said he had heard that when a Birhor thought his end was approaching, he invited his kindred to come and eat him."—*Dalton.*

† "A custom prevails among the young women by which the ties of friendship are made almost as binding as those of marriage. It is not exclusively an Oraon practice, but is more generally resorted to by the girls of that tribe than by other maidens. Two girls feel a growing attachment for each other. They work together, sing together, and strive to be always together, till they grow so fond that a sudden thought strikes one or other of them to say, 'Let us swear an eternal friendship.' Then each plucks flowers, and neatly arranges them in the other's hair. They exchange necklaces, and embrace, and afterwards, jointly from their own means, prepare a little feast, to which they invite their friends of their own sex, who are made witnesses to the compact. From that hour they must never address or speak of each other by name. The sworn friend is my *qui*, or my flower, or something of the kind."—*Dalton.*

‡ "The hair is, as a rule, coarse, and rather inclined to be frizzy; but by dint of lubrication they can make it tolerably smooth and amenable, and false hair or some other substance is used to give size to the mass (the chignon) into which it is gathered, not immediately behind, but more or

both are excluded at night, when adults, from the parents' dwelling. They all drink rice beer to excess, so that it is not uncommon for a whole village to be drunk together. They are very cheerful and fond of singing, learning to sing as soon as they can speak, and to dance as soon as they can walk; and they have an annual dance at different places, which they observe with great ceremony.* As to their religion, the doctrine of the Oraons is that man best pleases the gods when he makes merry; so that acts of worship are always associated with feasting, drinking, dancing, and love-making. There is a priest in every village, who directs its affairs, and is master of the revels. They have always some visible object of worship, though it be but a stone, a post, or a heap of earth. They acknowledge a supreme, beneficent, and holy God, whose kind designs, however, are thwarted by malignant spirits, whom mortals must

less on one side, so that it lies on the neck just behind, and touching the right ear, and flowers are arranged in a receptacle made for them between the roll of hair and the head."—*Dalton.*

* "On the evening preceding the gathering there is a sacrifice to the tutelary spirit, followed by a carousal in the village; and the elders of that village are sure to be all very drunk on the following morning. As a signal to the country round, the flags of each village are brought out and set up on the road that leads to the place of meeting. This incites the young men and maidens to hurry through their morning work, and look up their Jatra dresses, which are by no means ordinary attire. Those who have some miles to go put up their finery in a bundle, to keep it fresh and clean, and proceed to some tank or stream in the vicinity of the tryst grove; and about two o'clock in the afternoon may be seen all around groups of girls laughingly making their toilettes in the open air, and young men in separate parties similarly employed. When they are ready the drums are beaten, huge horns are blown, and, thus summoned, the group from each village forms its procession. In front are young men with swords and shields, or other weapons, the village standard-bearers with their flags, and boys waving yaks' tails, or bearing poles with fantastic arrangements of garlands and wreaths, intended to represent umbrellas of dignity. Sometimes a man riding on a wooden horse is carried, horse and all, by his friends, as the Rajah, and others assume the form of, or paint themselves up to represent, certain beasts of prey. Behind this motley group the main body form compactly together as a close column of dancers, in alternate ranks of boys and girls, and thus they enter the grove where the meeting is held in a cheery, dashing style, wheeling and countermarching, and forming lines, circles, and columns with grace and precision. When they enter the grove, the different groups join and dance the Khariah, forming one vast procession, and then a monstrous circle. The drums and musical instruments are laid aside, and it is by the voices alone that the time is given; but as many hundreds (nay, thousands) join, the effect is grand. In serried ranks, so closed up that they appear jammed, they circle round in file, all keeping perfect step, but at regular intervals the

conciliate (the sole object of their religious ceremonies, indeed, being the propitiation of demons). They appear to have no belief in a future state, and yet *they believe in ghosts.* They have no code of morals, and are ready to take life on small provocation.*

Hazareebaugh was the headquarters of the Ramghur Battalion at the time of the notable insurrection of 1832, which commenced at Chola Nagpore, and extended to Palamow; during which whole villages were plundered and burnt, and their inhabitants murdered; which was followed by similar revolts in other districts; and which might have extended throughout India had it not been suppressed by instant, active, and energetic measures, in which this Battalion took a part.

Although Hazareebaugh has been the headquarters of the district since about 1780, the "town" is little more than a cluster of hamlets (with intervening cultivation) which sprang up around the former military "bazaar." The isolation of our responsible officers in such posts as this must be felt, whether it be as military commanders in control of lonely and dangerous stations, or as magistrates or other civil dignitaries to whom authority over large districts and great populations is confided, and who have often to bear those great responsibilities unshared. But thus it is that India

strain is terminated by a 'hûrûrû,' which reminds one of Paddy's 'huroosh' as he 'welts the floor,' and at the same moment they all face inwards, and simultaneously jumping up come down on the ground with a resounding stamp that marks the finale of the movement, but only for a momentary pause. One voice with a startling yell takes up the strain again; a fresh start is made; and after gyrating thus till they tire of it, the ring breaks up, and separating into village groups they perform other dances independently till near sunset; then all go dancing home.

"I have seen Jatras that were attended by not less than five thousand villagers, all in the happiest frame of mind, as if nothing could occur to ruffle the perfect good-humour of each individual of the multitude. The elders are often muddled with beer, but never cross in their cups, and the young people are merry from excitement. The shopkeepers from neighbouring towns attend and set up stalls, so that it becomes a kind of fair."—*Dalton.*

* Ranchi, in the *district* of Hazareebaugh, was, after our leaving that station, made the chief and central station of Pastor Gossner's Evangelical Lutheran Mission, one of the most prosperous missions in India. It was destroyed in the Mutiny of 1857; but subsequently the missionaries returned, work was resumed, the congregations were re-gathered, and a strange measure of prosperity was thenceforth granted. *The converts in* 1888 *numbered* 33,000.

has been such an unrivalled school for young Britons, whose qualifications are here put to the test and brought out; the result of which has been the production of a class of men, both in the Army and the Civil Service, which is famous and unrivalled throughout the world.

Hazareebaugh is a new Station for *European* troops—selected, as it would seem, for acclimatising them on their arrival in India—and when the Bishop of Calcutta recently visited it in his official tour, "the church" was little more than four walls. Although it had been two years in hand, there was neither roof, floor, windows, doors, nor communion-table, and the congregation brought their own chairs and carpets. The Bishop rebuked the dilatoriness of the executive in this matter, and left with a pledge that the work should be finished without further delay.

I now began to feel the terrible tedium of a soldier's life in India. Up to this time, since leaving home, constant change of scene had more or less interested and amused me; but now there was no change, for I did not care to venture far beyond cantonments with a probability of encountering the wild men or wild beasts, or, still worse, perhaps, the fever of the jungle; and day after day—Sundays only excepted, when church parade and public worship took the place of drill—there was the dull routine of morning and evening parade, with many intervening hours, which, without any employment, soon became wearisome. How great and how beneficent is SCIENCE, which everywhere affords employment and enjoyment to her sons and daughters! The earth on which we dwell; the numerous varieties of the human family; the beast, the bird, the insect; the plants, and trees, and flowers; the running streams and stagnant pools; the very air we breathe; the light, the sun, the midnight heavens, with the starry host—all give them occupation and delight. And how gracious is LITERATURE, which unfolds the records of the past, lights up the present, and anticipates the future; reveals to us the thoughts of the most gifted of our fellow-men, unlocks the treasures of imagination, and bears us on the wings of fancy to scenes of endless variety and pleasure!

I fear there are not many botanists, entomologists, or students of any other departments of Nature, among our

countrymen in India. There are many, however, who find a satisfaction in Literature. The regimental libraries, which have of late years been established in the army,* are of infinite value to the soldier.

Nevertheless, I have reason to believe that that "Home Sickness" which, as I afterwards found, is so prevalent in India,† was even now beginning to be felt among us. There was so little to occupy the attention, that the mind naturally reverted to "HOME"; and while the circumstances that had led men away from it were forgotten, its beauties, its comforts, its delights, were remembered, and created a melancholy because a hopeless longing to return. This was perhaps more generally prevalent among our Scotch comrades than others; and it is well known that it has sometimes been found necessary to prohibit the performance of certain airs by regimental bands when Highland corps have been stationed abroad. The same feeling is awakened which is so pathetically expressed by the Jewish captives, as recorded in Psalm cxxxvii.:

> "By the rivers of Babylon,
> There we sat down, yea, we wept
> When we remembered Zion.
> Upon the willows in the midst thereof
> We hanged up our harps."

Religion might exercise its benign and soothing influence upon some; but others were insensible to its consolations. Many, it is to be feared, resorted to drink; and many sought the company of native women, and thus became the subjects

* The Officers had previously, it would seem, their regimental book clubs, and at every Station there appears to have been one maintained by the residents, which were well supplied with current European literature. From £80 to £100 a year, it is said, is appropriated by each regimental club to the purpose.

† Even the most privileged classes feel this. "I have no words," writes Macaulay, "to tell you how I pine for England, or how intensely bitter exile has been to me, though I hope that I have borne it well. I feel as if I had no other wish than to see my country again and die. Let me assure you that banishment is no light matter. No person can judge of it who has not experienced it. A complete revolution in all the habits of life; an estrangement from almost every old friend and acquaintance; fifteen thousand miles of ocean between the exile and everything that he cares for; all this is, to me at least, very trying. *There is no temptation of wealth or power which would induce me to go through it again.*"

of diseases which do more than anything else to fill our military hospitals.

It is greatly to be deplored that the youthful European soldier in India should so often be deprived of all those gracious womanly influences which tend to perfect the manly character, and to make it tender, noble, and chivalrous. The companionship and loving care of mother, sister, and sweetheart are no longer his. The only representatives of the sex he sees are the ladies of the officers' families, from whom he is divided by an impassable gulf; the wives and (sometimes) the daughters of his married comrades, with whom he does not as a rule associate; and the lower-class native female. Yet if there be anything, except Heaven itself, that can save or uplift him, it is still woman's love! And even the remembrance of a mother's ineffable tenderness, of a sister's kindness, of a pure girl's attachment, may preserve all that is good in his nature; or, if he has fallen, may renew the brightness of his youth, and exalt the whole character of the man.

For myself, I kept ceaselessly to my books. And by-and-by it occurred to me that I might be able to *write* as well as to read. Were this possible, it would do much to dissipate the tedium which yet to some extent oppressed me. And as to the difficulty which I foresaw would attend my writing in a large barrack, surrounded by my noisy comrades, other men had done it (had not Cobbett pursued his studies under such circumstances?), and so therefore could I.

I thought that a poem describing the history of a British Soldier in the Company's service, from the time of his enlistment to that of his discharge on pension, depicting his joining at Chatham, his embarkation for and voyage to India, his life in the barrack-room, on the march, and in the field, his plagues and pleasures, his rewards and punishments, with illustrative incidents of personal adventure, and sketches of Eastern scenery, would be a fit and, to me at least, an *interesting* subject for my handling; and that many would gladly subscribe towards the publication of such a work from the pen of one of the rank and file. But a *poem*! a POEM!—dare I think of it? Conscious that, with my humble powers, I could scarcely expect to produce anything worthy of the name, I resolved nevertheless to attempt to shape my idea

into verse; and so, girding up my loins, I began. I have long since forgotten the many annoyances which doubtless beset me in a huge barn-like structure filled with men, where there was no privacy, and where every unusual proceeding was subject to notice, comment, and ridicule; and how difficult it was to conjure up before my mind's eye under such circumstances the various scenes I attempted to describe when these were not actually around me. Suffice it to say that I proceeded with my task.

The Annual Rains* by-and-by began. The change they produced in the aspect of nature was wonderful. The earth, which had become dry and parched, so that it seemed to gasp with thirst—opening every here and there in wide cracks—immediately assumed a green and gay appearance; and the temperature, which had been somewhat warm, was cool and pleasant. The grass was particularly delightful to look upon, and our eyes often turned to it with pleasure. Insect life, however, which for a time seemed to have been suspended, revived with the grass.

After three months' rain the Cold Season set in, and orders came for our Regiment—supposed, perhaps, by this time to be sufficiently acclimatised to encounter the heat of the plains—to proceed "up country." These orders were received with joy. Hazareebaugh might possibly have before it a great commercial future, when its human inhabitants would be more civilised, its forests cleared of wild beasts, its resources developed, and it would be known as both a Sanatorium and an Emporium.† We, however, would gladly bid it adieu. We were to exchange these wild hills—the abode, at present, of tribes of savage men, the "*Haunt of a Thousand Tigers*"—for THE PLAINS AND ROSE FIELDS OF GHAZEEPORE!

* A curious phenomenon in India is the appearance of adult and healthy FISH after heavy falls of rain, in localities that had been dry for months before. It seems as if they had become torpid in the mud of some temporary stream. However this may be, a few days after the Rains set in, numbers are found in many inundated spots.

Still more remarkable is the FISH RAIN, which we learn sometimes occurs (though only very occasionally), and of which there are at least two instances on record: one that happened at Meerut in 1824, and one at Allahabad in 1835. *Travelling* Fish, which pass from stream to stream, are also talked of.

† In 1891 Hazareebaugh had become a well-known centre of Tussur Silk Cocoon production.

CHAPTER VI.

THE MARCH TO GHAZEEPORE.

WE are again on the road. I have often wished that I were a skilful painter, that I might depict the breaking up of a camp in the morning, preparatory to the march. Let me portray with the pen what I cannot with the pencil. The camp stands in a grove of tamarind trees, and the commissariat and certain officers and servants have gone in advance. It is three o'clock, and the sky is quite dark. No one is stirring save the sentries, who are to be seen pacing to and fro beside their watch-fires, placed at short distances all around the camp. Suddenly the tap of a drum is heard, followed by a regular "beat up," and the sound of a bugle. In a moment all is life and action. The soldiers, who just now seemed to be wrapt in sleep, are hurrying out with their arms, piling them together; and while some pack their beds on the baggage carts, others are loosening the ropes of the tents, and pulling them down. The elephants approach from their station in the rear, pouring forth a merry scream; and the camel-driver leads forward his unwilling beasts. Camp-followers are running to and fro; and officers, half asleep and half awake, are sitting outside their tents, drinking huge cups of coffee and smoking their cheroots. Now look again! The elephants bend at a word to receive the tents which the soldiers have rolled together and hoist on their backs; and the latter, hastening to collect the straw they have laid on during the night, and the loose wood of the forest, make up blazing fires, and circle round them. The growling and groaning of the surly camel is heard, as his master forces him down on his knees, and slips a cord round his forelegs and neck which keeps him prostrate while being loaded. Dogs are seen, running about, barking,

howling, and seeking their owners; grooms are getting their horses ready for departure; bearers are taking the ladies' and children's palanquins, and their ayahs' litters, to their tent doors; coolies are shouldering their loads of crockery and household conveniences; the guides are lighting their torches; and the baggage carts are heard moving on their creaking wheels. All are seen in full relief against the brilliant flames of the numerous fires around which the soldiers stand chattering and warming themselves, and which illuminate the grove, presenting to the eye a rich contrast between the sombre hue of the trees and their foliage and the red coats and bright arms of the troops. And now the bugle again sounds, the soldiers slip on their knapsacks, catch up their arms, and hurry off to the parade; the officers buckle on their swords, and proceed to the place of assemblage; the "Roll" (of names) is called over in each company; the regiment "forms up"; the elephants, camels, and baggage carts fall in behind it; the word "Quick March!" is once more given; the band strikes up a lively tune, and all, except the rear-guard, move off. In a few minutes these, too, follow; and soon the scene, which was just before so full of life, and bustle, and activity, is solitary and silent; and, but for the yet smoking embers here and there visible, it might be supposed that it had never been the site of a camp.

Let us follow the regiment. It has a long march before it, and moves rapidly, but we shall soon overtake it. Here is the rabble host of camp followers (including the numerous small traders that accompany each corps in its movements, and are collectively known as "the Bazaar," and innumerable hangers-on *); here are the dogs that everywhere go with them; here, again, are the baggage-carts. See how

* "We had a great many camp followers with us, for different purposes: some to carry water, others to look after the tents, others to cook, some to sweep the ground to pitch the tents upon, shoeblacks, barbers, washermen, and a portion of merchants selling things; in fact, there are as many natives with a regiment on the line of march as there are men."—*Four Years' Service in India.*

"Each of the regiments had a bazaar peculiar to itself, crowded with people employed in supplying the wants, and ministering to the pleasures of the battalion which honoured them with its patronage; sutlers, corn

carefully the drivers of these primitive and clumsy vehicles keep in the track of those before them, so that if one falls over into a ditch, all behind him must almost inevitably follow! Here are the officers' ladies in their palanquins, accompanied by their children, female attendants, and coolies bearing the household wares and light furniture; and the wives and children of the soldiers in their miserable "hackeries," crawling along the road, above which rises in clouds the dust the regiment has raised in its march, giving to them all a taste of the pleasures that await them in following their husbands and fathers from station to station. Now we reach the camels and the elephants. Here are the doolies * with the sick of the corps, and now we are near the regiment. Here are the officers: some in buggies, with their wives, some on horseback, some smoking, and some chatting, and, although they seem to have their cloaks drawn tightly round them, shivering in the morning air. See, the sergeant-major and quartermaster-sergeant are mounted, for *they* have their steeds as well as the commissioned officers. And now we are at the head of the column. The soldiers, as is their wont, are singing and jesting and laughing with each other as they march along.

Day breaks at last, and the regiment halts for an hour's rest. A cart from the canteen has preceded it to this place; and now a dram is served out to each man that likes it, *which is an initiation, we fear, for many, into habits of drinking that will by-and-by prove their ruin.*† The *bheesties*, with their water-skins, have accompanied them on the march, and go to and fro among the men; but few care for the simple and doubtful draught, for it has probably been taken from some neighbouring ditch, *full of life*. Many of the soldiers have brought something to eat with them, and now, piling their arms and throwing off their knapsacks, fall to as heartily as ever did Sancho Panza.

merchants, rice merchants, sellers of cotton fabrics, of silver ornaments, of tobacco and stupefying drugs, jugglers, thieves, *swarms of prostitutes*, fakirs and Thugs retired from business, made up a motley and most unruly population."—*Trevelyan.*

* The *doolie* is a kind of litter with curtains.

† Each of the elephants, too, we are told, has his allowance of "grog."

There once more goes the bugle, and the men are again falling in. And now, to the inspiriting strains of the band, they are off! The air soon becomes soft and pleasant, and the officers march with the men. But presently the SUN—called by the soldiers "*the Bengal blanket*"—rises, and soon those who half an hour before were shivering begin to perspire as if in a vapour bath. The officers fall out and mount their horses. Gradually the air gets quite hot, and the men begin to tire, and to ask the natives they meet on the road the distance to Camp. Perhaps the first tells them a quarter of a mile; they march five times that distance, and then meet one who informs them that they have yet three miles to go. Seeing a third after a while, they again inquire, and are told that he knows nothing about it, though on turning a corner a hundred yards off they at once come upon the ground. The word "Halt!" and the command "Fix bayonets!" are given; the officers join their several companies, which, after the regiment has been "formed up," are dismissed, marched respectively to the space marked out for them by the officers and others who came in advance, and disperse. By the time the men have taken off their knapsacks and belts, and washed the dust from their hands and faces, the elephants arrive with the tents, which are immediately unrolled and put up. The cooks have meanwhile prepared breakfast, which is then brought in; and this being discussed, and the baggage carts having come in with the bedding, all except the sentries repair to their pillows, and finish the doze that had been disturbed in the early morning.

In the course of a few days we arrive at SASSERAM, an ancient town possessing some fine ruins. On the right of the road stand the remains of a palace, crumbling away with age, the abode of snakes, rats, scorpions, and other vermin. Little more than the arched gateways now remain of all its magnificence. In front of the palace, and facing the road, are two immense tanks, the space between which forms a path to the river. But what most interested us was a magnificent mosque-tomb, four hundred years old, yet in fair preservation; the first I had seen of those proud relics of Moslem rule which our immediate predecessors in conquest left behind them; and which I shall ever remember. It was usual with Mahommedan princes and nobles to appropriate or purchase a piece of land,

lay it out as a garden, and erect therein, *during their lifetime*, a mausoleum for themselves. So, it would seem, did Shere Shah, one of the most remarkable personages of his time, who, from a rural swain that once tilled these fields, rose to eminence, drove the unfortunate Emperor Humaioon into exile, and won for himself the throne of Delhi; and whose name shines resplendent in the romance of history. Instead, however, of placing his tomb within a garden, he excavated a great reservoir, a mile in circumference, walled it in with slabs of cut stone; made handsome steps along each side for ready access to the water; threw a bridge across it, and erected his sepulchre on a broad terrace in the midst. It is that which stands before us.

Sasseram appears to be sometimes visited by the Thugs, a class well known in India, and not unknown by reputation in England as *robbers and murderers by religion*. The works of Major Sleeman have made the public acquainted with the nature of their business, which consists in waylaying and entrapping the unwary traveller, suddenly springing on and strangling him, and then burying his body and dividing his property. Strange to say (and it shows the weakness of native governments), this system of organised murder and robbery has prevailed for ages in India, Thevenot speaking of it so long ago as 1687. *We* shall, no doubt, uproot it. Since 1830, when a special department of government was instituted by Lord Bentinck to deal with it, Sleeman and his officers have done much to suppress it; but they have not yet been able to put an entire stop to it, though thousands of Thugs have been arrested and brought to trial, many executed, and others transported or imprisoned. Our sepoys appear to be the greatest sufferers. Leave of absence is granted to a certain number of them yearly out of every regiment not on active service; and as they generally save a portion of their pay, the Thugs keep a sharp lookout about the usual time of their journey, and murder them by wholesale.* Numbers of men are lost to the army in this way every year; and only a short time back the bodies of two, who had been

* So far back as April 28th, 1810, the Commander-in-chief issued an order of warning to the soldiers against the Thugs, but it would appear to have had little effect until lately.

strangled and robbed, were found here in the tanks near the palace.

* * * * *

We pursued our march. Nothing of importance occurred till our arrival one morning, long before daybreak, on the banks of the SOANE, the GOLDEN RIVER. As, like all the other rivers of India, it overflows its banks in the annual rains, we found that we had to cross a large tract of sand,* loosened by the turbulence of the waters at that period, before arriving at the main stream, diverging from which several smaller ones, that had worn themselves deep channels, intersected our route. It is no very pleasant occupation to be moving in intense darkness, now and then partially relieved by the glimpse of a distant torch, over a deep bed of sand, into which carriages of all sorts, horses, and draught animals sink deeply; but we soldiers had the worst of it, for being loaded with knapsacks, muskets, and accoutrements, we were almost as badly off as we should have been in any "slough of despond." Every now and then, being unable to see our way, we were stumbling against each other, and some who could not lift their feet from the sand so quickly as to keep up with their comrades, being knocked over by those behind them, measured their length on the bed of the river, while others lost their equipments, which they could not possibly recover.

By the time the whole regiment had crossed, day dawned; and as our new camp ground was near, we soon arrived there. An amusing spectacle now presented itself. The elephants, having reached the margin of the river, were unloaded, and, one after another, plunged into it. The *mahouts*, seated each one on the shoulders of his charge, went in with them, and steadily retained their seats, though every now and then the huge beasts they rode gave a frolicsome dip, and seemed inclined to set them a-swimming. However, all arrived safely on shore. Presently the bullocks with the baggage-carts began to come up to the ferry. As they drew nigh they were unyoked, and, while the carts were placed in the boats, took

* "The Soane, which derives its name of 'Golden' from the bright yellow colour of these sands, was here three miles wide, its nearly dry bed being a desert of sand, resembling a vast arm of the sea when the tide is out. The Soane is a classical river, being now satisfactorily identified with the Eranoboas of the ancients."—*Hooker.*

to the water. It was curious to see several hundreds of these animals at once crossing, their heads only being visible above the stream, while here and there a turbaned native might be discerned keeping them company.

A few days more brought us

"To where the GANGES * rolls his sacred wave," †

on whose opposite shore we at last saw the Station to which the regiment was ordered, bearing a peculiarly interesting and inviting appearance. Having crossed, we found ourselves in the native town of Ghazeepore. It is remarkable that the names of nearly all the principal towns of India terminate in either "poor" or "bad"—syllables of so ill an import in the English language. And a comrade, alluding to this in grumbling mood one day, observed, "This is, indeed, a wretched country, where scarce a place is to be found which is not either *bad* or *poor*, and the very queens of which are *Beg*-ums."

We proceeded through the town to the barracks. The disgust occasioned by the gloom and filth of the native city (which, of course, like other towns of India, is entirely without drainage) was intense; but this was amply compensated for by the beauty and freshness of the scene which, on our emerging thence, lay before us. A wide and verdant plain, bounded on one side by the river, but elsewhere only by the horizon, adorned with rich arbours of tall and stately trees, and dotted here and there with pretty cottages, situated amid sweet gardens *à l'Anglaise*; an English monument, which seemed to say, THE LAND IS OURS; WE HAVE HERE DEPOSITED OUR DEAD! and which we afterwards found to be the tomb of LORD CORNWALLIS; a church, with its spire; the barracks; the people flocking out to meet us —all at once burst upon our view. The regiment was soon formed up and dismissed; and while the soldiers rushed to the

* "Myriads have knelt to worship and adore—
Men of far countries. Wan Disease and Age
Have sought these banks in weary pilgrimage;
On Ganges fixed at last their rapturous eyes,
And deemed its murmurs hymns of Paradise."—*Michell.*

† Thomson.

barracks with loud "Hurrahs!" of joy at having gained their destination, the officers went to select residences for themselves from among the vacant houses. (This must be a tiresome job for an officer on every remove, especially if he be a family man. Non-commissioned officers and private soldiers are saved all this trouble; their "quarters" are ready for them.)

The district of Ghazeepore has a long history, stretching back into the earliest days of Aryan civilisation. Carved monoliths of ancient date have been found within its limits, and it seems to have been included in the Buddhist empire. In 1693 it fell to the Moslem conqueror Kutub-ud-deen. The *town* was founded about A.D. 1330, and is said to derive its name—which signifies *the abode of Ghazee*—from a celebrated Moslem saint so called,* who laid down three remarkable laws to be observed by the people for ever,—that no landowner or tiller of the land should ever presume to sleep upon a bedstead, but upon the earth; that no one should strike a Mussulman, under penalty of perdition; and that *no farmer or cowkeeper should ever adulterate the milk supplied to the true believers.* The first and third of these laws are remarkable and, they say, are much talked of, but little heeded; as to the second, the Mussulman is more likely to strike the Hindoo than the Hindoo the Mussulman. The tombs of several distinguished natives—Mashud, Abdalla, Fazil Ali,—adorn the town. One of its most interesting features is the Saracenic palace of a former Nawaub—the Palace of Forty Pillars, now, like so many other buildings that we have already seen, falling into ruins. Occupying a fine position on the bank of the Ganges, it has in the centre an octagonal room, around which are four square alternate with four eight-sided apartments, all supported on light and elegant arches. Around the central room is a space for water. Between the arches rich curtains were doubtless hung, while fountains cooled the air. Truly it must have been a luxurious dwelling! An elegant mosque stands on the north side of the "bazaar," and behind it is a large well into which it is said that Aurungzebe cast the wives of fifty young Hindoos whom he had put to the sword. Various other interesting remains of antiquity are scattered

* It appears that pilgrimages are paid both by Hindoos and Moslems to the tomb of this saint at Shbraghat.

about the neighbourhood. The relics of Mahommedan buildings are in general far more stately and impressive than those of the Hindoos.

We have mentioned the tomb of Lord Cornwallis. If we cannot pride ourselves on the magnificence of his monument, we may on the character and exploits of the man. Uniting most happily the differing qualifications of soldier and statesman, he was brave, independent, upright, diligent, and humane. Although bred to arms from his youth, he was averse to the shedding of blood. He served his country in many parts of the world; and having been appointed Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief in India, distinguished himself in his first administration by his victories over Tippoo Sahib, his justice to the native princes, and his unwearied efforts for the welfare of the people. Called a second time at an advanced age to the government of our Indian Empire, and unwillingly accepting it, he entered, heart and soul, into its duties; and died at this station on his way to the Upper Provinces to take command of the Army. Napoleon declared that Lord Cornwallis, by his integrity, fidelity, frankness, and nobility of sentiment, was the first who had impressed him with a favourable opinion of our countrymen; and designated him "a man of honour! a true Englishman!" And his epitaph declares that his virtues will live in the remembrance of grateful millions. It may be lamented that he appears to have taken little interest in the encouragement of Christian Missions; this, however, must not blind us to his great merits.*

We soon repaired to see the famous rose-fields, but could not, of course, expect to find them in flower at this period of the year. It was something, however, to be near the grounds: fancy might dream of the beautiful blossoms and the rich perfumes which in due time would charm the eye and scent the air.

Meanwhile I resumed my poem "The Soldier," and persistently went on with it. I might have been encouraged in my work by the recollection of what many had done before me. The illustrious Cæsar (if I may dare to mention him), amid the

* The reader need hardly be reminded of the monument to Lord Cornwallis in St. Paul's Cathedral.

toils of war, wrote, it is probable, his unrivalled "Commentaries," or, at least, the notes from which they were compiled. Bunyan, Camoëns, Cervantes, Chaucer, Dante, Descartes, Ben Jonson, Lamarck, Ignatius Loyola, Niepce, Sidney, Lope de Vega, and others, had probably meditated—had possibly sketched out—while serving, the works they produced after leaving the Army; Körner had written his famous songs in the camp; and, on the very morning of the battle in which he fell, his matchless song "The Sword!"*; and I would endeavour in my humble way to follow in their train.†

Some three months passed away. One morning, just as we had finished breakfast, intelligence was brought that a Government elephant, which had for some time been confined

* Under the influence of the Fatherland's call to arms, Körner volunteered as a soldier. When the corps he joined was solemnly consecrated in the village church of Rogan, a few days later, the service was opened with a chorale set to Körner's words, "Dem Herrn Allein die Ehrie"; when, soon after, he was sent with Petersdorf on a mission to Dresden, he published his "Address to the People of Saxony"; and afterwards his wild war songs, sung by many voices, helped to spread that fervour in the corps which made it peculiarly terrible to the enemy. His last poem, "Das Schwertes," was scribbled in his pocket-book at dawn on August 26th, when the corps was prepared for action; and he was reading it to a friend when the order to attack was given. It is the wildest of all his war songs, a love rhapsody to his sword, the soldier's bride; and it was this poem that suggested the refrain of Mrs. Hemans' beautiful verses to his memory. (See "The Death-Day of Körner," and "The Grave of Körner," in Mrs. Hemans' Poems.) One stanza from his "Men and Dastards" may be given:—

"The land is roused, the storm breaks loose—
What traitor hand now shrinks from its use?
Shame on the palefac'd wretch, who cowers
In chimney corners and damsels' bowers;
Shame on thee, craven recreant sot!
Our German maidens greet thee not!
Our German carols joy thee not!
Our German wine inspires thee not!
On in the van!
Man to Man!
Whoe'er a falchion's hilt can span!"

† This has since been done by another writer. In 1865 was published "Soldiering in Sunshine and Storm," by Wm. Douglas, Private 10th Royal Hussars; "written," says the author, "amid the noise and tumult of a barrack-room." He expresses his "hope that for this reason his countrymen will kindly make allowance for defects which may be attributed to this cause, by bearing in mind that a soldier has no retreat, no home, no castle of his own (where none dare enter if he forbid it), like any other British workman; and so, if he writes at all, it must be in the midst of many comrades, and at intervals snatched from many distracting duties." An interesting little book entitled "Four Years' Service in India," by Corporal Ryder (see notes, pp. 85 and 116), has also been published since he left the Army.

in irons as a punishment for ill conduct, had broken loose, killed his keeper and one or two other persons, and was running wildly about the station, tearing up and throwing down all that lay in his way. Orders were immediately issued for the regiment to turn out, with muskets and ball ammunition; and in less than ten minutes after the first report had been made we were doubling in full force after the offender. On arriving at the spot to which we had been directed, we found him quietly engaged in making a meal of the branches he had stripped from a young mango tree; and, as he appeared docile, some of us ventured to approach within a few yards, thinking to secure without injuring him; when suddenly he wheeled round, and tore through the midst of us in a moment, tossing his trunk, and stamping his feet at an awful rate, but not attempting to hurt any one. Like an arrow he went through the field of oats that bordered the racecourse, and across the plain; now going to the right, now to the left; sometimes stopping for a moment to take breath and look back at his pursuers (all of whom were far behind him, save those on horseback, and even these could only now and then get near him). We followed on, however, and managed for some time to keep him in sight. At length we could do even this no longer. But it required not the keen optical or nasal powers of an Ojibewa to trace him; the impression of his feet on the soil, the broken reeds, the crushed grass, pointed out the way he had gone. Yet we could not overtake him, and were obliged by-and-by to return. A troop of cavalry, and perhaps some artillery, would probably soon have been sent after him, but that he was ere long found quietly feeding in his accustomed place near the barracks. It would appear probable that having had some heavy duty assigned him, he had received too liberal an allowance of grog; that this had aroused his ill-temper and led him to rebel; but that, having exhausted his rage, he had become penitent, and had humbly returned to his post. We afterwards saw him in charge of one of his late keeper's little children, which lay at his feet while he watched over and carefully fanned it with a leafy branch that he had stripped from a neighbouring tree; and have reason to believe that from this time forward the huge creature was himself as docile as an infant.

At last, in March, came the ROSES! They were, of course, beautiful. Could roses be less? But they were not all I had expected. They were small blossoms, grown on low bushes, formally planted in very large fields, roughly cultivated, and remorselessly plucked by rude hands every morning as soon as they bloomed.

"The rose is sweetest washed with morning dew,"

and it is *then* that in all their sweetness these roses are gathered. They are of the species named *R. damascena.* India has many different species,* and Asia, it may be remembered, a greater number of species and varieties than all the rest of the world.

The gathering of the flowers is performed systematically by a multitude of poor labourers, who, while carefully securing every full-blown flower, think of nothing except their wages. Yet we must not forget that in India, as in Persia, at least to cultivated minds, every indigenous flower, as has been said, has become the symbol of some attribute or idea, and speaks a language of which we have not learnt the alphabet. Two hundred thousand flowers are required to produce a rupee's weight of *atta gool,*† which is made from the oil that floats on the surface of the distilled roses. This costly essence is like the Divine love, which everywhere diffuses a heavenly fragrance. The skimmed rose water ‡ is largely used in every native household, and also in medicine.

Summer now advanced. Oh, the lassitude and weariness of life that came over us! Oh, the terrible, once loved, sunrise (so early, too)! the very river reflecting, like a looking-glass,

* "The white rose is as common on the plains of Bengal as a dog rose is in England, and associated with cocoa-nuts, palms, mangoes, plantains, and banyans, has never yet attracted the attention of botanists, though the species was described by Roxburgh. As a geographical fact it is of great importance, for the rose is usually considered a northern genus, and no kind but this inhabits a damp, hot tropical climate. Even in mountainous countries situated near the equator, as in the Himalaya and Andes, wild roses are very rare, and only found in great elevations, whilst they are unknown in the southern hemisphere. It is curious that this rose, which is also a native of Burma and the Indian Peninsula, does not in this latitude grow west of the meridian of 87°; it is confined to the upper Gangetic delta, and inhabits a climate in which a wild rose would least of all be looked for."—*Hooker.*

† *Anglicé* "Otto of Roses." This quantity would be worth about a hundred rupees (or £10) at the seat of manufacture.

‡ This is sold at about half a rupee (or a shilling) per quart.

the dazzling outpour.* As for NIGHT!—*often* (beset in the gloom by the heavy dragoons, light cavalry, and innumerable skirmishers of the couch) have I gone into the bath-house, and thrown myself on the stone floor, wishing only that I could trust myself to sleep up to my chin in water, that I might find relief from the intolerable air! At last, being almost flayed, I was taken into hospital, and lay there, for a time, in cloths soaked in oil. I seemed to suffer more than anyone else.

By-and-by the RAINS came on. "The worst season in India," says somebody, "is the rains; the lulls between the gales and showers are absolutely awful." With these, too, come a multiplication of mosquitoes, flying bugs, etc. But the cooler and more genial weather succeeded.

During the present year (1840) *Lord Auckland severed the old connection between the British Government and the popular faiths*, by handing over to the care of the Brahmins the revenues derived from Hindoo temples and religious rites, and by forbidding the Company's troops to parade, and the Civil Officers to attend, at public gatherings in honour of Native Festivals.†

Ghazeepore is famous for its stately Banyan trees. Many of

Richardson well depicts this in his Indian sonnet on

NOON.

"The lord of day, with fierce, resistless might,
Clad in his robes of glory, reigned on high,
And checked the timid gaze of mortal eye
With the refulgence of his forehead bright.
I marked with fevered brow his form of light
Glare on the silver wave that slumbered nigh,
And sought the dryads' haunt, where zephyr's sigh
Came like a hallowed tone of sad delight
To soothe the wanderer's soul. Beneath the shade
Of wide root-dropping banians, fit to be
At such a time the dreaming minstrel's bower,
On bright-winged visions flew the noontide hour;
While Fancy's hand those dear home scenes portrayed,
Whose living charms I never more may see!"

BERNIER thus describes *his* experience of an Indian summer:—"The whole face, hands, and feet are flayed, and my whole body is covered with small red pustules, which prick like needles. Yesterday one of our horsemen, who happened to have no tent, was found dead at the foot of a tree, which he had grasped in his last agonies. I doubt whether I shall be able to hold out till night. All my hopes rest on a little curds, which I steep in water, and a little sugar, with four or five lemons. The very ink is dried up at the point of my pen, and the pen itself drops from my hands."

† See TROTTER'S "India under Victoria." But see also page 370 of this vol.

these, and of the mango * groves we have seen, have been planted by public-spirited natives, who have desired to live in the grateful recollections of their countrymen, and to have their prayers for the welfare of the planters while they enjoy the shade and eat of the fruit. And the banyan trees may remind us of Moore's charming lines:

"They tell us of an Indian tree,
Which, howsoe'er the sun and sky
May tempt its boughs to wander free,
And shoot and blossom wide and high,

"Far better loves to bend its arms
Downward again to that dear earth,
From which the life that fills and warms
Its graceful being once had birth.

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* "There are in India so many sorts and varieties of this rich fruit, which, in fact, may be called, for its abundance, the Indian apple, that it would take a volume to describe them. As a mere tree it is valuable, being of not very slow growth, and affording, by its dense, dark shade, the most grateful shelter from '*the traveller's enemy*,' the SUN. Its wood is most extensively used, and, in fact, the planks supply, for a large part of India, the uses of fir plank in Europe; and when carefully preserved by paint, it lasts many years. The fruits in their season are so abundant in all the bazaars that the cows are often regaled with them, and always with the stones, which they crunch, apparently, with great delight. A curious fact is that in remote villages, near extensive forest tracts, the bears, at the season of the fruit, are known to invade the mango topes, and to take possession of them till they have devoured all the fruit, in spite of all the efforts of the villagers to drive them out! The finest mangoes on the Bengal side of India are said to be those of Malda; though there are certainly some in the neighbourhood of Calcutta equal or superior to them. The finest in all India are said to be those of Goa, where they have been cultivated by the Portuguese. Until of late years, however, little or no attention was paid to the sorts planted; or, at all events, it was rarely thought, by natives at least, worth the trouble or expense of sending far for good kinds; the topes, indeed, being as often planted as an act of piety, to afford shade, as for the fruit, which he who planted rarely expected to taste. Good grafts, and those upon good stocks, are now more sought after, especially in the neighbourhood of large towns, where a few mango trees, if bearing choice fruit, are valuable property. Perhaps nothing can show more strongly what the mango may become by careful cultivation, than the fact that at the plantation of Black River, in the Isle of France, no less than twelve varieties of the most exquisite flavour, of sizes from a large apple to that of a man's head, some almost without stones, have been obtained by the care and attention of a long series of years. The mango, in India, is eaten in every possible form, and an extensive trade is carried on in the young green and acid fruits, which, being dried in the sun, are sold in all the bazaars as a favourite for curries. The crop of this fruit is very uncertain, as the prevalence of fogs at the time of flowering, drought, or storms, will often destroy a large crop in a few hours."—*Stocqueler's Oriental Interpreter.*

"And thus, tho' wooed by flattering friends,
And fed with fame, if fame it be,
This heart, my own dear mother, bends
With love's true instinct, back to thee."

We are now in the midst of the chief Opium district in British India: the cultivation—a Government monopoly, as we have said,—extends a vast way along the banks of the Ganges: *a field more fateful than many a battle plain.* The district is divided into two Agencies, Benares and Behar, and of the former Ghazeepore is the Central Factory.

Ghazeepore is also the seat of one of the Government Studs; an important establishment, superintended by European officers; and famous for turning out useful horses at moderate prices.

There are numerous SATIS—monuments commemorating the burning of Hindoo widows—in and near Ghazeepore, where such murderous spectacles were formerly more frequent than even in Calcutta.

But time passes. Christmas comes and goes, with the usual feasting of the officers and carousing of the men. Early in 1842 we had orders to prepare for the march, and presently came "THE ROUTE!" We were to go by BENARES, the *sacred city of the Hindoos*,—and ALLAHABAD, "the *city of God*" of the *Mahommedans*, and the place of the MEETING OF THE GANGES AND THE JUMNA,—to CAWNPORE, the *city of the sandy waste!*

SONG.

A SONG TO THE BRAVE OF OLD! A *song!*
We have talked of them oft, we have dreamt of them long,—
How they dared distant climes, and faced legions of foes,
How they laughed at hard fare, and thought nothing of blows!
We have gazed on the tombs where the victors sleep;
O'er the dust of the slain we have bent to weep;
But though we may sigh, we should do them wrong,
If they were forgot in the *Song*, the SONG!

'Twas not for themselves that they fought and bled—
Those giants of old who now dwell with the dead—
For a world then unborn, for a far distant time,
Gave they youth in its vigour, and health in its prime!
For Light and for Commerce, for Truth and for Peace,
To shield the oppressed, and the captive release;
From tyrants to wrest repayment for wrong,
They gave up their lives! LET THEM LIVE THEN IN SONG!

CHAPTER VII.

THE HOLY CITY.

WE have reached the sacred city of BENARES, on the left bank of the Ganges (420 miles by land from Calcutta),* the most holy shrine of the Hindoo faith, the "Lotus of the World," the reputed CENTRE OF THE EARTH; alleged to be *coeval with the Creation*, and to have been *originally constructed of gold*, and certainly of remote antiquity, while *it has ever retained its supremacy*:† the city of three hundred and thirty million ideal "gods" (everywhere represented by multitudes of images), thousands of idol temples, twenty thousand idol priests, three or four hundred thousand annual pilgrims,‡ innumerable beggars, swarms of monkeys, and countless Brahmin kine:§ the city of Sanscrit learning,

* Travellers by water can only reach Benares by being cooped up in a boat for about two months.

† There is nothing to tell us the date of the foundation of Benares. But "twenty-five centuries ago, at the least," says Mr. Sherring, in his "Sacred City of the Hindus," "it was famous. When Babylon was struggling with Nineveh for supremacy, when Tyre was planting her colonies, when Athens was growing in strength, before Rome had become known, or Greece had contended with Persia, or Cyrus had added lustre to the Persian monarchy, or Nebuchadnezzar had captured Jerusalem and the inhabitants of Jerusalem had been carried into captivity, she had already risen to greatness, if not to glory. Nay, she may have heard of the fame of Solomon, and have sent her ivory, her apes, and her peacocks to adorn his palaces; while partly with her gold he may have overlaid the Temple of the Lord." Yet not many of the existing structures are old. The very oldest are certain Moslem tombs and buildings supposed to be of the fifteenth century; and there are said to be many Indian cities that have older remains. Nor was the city always of its present extent. Much of it has within a comparatively recent period been redeemed from the jungle.

‡ The road to Benares, like that to Juggernauth and other great places of Hindoo pilgrimage, is a scene of misery; multitudes expire on the way by cholera, fever, and exhaustion, and no one of their fellow-Hindoos seems to go to their relief.

§ The devotion of the Hindoos to both the Brahmins and the kine was

and of the Vedas, Shastras, and Puranas—the Rome and the Athens, the Jerusalem and the Mecca, the Oxford and the Cambridge of Hindostan—KASHI, THE SPLENDID, THE GLORIOUS! ("founded on the trident of Siva, and exempt from all earthquakes"); to which the eyes of innumerable millions turn, and have turned for ages, as the metropolis of their religion. It has, moreover, been called the Indian Venice. Its appearance from the river is imposing, presenting in a great crescent-like sweep of some three miles and a half, and often more than a hundred feet high, large and stately flights of colossal stone steps—the famous *ghats*—leading

well shown in the case of a late female ruler. Baka Bai was very devout. Rising at 5 a.m., she devoted the early hours of the day to the worship of cows and the *tulsi* tree, after which she sat down to repeat the names of her gods, and, with the help of the rosary, to mark her progress when interrupted and obliged to converse with any one on worldly business. In the forenoon she was waited on by her priests, when she bathed, adored the sun, presented offerings at the shrines of her idols, and listened to poems in their praise. Having repeated her homage to the sun and to a cow, she went round a certain number of ants' hills, and fed the tiny insects with sugar. This was followed by the worship of Brahmins. Those who had assisted in her devotions were joined by others, who sat down to dinner with them in the palace. Before they commenced, the old lady, approaching the first, applied to his forehead the coloured mark usually made on idols, set before him a small spoonful of water, into which he thrust his toe, and ended by presenting him with an offering of bel leaves, flowers, and money. When she had thus gone through the whole company with the holy water that each Brahmin had thus consecrated, she retired to an adjoining room and drank it off for the remission of her sins. In the afternoon alms were distributed to the poor. The evening, when she partook of her only meal, witnessed proceedings similar to those of the forenoon, *especially the adoration of cows*. Every day did this zealous lady spend at least twelve hours in the rites of her religion, and at her own expense entertain fifteen Brahmins, and double that number of Gossains, in addition to all the priests and mendicants who had been supported by the preceding ruler.

More recently Baka Bai fell sick, and as she was about eighty years old, it was feared that her end was at hand. Five cows were therefore introduced into the room where she lay, in order that they might be bestowed on Brahmins. Each cow was led up to her couch. The Brahmin to whom it was to be given stood at its head, and the invalid was lifted up so that she might take hold of its tail; and thus it was presented. The gift was accompanied by a further donation of fifty or a hundred rupees; and as the animal and the recipient passed from the bedside, they were supposed to help the giver forward on her way to heaven. As she became worse, an order was issued for a feast, and handsome sums of money were directed to be given to the Brahmins. One of the last acts of her life was to call for a cow; and having fallen at its feet, as far as her fast-waning strength would permit her, she offered it grass to eat, and addressed it by the venerated name of "*mother*." While she was engaged in giving away more cows to the Brahmins she expired.

from the water to the city, rising in terraces, and having one or more temples associated with each of them. (Some of these temples, however, have sunk, and others are falling; being undermined, as it would seem, by the very River the people worship.) There are also many rude pathways up the embankment. Most of the ghats, we are told, have been built by pious rajahs and nobles. At the summit, and all along the bank, to the right and left, rising one above another, are pagodas, palaces (for numerous deposed princes live here *), fortress-like houses, gateways, terraces, colonnades, balconies, carved oriels, towers, domes, pinnacles, of Oriental architecture, in strange and wild disorder; many grotesquely —many very indecently—painted and sculptured; others most delicately, elegantly, and elaborately carved, crowded with bas-reliefs, and lavishly ornamented, interspersed with trees, many-storied mansions (on the flat roofs of which the inmates are seen walking), huts, images, figures of bulls, altars, rows of sick people brought down to the Ganges to die, and, in one place,—the Munikurnika ghat—some burning piles whereon smoke the dead, while demon-like attendants stir up the fires with long rods of iron, and throw jars of oil on the corpses, whose ashes (like those of many others from all parts of India, sent hither for the purpose) are afterwards cast into the river.† (Here, by-the-bye, is a party of men, bearing in thick wrappers a body they have probably brought from

* The Rajah of Benares resides at Ramnuggur, near the north end of the city, in a noble castellated mansion. An interesting account of a visit paid to his Highness by Madame Pfeiffer, in company with a travelling associate, will be found in that lady's "Journey Round the World," p. 169. Madame Pfeiffer observes that for many years no one has died in the palace which the Rajah occupies. The reason of this is said to be that a former Rajah once asked a Brahmin what would become of the soul of any one who died in the palace, to which it was replied that it would go to heaven. The Rajah repeated the question ninety-nine times, and always received the same answer; but on asking the hundredth time the Brahmin lost patience, and answered that it would go *into a donkey*. Since that time every one, from the prince to the meanest servant, leaves the palace as soon as he feels himself unwell. Rajahs and men of high social position in all parts of India pride themselves on having a house at Benares.

† "The dying person often sees the stake erected on which his body is to be burned. Nor is the body allowed to get cold; but as soon as life is extinct it is put upon the pile, and the fire kindled. Instances are not rare when the body was not really dead, and when it rose up as the flames began to scorch it. In such a case the Hindoos believe a bad spirit has entered the corpse, and knock it down with bamboos. The skull, which

afar for cremation.) Numerous other bodies, too, are seen lying on the bank, waiting their turn to be reduced to ashes. Here also are several Satis, testifying to the widow-burning of old time; and here and there little altars of mud, on which the sacred *tulsi*,* a representative of the spouse of Vishnu, is an object of adoration, and is carefully tended by the devout. Amid all wander swarms of pilgrims, many of them in coloured garments—red, green, or yellow—bearing symbols of the gods they severally worship, and whose *names* they shout aloud. (Every Hindoo is expected to visit Benares at least once in his lifetime, to wash away his sins,† and to acquire merit for himself and for his innumerable ancestors, and his equally innumerable descendants.) A little before sunrise, when the daughters of Benares are fetching water from the wells for domestic use in the jars they carry on their heads—and when the high-class ladies (who retire early) come to bathe—these pilgrims may be seen thronging the ghats like ants, as they come and go, in their vari-coloured clothes, feeing the priests —"the Sons of the Ganges"—that line the way (some seated in little kiosks, some under great white or straw umbrellas) to receive their contributions; descending the banks, and bathing by hundreds, and even by thousands,—*many* thousands ‡—men, women,§ and children—in the yellow and turbid stream

cannot be consumed in the fire, must be crushed by the nearest relative, that the soul may escape. In performing this dreadful operation, he often sprinkles his garment with the brains, which have become liquid in the fire. The poorer classes make far less ceremony, and throw the body in as it is; and frequently it is again cast on shore. I have seen dogs, jackals, and vultures fighting for and devouring the corpses, and crows sitting on the floating carcasses, tearing off the flesh. In times when fevers and cholera prevail in large towns, hundreds and thousands of bodies are daily and weekly thrown into the river, and the piles on which they are consumed continue burning day and night; in those seasons the shores of the Ganges resemble a charnel-house."—*Weitbrecht.*

* Tulsi, the plant Basil (*Ocymum*).

† "SIN" is understood by the Hindoos to be an offence against the laws of caste, or an omission of some of the many ceremonies required to be observed in the worship of the gods; while "HOLINESS" consists in a full compliance with these.

‡ The daily average has been estimated at 50,000. On the occasion of an eclipse the numbers are greatly increased—as many as 100,000 are often assembled; they then rush *all together* into the water at a given signal (when the shadow is first seen), and a mighty wave, which sometimes upsets boats filled with people, is sent rolling towards the opposite shore. Numerous lives have been lost in this way.

§ One ghat is reserved for the women (the younger of whom are attended

(one drop of which is said to be sufficient to cleanse the sins of the whole world, while even to cry "GUNGA! GUNGA!" at a hundred leagues' distance will atone for the offences of three previous lives); taking up the water in their hands, and presenting it to the sun, *as he rises*, with loud or muttered prayer, or pouring it over themselves from their brazen *lotas*, as they stand among boats, rafts, and craft of various kinds laden with other pilgrims,* or with the commerce, inward and outward, for which, as well as for its manufacturing industries, the city is famous. Many of the women have bunches of flowers † (jessamine, marigolds, etc.), which they have purchased of the priests in or near the temples, and which they cast into the stream as an offering. Among all are to be seen the Brahmin bulls, bearing the marks of consecration to Siva. A constant roar and din proceeds from the immense multitude, with which a continual tinkling of bells and rough music, with the blowing of conch-shells,‡ intermingle. When the bathers come back to the shore (which is tinted with their many-coloured clothes

by their duennas). They may be seen coming out of the water with their wet robe clinging closely around them, displaying all the classic and captivating beauty of the ancient Grecian female form.

* "If a boat on the Ganges filled with people be upset—a thing which frequently happens—nobody cares for the cries of the drowning; the boatmen, who are only a few yards distant, remain unconcerned spectators, and continue smoking their hookahs or eating their food, shouting *Ishwurer ichas dubija giachen* (God has decreed it; they are drowned)."—*Weitbrecht.*

† "India may be called a paradise of flowers: the most beautiful lilies grow spontaneously on the sandy shores of the rivers, and from every projecting cliff some blooming shrub drops its flowerets into the waves below.

"In some parts of the Ganges every wave appears to bring with it clusters and coronets of the largest and most beautiful flowers; so numerous are the garlands which the worshippers of the deity of the stream throw into its glittering waters—the sacred lotus, large white, yellow, and scarlet flowers."—*Miss Roberts.*

"Here (in Benares)," says Mr. Grant Duff, in 1875, "I found, amongst other flowers of an English garden, the white candytuft, the daisy, the mignonette, the violet, the escholtzia, the common yellow marigold, the heartsease, the china-aster, and roses of many sorts, known to florists but unknown to me, from Count Cavour and Souvenir de Malmaison upwards and downwards. These took one's thoughts to the north; but here, too, I found the *Bignonia venusta* in all the glory of its flower, a perfect wall of orange blossom. Here was the exquisite leaf of the *Uvaria longifolia*, and the lichi which Macaulay has made famous. Here was the colvillia, alas! not in flower, but growing into a great tree. Here were the kadumba and the asoka of the forests, and here, above all, were the most graceful bamboos, now trimmed into hedges, now growing as high as our highest elms."

‡ "The conch-shell, used in India as a wind instrument, is often beauti-

spread out to dry), they each bring a small vessel of Ganges water to pour over the images of their several gods as they go home, before returning to which they have the distinctive marks of their respective castes painted afresh on their foreheads by the priests. A crowd may here and there be observed around some learned Brahmin, who is reading and expounding to them the Mahâbhârata or Râmâyana. It is a marvellous and a curious sight, and, taking it altogether, *there is absolutely nothing like it in the world.* And "here every inch of ground, every clod of earth, is hallowed, and the very air believed to be holy." * BENARES IS THE GLORY OF HINDOOISM!

At the same time it must be said that Benares is a very dirty city—nay, a very *filthy* one. Where so many congregate, where there is no drainage, and, as it would seem, no provision for cleansing the streets, this is, of course, to be expected. And its outward condition, if we may judge from what is visible all around, is but a type of its moral and spiritual state.

In the evenings the people congregate on the ghats, not so much for devotion as for recreation; nay, more, *it is said* that the men come to "ogle" the women, and the latter to chat and make friends, and—shall we tell it?—to *flirt*, and the older ones to make matches for their sons and daughters. *Human nature is everywhere the same.*

Benares, however, is not wholly Hindoo, as is testified by the magnificent Mosque of Aurungzebe,† built on the ruins of a Hindoo temple, *thrown down for the purpose*,‡ and having two most beautiful needle-like minarets rising proudly,

fully mounted in silver and gold. It is the *Turbinella rapa* of naturalists, and all that is required to make it sonorous is to drill a hole through its base. When blown into, the wind passing through the different whorls produces a loud, sharp, and piercing sound, which is heard far and wide; and hence its great esteem as a war trumpet. It is used in religious services to call the attention of the gods to their worshippers, and also at the conclusion of certain ceremonies."—*Birdwood.*

* Monier Williams.

† Aurungzebe changed the very name of Benares to Muhammedabad.

‡ Mr. Fergusson thinks it was the principal edifice of its class in the city, and that it probably occupied a spot on which for thousands of years the Brahmins had worshipped the sun. "It is worthy of notice," says Mr. Sherring, "as illustrating the nature of Mahommedan rule in India, that nearly all the buildings in Benares of acknowledged antiquity have been appropriated by the Mussulmans, being used as mosques, mausoleums, dargahs, and so forth; and also that a large portion of the separate pillars,

and as it seems tauntingly, far above all around, from whose heights, we presume, is five times daily proclaimed over this idolatrous city THERE IS NO GOD BUT GOD! besides which there are more than 300 other mosques (many of them, however, said to be ruined and deserted). The estimated population is about 450,000 Hindoos and 60,000 Mahommedans. It should be remembered, moreover, that Benares was the *birthplace* (in the sixth century before Christ), and for 800 years the headquarters, of BUDDHISM, with whose temples, convents, monuments, followers, and pilgrims, it was crowded; though after that time it returned to Hindooism, of which it has ever since continued to be the metropolis. The remains of a great Buddhist temple-monastery,* "the most modern example," says Fergusson, "of their class in India," are yet to be seen at Sarnath, near Benares, *which* BUDDHA *himself seems to have visited*, and in the neighbourhood of which he certainly first set forth the "Four Noble Truths" of his faith, and contended with the Brahmins. Many other fragmentary Buddhist remains have been found, and may even now be observed; and Benares is revered by the Buddhists of Ceylon, Indo-China, China, and Thibet, as well as by the Hindoos. As the birthplace of both Hindooism and Buddhism, it commands the homage and respect of a large proportion of the human race.

It seems clear that most of the Mahommedan conquerors of North India forbade the Hindoos to build large pagodas, and

architraves, and various other ancient remains, contribute to the support or adornment of their edifices."

Mahmoud of Gour in 1197 swept away all ancient relics in Benares, and a thousand Hindoo temples were consigned by him to destruction. Previous to that period, innumerable contests took place between the followers of Brahma and Buddha; but subsequently the followers of the Koran and the Vedas have often had severe conflicts; and a battle was once fought between the partisans of those creeds in Benares, which was caused by the Mussulmans killing a cow and throwing its blood into the Ganges, while the Hindoos, in retaliation, flung pieces of pork into a mosque.

It should be remembered, however, that there are various *sects* among the Hindoos, each of which is in conflict with all the others, and endeavours to give precedence to its own gods. The Mahommedans, too, as we have already intimated, are divided among themselves.

* The earliest faith, of which there are any architectural monuments in India, is that of Buddhism, from the time of the prevalence of which the sequence is unbroken—*i.e.*, from about 250 B.C.

suffered them only to erect temples like cages for their idols, as the Hindoos of the present day do.* Some rich men, however, erect many of these. The idols, as we have already said, are of two kinds, permanent and temporary; the former are those kept in the temples and the houses of the wealthy; and the Linga, a black cylindrical stone, somewhat resembling the Phallic emblem of the Greeks, and representing reproduction, is one of them. Most of the temples consist of a quadrangular outer court (sometimes furnished with a verandah for the accommodation of visitors), and an edifice at one end containing the shrine, which is itself divided into two parts, the vestibule and the inner *sanctum*. The oldest † and the chief of all the temples in Benares, and "the holiest place" (as it is called) "in the whole world," is the Bisseshwar, or Golden Temple of Siva, whom all that come to this city are bound to acknowledge supreme; for Siva is "the great god" of Benares, and to him most of the temples are dedicated, and all other gods are subordinate.‡ Some of these temples are magnificent edifices. The Bisseshwar (which is situated in the closest and most crowded part of the city) is a very small temple with gilt dome and spire, and a flagstaff surmounted by a trident; it has a large stone bull outside it, sacred to Siva; while within are the monumental Linga, and figures of that hideous god himself.§ This temple is always open, save from midnight to four o'clock in the morning; and, while open, one or more priests always attend it: the way to it is often blocked by the sacred kine. A row of bells hangs within, which the worshippers tinkle, as they enter, to attract the attention of

* There is a marked difference between the temples of North and South India, the latter being frequently of gigantic dimensions.

† Yet it was erected only in the last century, to replace the one on the ruins of which the Mosque of Aurungzebe was founded.

‡ "It appears that there is an order of worshippers of Siva who believe that they propitiate his godship by feeding on filth and animal excreta of all kinds. The author of the Agama-prakasa asserts that 'instances occur of fanatical members of the sect eating corpses stolen from Mahommedan burial grounds, and that the head of that sect subsists on scorpions, lizards, and loathsome insects left to putrefy in a dead man's skull.'"—*Monier Williams.*

§ "Siva," says Baboo Bholanauth Chunder, "with his matted locks, besmeared body, and half-closed eyes, well personifies the man who drinks a glass too much. The toper-god may be thought to represent the Indian Bacchus."

the god,* producing a constant clamour; while a band is stationed near, which makes a horrible noise with brass instruments and shells.† Attached thereto is a Holy Well, said to be "The *Sweat* of Siva," into which offerings of flowers, rice, sugar, etc., are continually cast by the devotees, the stench of which, as they decompose, is abominable, and of which the worshippers drink with devout delight, receiving the gift in both hands from the priest. (*Just by is a box for thank-offerings.*) Near this is the MANI-KARNIKA, another Sacred Well of the very highest reputation, and universally resorted to by the pilgrims, but horribly foul, to bathe in which "cleanses" (instantly) "from all sin." Many chiefs of distant provinces, who cannot themselves come to Benares, send deputies hither to worship and receive the benefit on their behalf.

Close by the Bisseshwar is the Temple of Unna Poorna—a far more stately building, with a grand choir—in which that goddess is represented as a little woman with a body of marble, a gilt face, and four arms, holding in her hands the utensils of a Hindoo kitchen; over which it may be presumed she is thought to preside in every household of her worshippers.

In the outskirts of the city is a reservoir—Pisach-Mochan—which all pilgrims must visit, and in which all residents of Benares must bathe at least once a year. An annual fair is held there, and no doubt attracts many of the *gypsies* of India.‡

The Temple of Kasi-devi, the goddess of Benares, is said to occupy the centre of the "Holy City." Near this is a temple dedicated to Vedavyas, the compiler of the Vedas, an image of whom occupies a niche in the wall.

* The temple bells of India are famous for the depth and purity of their tone.

† "The scene at vespers is one of great solemnity," says the Hindoo writer Baboo Bholanauth Chunder. "The altar is then brilliantly illumined. The emblem is richly adorned with garlands of flowers; aromatics are burned, to diffuse the fragrance of incense; various instruments are played upon, striking up an agreeable concert. Hymns chanted from the Vedas rise in sonorous accent; the chorus is swelled by the worshippers, and tune is kept by the beat of their palms. Dancing and songs follow in routine. The god is next served with his supper. Then he has his *bhang*, his *betel*, and his *chillum*, to go to bed, wrapped up in a shawl in winter, or a brocade in summer."

‡ This vagabond race *seems* to be *of Indian origin.*

There are numerous temples to Ganesa, the elephant-headed god.* The festival of this god is observed with special ceremonies at Benares.† "He is the god of wisdom, of prudence, and of commerce; and his presence wards off dangers; for which reason he presides over the doors of houses of business. All contracts open with the invocation of Ganesa, which is sometimes reduced to a simple sign, the form of which resembles the trunk adorning the face of the god."

One of the most beautiful and popular temples in Benares

* Strange to say, an *English* lady has prefaced her beautiful and interesting work "Wanderings of a Pilgrim in Search of the Picturesque," with the following invocation to Ganesa: "Work-perfecting Gŭnéshŭ! Salamut! Gănésh!—Gănésh! Two-mothered! One-toothed! Portly-paunched! Elephant-faced Gŭnéshŭ! Salām!! Moon-crowned! Triple-eyed! Thou who in all affairs claimest precedence in adoration! Calamity-averting Gănésh! Salām!! Thou who art invoked on the commencement of a journey, the writing of a book, Salām!! Oh! Gănésh, 'put not thine ears to sleep!' Encourage me, and then behold my bravery! Call me your own fox, then will you see me perform the exploits of a lion!' 'What fear need he have of the waves of the sea, who has Noah for a pilot?' First-born of Mohdaēō and Parvuti! God of Prudence and Policy! Patron of Literature! Salām!! May it be said, 'Ah! she writes like Gănésh!'"

† "The festival of Ganesa," says Monsieur Rousselet (1882), "is celebrated with extraordinary magnificence at Benares, where this deity possesses at least two hundred sanctuaries. Early in the morning processions are formed in front of each temple. An effigy of the god, made in terra-cotta expressly for the occasion, painted and ornamented with gilding and tinsel, is placed in a velvet palanquin, surmounted by a richly embroidered daïs; priests and musicians surround the idol, and the cortège moves on slowly towards the river. Before them advance the richly-robed bayadères, dancing a solemn measure and waving their scarves. These bayadères are young girls who have been widowed before becoming wives, whose families dedicate them to the service of the god to avoid seeing them become ordinary nautchnis. They lead a very retired life, at least to all appearance, and never dance except in the temple or at religious ceremonies.

"The numerous processions soon arrive on the quays, which then present a truly fairy-like scene. The crowds, dressed in their holiday attire, group themselves on the broad stairs of the ghats, the steps of which are not visible for the unceasing streams of Brahmins and bayadères surrounding the idols; and the river itself is covered with thousands of boats gaily adorned with flags. These boats are long skiffs, some with sails and some with oars. Their prows rise erect out of the water, and terminate in the figure of a bird or a quadruped; the centre, and sometimes the stern, being covered by a light pavilion supported by elegant gilt pillars. The idols, with the Brahmins and bayadères, take their places in the boats, which are ranged in order, and defile before the quays; and the songs and noise of instruments, and the clamours of the crowd, fill the air. The procession on the water continues until sunset, when, immediately upon the disappearance of the resplendent orb, the boats come to a standstill,

is that of Durga, the wife of Siva (identical with the goddess Kali of Calcutta); it is elaborately carved from base to pinnacle, but significantly smeared all over with red ochre, with which the tongue and lips of the image are dyed; for this goddess delights in blood, and in the sickness and death of mankind; and bloody sacrifices are presented to her, in the hope that she will accept the life of the animal offered in lieu of that of a human being; she is also applied to for various gifts which she is supposed to be able to bestow. Here occupying the various courts, floor, pillars, and roof of the temple, and swarming all around in the trees, on the houses, and in the streets and bazaars, are the "HOLY" MONKEYS, of a rich orange colour (representatives and near relatives of the god Hanuman), in thousands and tens of thousands—from the great, fat-paunched, long-bearded patriarch to the "baby" in arms—being revered (much to *their* satisfaction) as gods and goddesses, and allowed full licence to do as they please; of which licence they take every imaginable advantage, surrounding the visitor immediately he enters, and demanding gifts of all. They are fed with fond indulgence by their worshippers,* and daily witness the

and the idols are solemnly flung into the waters of the sacred stream. But the festival does not terminate there. The quays soon become full of light, fireworks burst out on all sides, and boats ornamented with lanterns line the vast bay in every direction. The Europeans and the wealthy Hindoos in their turn enter their boats, and, taking with them nautchnis and musicians, proceed to take part in the night fête, and enjoy the unrivalled spectacle."

* "These funny creatures," says Dr. Norman Macleod, "are fed by pilgrims; they enjoy the happiest, most guileless existence in Benares; and although panics have been occasioned by accidents befalling them—a broken leg having in one instance sent a foreboding gloom over the more religious inhabitants of the city—they themselves seem strangely unconscious of responsibility, and leap and climb, and jabber, and amuse themselves in a way which is really delightful to their human *descendants*!" "Often, however," says Sir Monier Williams (speaking of monkeys generally throughout India), "a troop will make its appearance in a village, tear off the roof of a native house, or do even worse damage out of sheer wantonness. Yet no householder would ever dream of reprisals. The sacred character of the monkey shields him from all harm." "It is certain death," Dr. Macleod further observes, "to a European to kill a monkey; and it is not long since a young officer who did this was shot in his bed by his servant. The wretched native had the true martyr spirit, though his light was but darkness. He entreated the lad not to kill the animal, assuring him that his fate was sealed if he did so. The young man persisted in wantonly destroying his former pet; and two days after-

sacrifices to Durga, which they appear to regard with considerable interest, climbing one over the other into the best places to observe them. "A certain Bengal rajah," says Sir Monier Williams, "spent 100,000 rupees in *marrying* a male and female monkey, with all the paraphernalia, pageant, and expense usual at the wedding of high-caste human beings. The male monkey was borne along in a costly vehicle, had a crown fastened on his head, and a whole array of servants to wait on him. The festivities lasted twelve days."

There is a temple sacred to the Naugrah, that is the SUN (specially worshipped on Sunday), the MOON (regarded as an all-powerful physician, though her adorers resort to human doctors), and the several great PLANETS. The Hindoos begin every important religious ceremony with the worship of the Naugrah.

A temple of the most aristocratic resort is that of Jageswar, the Lord of Sacrifice; which idol is merely a round block of stone, in which it is considered that Siva is embodied, and over which in hot weather a stream of water is continually directed to keep his godship cool.

Another temple is called the Temple of the Stick—a stone, four feet high, shaped like a truncheon, which sometimes receives a silver mask or face, and is especially worshipped on Sundays and Tuesdays, represents the official staff of the head police officer or magistrate, and is considered *the Divine protector of the city.* Priests with peacocks' feathers stand in front of this temple, and tap penitent offenders with these as a punishment for their sins.

One quadrangle of the Temple of Kameswar has its entire area filled with shrines, each containing several idols. Many temples in Benares have large collections of idols in them. The Trilochan (or Three-Eyed) seems to be a kind of pantheon for the general deposit of all sorts of divinities, which are placed on the floor, and inserted into the walls. Similar

wards this servant, who had been up to that fatal morning attached and devoted to him, shot him in the back with his own gun as he lay in his bed, and then stood quite still, holding the smoking weapon in his hands until he was seized. He never attempted to elude his fate or deny his crime, and the only grief he showed was for his young master's fate. As for his own doom, he never said more than 'He killed me as well as himself when he shot the monkey.'"

assemblages of idols are to be seen in other temples, amounting in some cases to several hundreds. On Ram Ghat is a temple filled with the most grotesque collection of deities in all Benares: "it is like a doll shop of a very vulgar description."

Amid all the temples, terraces, and spires, parrots, peacocks, and pigeons disport themselves.

IMAGES! IMAGES! *everywhere images!* Of gold and silver in palaces and princely mansions, and elsewhere of brass, of copper, of bronze, of wood, of mud, of cowdung! In the houses, in the streets, in the walls, and on the steps of the ghats they are seen, and all classes—the educated as well as the untaught—bowing down to them. The *amusement* of the people—men and women, old and young alike—is often the making to themselves *gods* of mud or of clay, which after they have made they worship and then throw away. These, and others which may be kept for awhile,* are the temporary idols before referred to. The Brahmins are said to believe in but one God manifested in a Trinity—Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva—but they *live* on the popular belief, which they sanction and encourage, of a countless pantheon.†

The people generally resort to the *old* temples. Many new temples have been erected in modern times; but these are regarded as family property, and are for the most part visited only by the relatives of those who erect them and the caste to which they belong.

With these temples, whether new or old, many childish and superstitious stories are associated. And the hideous and repulsive ugliness of many of the idols is remarkable. We need not describe them. Cruelty, impurity, falsehood, and all that is evil, are represented by and deified in them. The

* If an idol is to be *consecrated,* it is taken to a priest. He touches the forehead, eyes, breast, and other parts, pronouncing each time the words, "May the spirit of ——" (naming the god to whom it is dedicated) "descend and take possession of this image." The Hindoo is then assured that it becomes the dwelling of that divinity; or, as some Brahmins teach, is *converted into the substance of God.* But if a dog, a woman, or an European, should touch the idol, the divinity would fly from it. It may, however, be re-consecrated.

† We are told, however, that "there are but eleven, in addition to the triad and their consorts, who are universally recognised as distinct deities entitled to a separate worship. The others are either the same gods under different names, or the local divinities of particular districts; or, lastly, subordinate beings not entitled to the supreme honours of worship."

temples generally, though with their courts occupying severally a considerable space, are usually—as we have already seen—of very narrow dimensions, and contain only one small enclosure, in which, besides the presiding deity, several inferior deities are frequently placed, leaving not enough room for a dozen persons to present their offerings at the same time, and to observe the prescribed ceremonies in an orderly manner.

We are told by those who have frequented the pagodas that the worship of the idols is conducted somewhat as follows:—At the dawn of day comes from the various temples a din of horns and drums, enough to terrify any one not acquainted with the cause. At sunrise the officiating priest (in many of the temples musicians, vocalists, and dancing women also attend*), having first cleaned his teeth, bathed, and placed the sacred signs of his faith upon his forehead,† opens the door of the temple, and prostrates himself before the image: he washes it with Ganges water, rubs it with clarified butter (to make it shine, we suppose), says some prayers to it in a hurried way, strews flowers, sweetmeats, boiled rice, etc., before it, and begs it to enjoy itself. He then admits the lay worshippers (some of whom visit numerous temples, one after another, of a morning). Having bathed in the Ganges (the first thing to be done) and walked two or three times round the building, muttering their prayers,‡ they come, men and

* In the great temples they attend twice every day, to play and sing hymns in honour of the gods.

† These marks are made with white earth or paint, and are sometimes perpendicular, sometimes circular, and sometimes horizontal, according to the particular god whom the Brahmin specially worships, and who is symbolised thereby.

‡ "A story is told of a certain converted Hindoo, who took occasion to recount his experiences before becoming a Christian. It appears that he had been troubled with a constant longing for a vision of Vishnu, and in his distress consulted a Brahmin, who informed him that to obtain the desired vision he would have to repeat a particular text eight hundred thousand times. This he accomplished, by dint of hard work night and day, in three months; and on complaining to his friend, the Brahmin, that no result followed, was told that he must have made some slight mistake in the repetition of some one text, and that any such slip necessitated his going through the whole process again.

"The mere mechanical process of constantly repeating 'Hari'—one of the names of Krishna—is said to secure admission to Vishnu's heaven. Haridas is said to have retired to a secluded place for the purpose of repeating the word 'Hari' three hundred thousand times daily. Even a

women* (the latter often gaily dressed and profusely decorated with jewels), bringing offerings of money (*the most acceptable of all gifts*), Ganges water, oil, flowers, rice. They pour the water (which they have brought in their *lotas* from the river) over the head of the idol† (so that the floor of the temple soon becomes very sloppy), lay their offerings before it, perhaps adorn it with the flowers, prostrate themselves or bow down several times, tinkle the temple bell thrice, hand a present to the priest (who in many cases paints upon their brows the distinctive marks of caste‡); decorate with flowers any Brahmin bull that may be present, or give it flowers to eat; or if the *image* only of a bull be there, worship it and pass out. (There is no united service, conducted by a minister, as in a Christian congregation.) The priest now collects the eatables which have been offered, and breakfasts on them. If the weather be hot, he spreads a light net over the "god," to shield it from the mosquitoes; if cold, he puts a shawl round it, to keep it warm. Should it be an image of Vishnu, he lays it down after awhile to sleep. If in an ill-humour he probably abuses, and possibly even *chastises* it. At noon and at sunset§ worship is again offered it; and so the day passes.

On the occasion of great festivals—when the idols are placed on a car, brought out, and drawn in procession, or borne down the river—the worship is conducted in a manner characteristic of the grossest forms of idolatry. "Orgies which destroy every vestige of moral feeling, and excite to every outrage upon virtue," are then to be witnessed. Songs

blasphemous repetition of Krishna's name is believed to be sufficient to secure beatitude."—*Sir Monier Williams.*

* We learn that when a woman has made a vow for the purpose of having children, if she brings into the world a pretty daughter, it is taken to the idol and brought up by the Brahmins.

† The water which streams from the washed images is called "CHUNDA MIRT," or *Holy Water*, and is frequently drunk as a remedy for mental disorders.

‡ "I once said to a Brahmin who seemed proud of his perpendicular mark, 'What's the difference between you and your friend there with a horizontal mark?' 'Oh!' he replied, 'we are as different in opinions as the horizon from the zenith. He does his religion horizontally, I do mine perpendicularly; but we are very good friends notwithstanding."—*Sir Monier Williams.*

§ In temples of great popular resort the "services" may go on throughout the day.

of a gross and filthy character are openly sung, and the women dance indecently before the images.

There are numerous Hindoo festivals, of which the Divali, or Feast of Lamps, seems the most pleasing. "The Divali," says Sir Monier Williams, "is celebrated with splendid effect at Benares. There its magnificence is heightened by the situation of the city on the bank of the river, and the unique contour of the buildings. At the approach of night small earthen lamps, fed with oil, are prepared by millions, and placed quite close together, so as to mark out every line of mansion, palace, temple, minaret, and dome in streaks of fire. All the vessels in the river are lighted up, and the city is a blaze of light. Viewed from the water it presents a superb spectacle, 'a scene of fairy splendour,' the like of which is not to be seen in any other city of the world. Similar spectacles in the great European capitals appear absolutely paltry by comparison."

(Every day in the week, however, has its sacred character. "Monday is especially sacred to Siva. Pious persons often fast on this day, and worship the Linga in the evening. Saturday is Hanuman (the monkey god)'s day, and offerings are especially made to him on that day. Then the eighth day in every lunar fortnight is sacred to Durga. This is a day when no study is allowed, and therefore called Anadhyāya. Indeed, holy days and non-reading days may be multiplied indefinitely. Thus, a pupil will stop reading and go home if it happens to thunder, if any person or animal chances to pass between himself and his teacher, if a guest arrives, and often during the greater part of the rainy season." *)

The Panch-Kosi, or Holy Road, encircles Benares, as the boundary of the sacred domain on the extreme east of which the city stands. Its length is about fifty miles; but in its whole course it is never more than ten miles from the city. Within this boundary every inch and everything is sacred; whoever dies within it is sure of happiness after death; outside it there is no special sanctity whatever. Hundreds of temples are distributed along the Road, and all the deities

* Sir Monier Williams.

to whom these are devoted are supposed to watch over it. To perform the pilgrimage of the Panch-Kosi, going the whole round, is considered an act of great merit. It must, however, be performed on foot (except in the case of the sick and infirm, who are scarcely supposed to earn equal merit), and according to certain rules laid down. Every good Hindoo *living* in the city of Benares is required to perform the pilgrimage of the sacred road once yearly. The journey occupies six days, and has its regular stages. Before setting out each morning the pilgrim must bathe, and at the end of the day's journey must bathe again. It is customary for many pilgrims to travel together.* On completing the journey, they must pay a visit to the temple of Sakhi Binayaka, to have the fact verified, which, if they omit to do, they forfeit all merit or profit.

There are five celebrated places of pilgrimage in Benares, which together constitute a complete course for the pilgrim. It begins at Asa Sangam, in the extreme south; whence, having worshipped, he proceeds to Dasasamedh,† and worships again. He thence goes on to Mani Karnika, where he bathes; thence advances to Panchganga, and thence to Barna Sangam, at both of which he pays his devotions and offerings. He has thus traversed the city from south to north, having kept upon the bank of the river throughout the whole distance, and worshipped at every ghat.‡

We must not omit to mention the Buddhist pagoda—that of the Nepaulese—with Chinese roof and bell tower, glittering with gold—the only temple to Buddha in the city. A Jain §

* "*Mai Gangā ki jai! Gangā mai ki jai!!*
'Long live maternal Ganges!' pilgrims sing,
As with tired shuffling steps they wend their way,
Dust-cover'd, footsore, worn."
"INDIA," a descriptive poem. *By H. B. W. Garrick.*

† The prince of places of pilgrimage: "whoever worships here will escape all future transmigration and go straight to Paradise."

‡ Sherring.

§ See an interesting paper on "The Jains and their Worship," in *Sunday at Home* for 1876, pp. 216-19.

The origin of the Jain sect is obscure, though its rise appears to correspond with the wreck of Buddhism throughout India in the eleventh century. The Jains form in some sort a transition-sect between Buddhists and Hindoos, differing from the former in acknowledging castes, and from both in their worship of Parasnath's foot, instead of that of Munja-Gosha of the Boodhs, or Vishnu of the Hindoos. As a sect of Buddhists their religion is

temple stands near Sarnath, the ancient Buddhist ruin to which we have already referred. The Jains have been considered to be Buddhists, but are *not*; for the Jains admit the existence of a Supreme Being, which the Buddhists deny. Jainism appears, however, to be an offshoot from Buddhism.*

One of the most curious buildings, and the very oldest, and certainly to the European scientist the most interesting in Benares, is the *Man Mundil*—the ancient stone Observatory, which contains the zodiac and other circles of the armillary sphere; possesses an equatorial and an equinoctial sundial, the latter having a gnomon of thirty-nine feet (all of stone †); a brass azimuth circle, etc.; ‡ and is cloistered round, for the accommodation of astronomers and students. It is one of five erected by that great Rajpoot prince, warrior, and statesman, Jey Sing (so famous in Hindoo history),§ by the command of the Emperor Mohammed Shah, at Delhi,‖ Benares, Muttra, Oujein, and Jeypore, about the year 1710; but appears

considered pure, and free from the obscenities so conspicuous in Hindoo worship; whilst, in fact, perhaps the reverse is the case; but the symbols are fewer, and, indeed, almost confined to the feet of Parasnath, and the priests jealously conceal their esoteric doctrines.—*Hooker.*

The temples of the Jains seem to be "an imitation of the Buddhist temples without the cells for the priests. Their religious structures consist of a sanctuary surmounted by a spire; in front of this a pillared vestibule, with a dome; and round the whole an arcaded enclosure, with cells all round containing images. The cells are also surmounted with spires, and the arcades with domes are often repeated to a considerable number within one enclosure. The most striking feature of this style is the dome, which is constructed by horizontal jointing, not with regular arches. The domes, with the pillars, bracket-capitals, etc., are all elaborately decorated."

* There was also in 1887 a SIKH *monastery* at Benares. "The Sikhs are not properly idolaters, though to some extent they may conform now to the Hindooism around. Here there were cells around the central shrine, in which ascetics can take up their abode."—*Mr. Wigram's Tour.*

† "Finding that brass instruments did not come up to the ideas which he had formed of accuracy, because of the smallness of their size, the want of division into minutes, the shaking and wearing of their axes, the displacement of the centre of the circles, and the shifting of the planes of the instruments, he erected the existing great works of stone and lime; of perfect stability, with attention to the rules of geometry, and adjustments to the meridian and to the latitude of the place."—*Asiatic Researches.*

There must have been other instruments than those which now remain at Benares. It would seem that some of these are preserved in the courts of the Hindoo princes of Rajpootana.

‡ Figured in Hooker's *Himalayan Journal*, i., 63-65.

§ To him the native State of Jeypore owes its existence and all its greatness. See further interesting particulars of Jey Sing in M. Rousselet's "India and its Native Princes," p. 235.

‖ Figured and described in *Penny Magazine*, June 6th, 1840.

to be now almost unused, while the very purpose of some of the instruments seems unknown. Who can see this Observatory, after visiting the city, without recalling the passage, "All the gods of the heathen are but idols; but IT IS THE LORD THAT MADE THE HEAVENS"? It is interesting to remember that Hindoo astronomy had its origin more than three thousand years before our era—*the Brahmins claim for it an antiquity of more than two million years.** The precession of the equinoxes is said to have been discovered by the astronomers of India long before the discovery of the same by Hipparchus; and it seems that astronomical events of ancient date have been ascertained by their tables with much accuracy, and that many of the elements of the Brahmins' calculations, especially for remote ages, have been verified by an astonishing coincidence with the tables of modern European astronomy. Both Hindoo and European science have distinguished that part of the heavens in which the motions of the sun, moon, and planets are performed, from the rest of the celestial sphere; there is an almost perfect identity between them in the number and names of the zodiacal signs; in both systems time is divided into periods of seven days, and the ecliptic into three hundred and sixty degrees. Their calculations of eclipses, which are made with great expedition and certainty, are another illustration of their astronomical skill. An astronomical almanac of the highest reputation is annually issued from Benares. It is much to be regretted that the so-called science of astrology should be associated with their astronomy.

We have already said that the appearance of Benares from the Ganges is grand, impressive, and unique;† and that it has been called, and justly, "the INDIAN VENICE." But a walk through the city—which has an average "depth" of one mile—sadly disappoints the traveller. The central streets—in which Europeans are seldom seen, and through which, indeed, it

* In astronomy, etc., "the Vedic Hindoos were the teachers of Pythagoras and Plato, of Aristotle and Hippocrates, as well as of the Arabs. . . . The Vedic system—which had given the West the knowledge of numbers and of the stars, down even to the nine numerals, which we incorrectly ascribe to the Arab middlemen, who only revived their use, was the first to teach the healing art, according to the greatest living authority."

† The view from the top of the Observatory is said, on the other hand, to be peculiarly fine, especially the beautiful curve of the river.

might sometimes be dangerous for them to pass—are composed of lofty houses—often painted a glaring red, or decorated with "pictures" in vermilion, ochre, or indigo, of men, women, tigers, nondescript animals, flowers, and uncouth mythological emblems, as well as with plasters of cowdung; and also disfigured with hideous "gods," whose shrines are everywhere to be observed—have narrow, winding ways between them almost impervious to light and air; "a maze of alleys and lanes so narrow that 'even narrow seems a term too wide for them,'" but are nevertheless often occupied by some wandering Brahmin bull. They are divided into wards, each separated by a gate. Some of the streets are remarkable for the strong contrasts they present of "princely mansions and mean tenements, handsome edifices and fantastic freaks of architecture, crowded shrines and empty sanctuaries, bright new temples and dilapidated fanes, freshly-gilded domes and mildewed pinnacles, graceful minarets and unsightly cupolas, open streets and impassable lanes, dirty squares and well-kept quadrangles—everywhere, and from every point of view, a strange intermingling of the beautiful and the grotesque, the tasteful and the bizarre, the simple and the extravagant."* The better sort of houses are of Chunar stone, six or seven stories high, and have a low, narrow door or archway leading into a square surrounded on all sides by high walls with few and small windows; they have a meeting-place over the entrance for the men of the family, to whose use the best rooms,† with the verandahs and the balconies, are appropriated; while the inferior rooms at the top, *the windows of which never look into the street*, are occupied by the women. The lower parts are inhabited by the domestic animals (cows, goats, etc.), and stink of tobacco, fish, onions, and oil (with which is mingled the smell of foul wells and tanks, stagnant cesspools, accumulated refuse, and the odour of the burning dead from the riverside); while nothing but noise, shouting, quarrelling, blowing of horns and beating of tom-toms, is to be heard in the bazaars, where a mingled crowd of people of all classes

* Monier Williams.

† Even the best houses have little furniture—no tables or chairs, except where Europeans visit; and generally, perhaps, no more than a sofa running along the sides of the room, a sleeping rug, a pillow, and a box. Bedrooms, as distinct apartments, appear to be unknown.

from all parts of India, and even from distant Thibet and Burmah, with whom are interspersed Turks, Tartars, Persians, Armenians, and other representatives of Oriental nations, is to be found.

Many of the streets appear to be appropriated, as elsewhere, to distinct trades and callings. Some are lined with little stalls, in which are sold various beautiful products of the loom. Here may be seen the (male) embroiderers of muslins, etc., engaged in their (womanly) occupation; they also, it would seem, repair shawls, and that so skilfully that worn ones are made to look equal to new, and *sold as new* in the bazaars, it being impossible for any one but an expert to detect the difference. Here are sellers of beetle-wings, which are used in embroidery with beautiful effect. Here are miniature painters, and sellers of paintings on ivory,* representing native princes, famous buildings, etc.; and also ivory-carvers. Every here and there are to be found sellers of images for worship. Here is an idol-*maker's*: an open doorway with strangely wrought pillars leads to an inner quadrangle, in which are seated a number of people, some of whom are preparing wood for statuary, others carving out the shapes of their familiar gods, others painting similar figures, which on consecration will become divine. We are told that as the great festivals approach these idol-makers seem to multiply prodigiously; that everywhere images are to be seen in every stage of progress, together with fragments of broken and defaced ones, and piles of limbs and bodies. Here are vendors of astrological books and prints; and sellers of fruit and flowers, for offerings in the pagodas. Here is the brass bazaar, occupied by the workers in that metal, who make the various utensils and vessels used in the temples,† and whose

* "Paintings on talc are also executed in Benares, illustrating trades and industries and the religious ceremonies and festivals of the Hindoos."—*Mukharji.*

† "Most kinds of ornamental brass work now made in India had their origin in religion; and their headquarters were in places of pilgrimage, where large numbers of pilgrims flocked from all parts of India and took away a number of such vessels as mementoes of their visits to the holy shrines."—*Ibid.*

In Miss Gordon Cumming's work on India, she has given a most graphic account of the temples and temple services at Benares. She observes that it "is impossible to walk through the bazaars of this city without recalling the descriptions of the vessels of the Temple at Jerusalem, of the cauldrons,

wares shine like gold. On all sides the engravers may be seen and heard, hammer and punch in hand, working away, while a tinkling music fills the air, on the several articles which they so richly adorn with the symbols of their idolatrous faith.* This is the Regent Street of Benares, and here are to be seen the wealthier Brahmins in all the pride of their caste and opulence, and in all the splendour of Indian attire and pomp of retinue, together with nobles richly arrayed, and ladies brilliantly bejewelled, passing in their palanquins. The shops of the gold and silver smiths and jewellers appear to be numerous and much resorted to. So also are those of the confectioners, and among these the Brahmin kine roam at will, feeding themselves without let or hindrance, as the sacred monkeys do in the neighbourhood of the temple of Durga. And here is the CHOUK, in which every variety of native manufacture—including swords, shields, matchlocks, etc.—is to be found.† As we remarked at Calcutta, the hand of the

pots, and bowls; the shovels, the snuffers, and the spoons, the lamps, the candlesticks, and all manner of things to be made either of gold or of bright brass which might be continually scoured. Here, in the open sunlight, are stalls heaped up with all sorts of brass work for the use of the worshippers: incense-burners, and various spoons, basins, and lamps, pots and bowls, and a thousand other things that the owners were continually scouring till they gleamed in the sun."

Sir Monier Williams says: "I went into a brass-worker's shop in the braziers' quarter at Benares, where men were engaged in manufacturing drinking cups, salvers, vases, and other vessels. These men were seen chiselling out exquisite, intricate, and beautiful patterns, with no other instrument than a hammer and a nail. A purchaser of any such articles requests to have them weighed before buying them, and only pays a shilling or two beyond the actual value of the brass."

* "Until quite lately their significance had passed unnoticed. It is true they were known to be engraved with what were supposed to be *Das Avatar*, or ten incarnations of Vishnu; but a hasty glance at the grotesque figures was all that was vouchsafed to them; and the value of the vases lay more in their rich colouring and delicacy of outline than in any merit accorded to them on account of their ornamentation. One of the first was procured some ten years ago in Benares; a party had been made up to explore the bazaar, and we came upon these objects, then unknown. The first chamber was of beautiful workmanship, composed of alternate copper and brass diagonals and squares, each square or diagonal enclosing an engraving."—*Journal of Indian Art.*

† "If the excellence of the articles which the Indian artificer produces with no other appliances than his hands and the rudest tools, and the admirable traditions of form, design, and colour preserved in his productions, excite our surprise, we are no less astonished at the low cost of his workmanship. I visited a turner's shop in Benares, where a man was making a set of twenty boxes, some lacquered, some coloured, all neatly constructed, and furnished with lids, and fitting one inside the other, so

artisan is frequently aided by the foot. (Even the mahout guides his elephant by poking his toes under the animal's ears, while he prods the creature's head with his iron goad.)

We have spoken of the thousands of pilgrims who come here. They are really countless (though Hindooism *makes no proselytes*), and arrive constantly, all the year round. Besides those who are brought here by long-cherished desire, many are attracted by the invitations of men who are employed to go from place to place, extol the virtues of the temples, and proclaim the benefits that will be received by those who visit them. Many in all parts of the land give up home and family, and come hither to die, believing, as they are told, that they are then sure of immediate admission into heaven. Indeed, they say that even a European, *who eats beef*—the worst of crimes *—will be saved if he dies at Benares. They come singing aloud the praises of Siva and the glories of the city. Here is a great Gooroo coming into Benares, escorted by a large body of the principal Marwaris and Mahajans, who, it appears, have gone forth to meet him, and are conducting him to his house. Rajahs with great retinues, large harems, heralds and body-guards, horsemen and footmen (often a sorry rabble); lesser personages in humbler state; bands of women, marching hand in hand; numbers in rude palkees and uncouth carriages; multitudes on foot (*and these alone have the full benefit of pilgrimage*) are here to be seen. These may well carry us back in imagination to the times of old: the going up of the Jews thrice every year to Jerusalem;† the old English times, the days of the Crusades, and those

that the smallest box in the interior of all was not bigger than the head of a knitting-needle. The price of the whole nest of twenty boxes was not more than fourpence or sixpence, although twenty-three different manipulations were needed to complete each box."—*Monier Williams.*

* "If there be anything on which a genuine Hindoo is taught from earliest infancy to look with absolute abhorrence, it is the flesh of the bovine species; and if there be anything which of itself singly must alone degrade a man from his caste, it is the known participation of that kind of food. Authentic instances are on record wherein a Brahmin, violently seized by a Moslem, has had such meat forced into his mouth; and though deprived of voluntary agency as much as the veriest automaton, the contamination of the touch was held to be so incapable of ablution that the helpless, hapless, unwilling victim of intolerance has been actually sunk, along with his posterity, for ever, into the wretched condition of outcast."—*Life of Dr. Duff.*

† Ps. cxxii. 4.

which followed; Chaucer, and the road to Canterbury; Bunyan, and his travellers. Here colour abounds in the pilgrims' attire —especially yellow, which seems to be their favourite. Many of them have painted on their foreheads the name or emblem of their god.* One is seen sweeping the ground before him as he goes, lest he should tread upon an insect; and some come measuring their way by stretching themselves at full length on the ground for the whole distance of their journey. Many a poor pilgrim taken ill on the road is allowed to perish and be eaten by the dogs and jackals, because no one can immediately determine his caste, and they fear pollution if they touch him. Fakirs abound: † some not unlike the sacred apes in appearance; some pale as death, smeared all over with ashes and cowdung (that "most sacred of Indian cosmetics"), and with hair long, matted, and dirty, hanging down to their heels, or twisted round their heads like a turban; one with his face-bones and ribs traced out in white chalk, which makes him look like a skeleton; some with their heads turned round, ever looking behind them; others holding one arm, or both arms, aloft, rigidly, their finger-nails protruding like the claws of some great bird through the clenched hands; some with the skin of a wild beast thrown over their shoulders; some leading after them beautiful little cows of a snowy white, decorated with bells, feathers, etc. Numbers of these fakirs have rosaries ‡ round their necks,—and, indeed, the Brahmins and many others, including even the Mahommedans, use them,—by the aid of which they repeat a multitude of prayers, and so obtain, as "they say," future reward for their self-denial, "in *absorption into the* DEITY!" On the other hand, many of these consider themselves gods, and claim and receive Divine wor-

* Rev. xiv. 1.

† Mrs. Sherwood speaks of one standing by the riverside, "who was said to have stood there in one attitude for many years, until his beard and his nails had grown to an enormous length, and the very birds had built their nests in his hair. We, of course, marvelled not a little at this prodigy; but we did not suspect, what has since been discovered, that this appearance is always kept up by three or four persons, who continue to relieve guard, watching their opportunities to make the change when no eye is upon them."

‡ These are made of many different materials. A special rosary, manufactured at Benares, is always made of the wood of some sacred tree. On every bead is carved the name of their warrior god Ram; and they count it, saying at every bead, "Ram, Ram!"

ship; while around some of the more helpless (self-disabled), groups of women are gathered, who contend with each other for the honour of feeding them. Here, too, are some fat Brahmins seated in the shade, reading their holy books to the people around them (*for the people do not themselves read their Scriptures*); some counting their beads, and some, as it would seem, lost in meditation.

While so many are coming into the city, numbers of others are to be seen leaving it. Among these are many coolies carrying Ganges water in baskets decorated with small flags and bells, suspended by a bamboo pole across their shoulders. These baskets, we are told, are filled with bottles of various sizes, all of them sealed by a Brahmin, which they take all over the country, and sell at prices varying with the size of the bottle and the distance of the place of sale from the Ganges. This water is a regular article of trade, being in constant use everywhere in the temples, in courts of justice (where the Hindoos are sworn upon it), in medicine, and in the domestic department; and men have been met with, two thousand miles from Benares, carrying for sale the Ganges water they have borne thence. Other visitors are returning with costly merchandise—the famous *kincaub*, or cloth of gold* (*sold for its weight in that precious metal*), gold and silver brocades,† silks and gauzes (often so fine as to be all but imperceptible),

* The princes and the nobles of India array themselves in dresses of kincaub on state occasions. (*False* gold and silver kincaubs of gilt wire are also manufactured.)

† "Benares is the chief seat of this manufacture in Northern India. The varieties are numerous. Some are rose-coloured, some purple, some black, and some white. The patterns in some are spangled, which are known by the name of *butedár*, while through others run scrolls of foliage and flower. These are called *beldár*. Then there is the hunting pattern called *shikargah*. Other patterns are known by the names of janglá, minam, *Jaldar*, etc. It is estimated that upwards of 2750 workmen find employment in the manufacture of silken fabrics and gold and silver brocades in Benares."—*Mukharji* (1888).

"The most wonderful piece of *embroidery* ever known was the *chadar*, or vail, made by order of Kunderao, the late Gaekwar of Baroda, for the tomb of Mahommed at Medina. It was composed entirely of inwrought pearls and precious stones, disposed in an arabesque pattern, and is said to have cost a cura (ten millions) of rupees. Although the richest stones were worked into it, the effect was most harmonious. When spread out in the sun it seemed suffused with a general iridescent pearly bloom, as grateful to the eyes as were the exquisite forms of its arabesques."—*Birdwood.*

shawls, richly wrought turbans (for which Benares is celebrated), adorned with gold, silver, and jewels; precious stones (the diamonds of the South and of Bundelkund, and the pearls of Ceylon), and other rare productions for which the Holy City is a mart; as well as with cotton and woollen goods, brass and copper ware, *gods*, toys, etc., which, as we have observed, are largely made and sold here.

But Benares is, above all, THE CENTRE OF HINDOOISM; and this is seen not only in the multitude of its Idols, its Temples, its Priests, and its Pilgrims, but also in the Literature, if not the Science, of which it is the focus.

We have mentioned Benares as the seat of Sanscrit learning.* Of the Sanscrit language † Sir William Jones remarks

* A Sanscrit college was instituted at Benares by the British Government in 1792, but was left entirely in the hands of the native pundits. In 1853, however, a very fine Gothic structure was erected, to which was given the title of the Queen's College, and in which both Sanscrit and English are studied under an English principal. Baboo Bolanauth Chunder speaks of it, at a date subsequent to our visit to the city, in the highest terms as a "beautiful edifice"; "a gem in building"; "a noble and abiding monument in honour of the Indian Seraswattee in her most devoted and classic city. It is the right thing in its right place; a suitable memorial to perpetuate the labours of the antiquary in the field of Indian archæology. The building (he dwells with delight upon its architecture) is immaculate amid structures of bad taste and skill. The glass is all stained. The fountains impart a grandeur and state to the institution. The library is stored with rare Oriental manuscripts. The museum is entertaining for its curiosities. There are seen the relics of Hindoo pottery in the tenth and eleventh centuries," etc., etc., etc.

† "Sanskrit, as a language spoken by the people at large, had ceased to exist in the third century B.C.

"Yet such is the marvellous continuity between the past and the present in India that, in spite of repeated social convulsions, religious reforms, and foreign invasions, Sanskrit may be said to be still the only language that is spoken over the whole extent of that vast country.

"Even at the present moment, after a century of English rule and English teaching, I believe that Sanskrit is more widely understood in India than Latin was in Europe at the time of Dante.

"Whenever I receive a letter from a learned man in India, it is written in Sanskrit. Whenever there is a controversy on questions of law and religion, the pamphlets published in India are written in Sanskrit. There are journals written in Sanskrit which must entirely depend for their support on readers who prefer that classical language to the vulgar dialects. There is the *Pandit*, published at Benares, containing not only editions of ancient texts, but treatises on modern subjects, reviews of books published in England, and controversial articles—all in Sanskrit.

"Another paper of the same kind is the *Pratna-Kamra-nandini*, the *Delight of Lovers of Old Things*, published likewise at Benares, and full of valuable materials.

"There is also the *Vidyodaya*, the *Rise of Knowledge*, a Sanskrit journal, published at Calcutta. There are probably others."—MAX MÜLLER (1883).

that it is "of wonderful structure, more perfect than Greek, more copious than Latin, and more exquisitely refined than either";* Adeling says that "it may be considered, with the exception of a few mountain dialects, as the parent of all Indian languages, from the Indus to the farthest part of Arracan, and from Cape Comorin to Chinese Tartary"; while the Hindoos claim it to be divine, "the writing of the gods." European scholars know that the whole sacred literature (the VEDAS) of the Hindoos, and nearly all their numerous other works, scientific (the Shastras) and literary (the Puranas), are in this language. Among the principal of the latter now extant—for probably much has been lost during the wars that have so often desolated Hindostan—are the MAHÂBHÂRATA † and the RÂMÂYANA,‡ two mythological poems—the great epics of India—first brought to our

* Sir W. Jones adds, "Yet bearing to both of them a stronger affinity, both in the roots of verbs and in the forms of grammar, than could possibly have been produced by accident; so strong, indeed, that no philologer could examine them all three without believing them to have sprung from some common source, which perhaps no longer exists." "Sanscrit grammar," says Hunter, "forms the keystone of philology."

† An analysis of the leading story of the Mahâbhârata is contained in Professor Monier Williams' "Indian Epic Poetry."

‡ The earliest translation of any part of the Râmâyana published in English was that of the first two books, made by Carey and Marshman in 1806. "It was the first publication from which the English public was enabled to form any idea of the general character of Sanscrit poetry. But the work was never completed; and for the first complete translation of the Râmâyana in any European language the world has been indebted to Gordesio, an Italian scholar, whose edition of the original text, printed at the Government press in Paris, is perhaps the most splendid specimen of Nagree typography ever presented to the literary world, and whose Italian translation of the epic has attracted general admiration."—*Life and Times of Carey, Marshman, and Ward.*

"The Mahâbhârata and Râmâyana," says Max Müller, "are still recited in the temples for the benefit of visitors; and in the villages huge crowds assemble round the Kâthaca, the reader of these ancient Sanscrit poems, often interrupting his recitations with tears and sighs when the hero of the poem is sent into banishment; while, when he returns to his kingdom, the houses of the village are adorned with lamps and garlands. Such a recitation of the whole of the Mahâbhârata is sure to occupy nine or ten days, or sometimes half a year. The people at large require, no doubt, that the Brahmin narrator (Kâthaca) should interpret the old poem, but there must be some few people present who understand, or imagine they understand, the old poetry.

"There are thousands of Brahmins, even now, when so little inducement exists for Vedic studies, who know the whole of the Rig-Veda by heart, and can repeat it; and what applies to the Rig-Veda applies to many other books."

knowledge by Sir William Jones; the former consisting of more than a hundred thousand verses, each containing thirty-two syllables, the production of many authors in successive ages from remote antiquity, and which is substantially a warlike and marvellous tale, embracing with its episodes (it is said) all that need be known by an educated man of ancient history (of which, indeed, nothing more authentic is known), mythology, morals, law, or philosophy, and being, in fact, a perfect encyclopædia of all that relates to ancient Hindooism; the latter a more popular work in twenty-four thousand epic verses, divided into seven books, the production of one poet, Vâlmiki, esteemed the best great poem of ancient India, and, as it would seem, the elder of the two, having for its subject the history of Rama, one of the incarnations of Vishnu (the second god of the Hindoo Triad, but considered by his worshippers the supreme deity of the Hindoo pantheon). Yet these two poems are only *a portion* of the Puranas, which extend altogether to about two million lines, while it is asserted that they originally extended to a hundred million stanzas, the greater part of which, however, were reserved for the gods. It would appear that all Sanscrit books—and they are innumerable—are in poetry; that not a single one of these ancient works is in prose. How wonderful! *We* cannot, therefore, hope to read them. And we need not wish to do so. The childishness of Hindoo geography (the Seven Seas of Sugar-cane Juice, Spirituous Liquors, Clarified Butter, Curds, Milk, Sweet Water, and Salt Water, each surrounding a continent); and the fabulousness of Hindoo chronology (embracing millions of years), forbid us to hope (notwithstanding the intrinsic merits of Hindoo poetry) that any proportionate advantage would accrue to us for the time we might give to such studies. Hither, however, come students from all parts of India to explore those old books which overwhelm us with their magnitude and number, and to which nothing in European literature offers any parallel. No doubt the promises made to those who study them are encouraging, but such study must nevertheless be wearisome.* We have every reason to be glad that we have

* "The discipline prescribed for the student must be remembered. *Amongst other things*, it is ordained by the Shastras that he must wear

comprehended in one portable volume—the BIBLE—the substance of all religious truth; that our SCIENCE not only embraces the discoveries of the past, but is ever growing and expanding; and that our LITERATURE, cherishing with the

for his mantle the hide of a black antelope, common deer, or goat, with lower vests of woven *sana*. His girdle must be made of *munja* in a triple cord, smooth and soft; but if the *munja* be not procurable, the zone must be formed of the grass *cusa*. His sacrificial thread must be made of cotton, so as to be put on over his head, in three strings. He must carry a staff of *vilva* or palasa, which must be of such a length as to reach his hair, straight without fracture, of a handsome appearance, not likely to terrify men, with its bark perfect, unhurt by fire. Thus provided with his leathern mantle, girdle, sacrificial thread, and staff, the student, standing opposite to the sun, must next walk thrice round the fire from left to right, and perform according to law the ceremony of asking food. His first petition, prefaced with the respectful word *Chavati*, must be addressed to his mother, or sister, or mother's whole sister, or some other female who will not disgrace him. Having collected as much of the desired food as he has occasion for, and presented it without guile to his preceptor, he is then to eat some of it, being duly purified. If he seek long life, he should eat with his face to the east; if exalted fame, to the south; if prosperity, to the west; if truth and its reward, to the north. . . . He must beware of giving any man what he leaves, and of eating anything between morning and evening; he must also beware of eating too much, and of going anywhither with a remnant of his food unswallowed. . . . Before and after meals, as well as on many other occasions, the student must carefully perform his ablutions. This is to be done with the pure part of his hand, which is under the root of the thumb, and with water neither hot nor frothy, standing in a lonely place, and turning to the east or to the north. He is first to sip water thrice; then twice wipe his mouth; and, lastly, sprinkle with water the six hollow parts of his head, or his eyes, ears, and nostrils. Thus clad, fed, and purified, the student is so far prepared for the instructions of his preceptor. But there are still other essential preliminaries. At the beginning and end of the lecture, he must, with crossed hands, always clasp the feet of his tutor, touching the left foot with his left, and the right with his right. He must also, at the commencement and close of a lecture on the Veda, always pronounce to himself the syllable *om*; for, unless the syllable *om* precede, his learning will slip away from him, and, unless it follow, nothing will be long retained. But the utterance of a syllable endowed with a quality so mysterious, and yet so utilitarian, must not be lightly gone about. No! If the student have sitten on culms of *cusa*, with their points toward the east, and be purified by rubbing that holy grass on both his hands, and be further prepared by three suppressions of breath, each equal in time to five short vowels, he may then fitly pronounce *om*! Thus prepared, he may next commence his reading; taking especial care, however, that he read with both his hands closed. And this is called Scriptural homage. Another essential part of the student's discipline consists in the periodical repetition, after the prescribed form, of the ineffable text called the *gayatri*. At the morning twilight, in particular, he is to stand repeating it until he see the sun; and at evening twilight he is to repeat it sitting until the stars distinctly appear. The due utterance of it is attended with the removal of sin and the cleansing from all impurities. . . . Day by day, having bathed and being purified, he is to offer fresh water to the gods, the sages, and the manes, to show respect to the images of the deities, and bring wood for

most sedulous care and the most devoted affection the treasures of bygone times, is continually adding new wealth to the same.

In the immediate neighbourhood of the Mani-Karnika lived

the oblation of fire. He is to abstain from honey, from flesh meat, from perfumes, from chaplets of flowers, from sweet vegetable juices, from all sweet substances turned acid, from injury to animated beings, from unguents for his limbs, from black powder for his eyes, from wearing of sandals and carrying an umbrella, from dancing, and from vocal and instrumental music. He is daily to carry waterpots, flowers, cowdung, fresh earth, and *cusa* grass, as much as may be useful, to his preceptor. He is constantly to sleep alone, and on a low bed. The student is daily to perform the duty of a religious mendicant, and to receive his food by begging—being careful to receive none from persons deficient in performing the sacrifices and other duties which the Vedas ordain, or from cousins of his preceptor, or from his own cousins, or from other kinsmen by the father's or the mother's side. Daily, too, must he bring logs of wood from a distance, and, placing them in the open air, make an oblation to fire without remissness. . . . In the presence of his preceptor the student must always eat less, and wear a coarser mantle, with worse appendages. He must rise before, and go to rest after, his tutor. He must not answer his teacher's orders, or converse with him, reclining on a bed, nor sitting, nor eating, nor standing, nor with an averted face. He must both answer and converse, if his preceptor sit, standing up; if he stand, advancing towards him; if he advance, meeting him; if he run, hasting after him; if his face be averted, going round to front him, from left to right; if he be at a little distance, approaching him; if reclined, bending to him; and if he stand ever so far off, running towards him. He must never pronounce the mere name of his tutor, even in his absence; nor ever mimic his gait, his speech, or his manner. By censuring his preceptor, though guilty, he will in the next birth become an ass; by falsely defaming him, a dog; by using his goods without leave, a worm; by envying his merit, a larger insect or reptile. He must not sit with his preceptor to the leeward, or to the windward of him. But he may sit with his teacher in a carriage drawn by bulls, horses, or camels; on a terrace, on a pavement of stones, or on a mat of woven grass; on a rock, on a wooden bench, or in a boat. . . . At the age of twelve, or, at furthest, at thirteen, the young aspirant after Brahminical lore commences his studies by poring over the grammar termed the Mugdabodha, itself *written in that language which it is designed to teach*; on this he is destined to spend three whole years, without even once attempting to translate the easiest elementary book. When, however, the student has effectually mastered the intricate rules of Sanskrit Vyakaran, he plunges at once fearlessly into the vast ocean of heroic and dramatic literature. His next two years are devoted to the poem of Bhatti, made for the express purpose of exemplifying all the important rules of grammar; the heroic poems of the Raghuvansa and the Kumara Sambhava; the story of Nala and Damayanti, as conveyed in the Naishadha; to that trying criterion of all accurate Sanskrit scholarship, the Sisupala Badha, by Magh; to the pleasing story of Sacontala, as dramatised by Kalidasa; to the Veni Sanghara, to the Murari, the Bharori, the Prasana Raghava, Uttara Rama Charitra, Ranghava, Pandari, Vasavadatta. In such manifold and varied stores he soon reduces to efficient practice the rules of grammar which hitherto have been floating about in his brain; fortified with scholarship at all points, he would seem to have nought to do but to go forth and conquer,

the poet Tulsi-dāss, "the Milton of Hindi," author of the popular version of the Ramayana, who flourished about three hundred years since, and "whose verses are to this day household words in every town and rural district where the Hindi language is spoken."* And the whole of that locality is classic, as the residence and haunt of learned men, more particularly the disciples of Chaitanya, a great reformer and travelling preacher of the sixteenth century, whose followers have written many works in support of his tenets.

The prodigious voluminousness of Indian lore† reminds us of an Eastern anecdote. The Rajah Dabshelim had a library so large that a hundred Brahmins were required to keep it in order, and a thousand dromedaries to remove it when the king journeyed. Unable to read so many volumes, Dabshelim

and the stubbornness of his opponent yields, as might be expected, to his systematic though protracted attack. After this first burst his labours proceed at a more uniform rate: his next year is employed in the science of rhetoric, and he not only translates, but also commits to memory, the whole of the Sahitwa Darfana, and the Karya Prakashanda Manjari. The doctrines of the Vedanta school claim his attention for the ensuing year, and he is made to master the Vedanta Sara, or essence of the Vedanta, the Panchadashi, and the Sharirikashatra. The same time is expended on the science of logic, which follows next in the routine of his education; in this year he reads only two books—the Bhasha Parichedar and the Gautama Sutra. The succeeding twelve months are devoted to that science in which there is every reason to suppose that the Hindoos had made considerable progress at a very early period—mathematics; for this he takes in hand the Lilavati and the Bijaganita. The attention of his next three years of college life is demanded for the voluminous study of the law; and the student not only reads, but also commits to memory, the laws of Manu, the Mitakshara, the Dayabhaga, or law of inheritance, the Dattaka Mimansa, the Dattaka Chandrika, the Udvaha Tattwa, the Shuddhi Tattwa, the Daya Krama Sangraha, and the Daivo Tattwa; the one exception, strange to say, is the well-known volume of Manu. With this last science the term of his studentship, extending over a period of twelve years, is made to cease; but it would be as ridiculous to suppose that every student who has passed through the Sanskrit College is master of the above catalogue as to imagine that a first-class degree and a common *pass* at Oxford are synonymous terms."—*Calcutta Review.*

* Monier Williams.

† "It is difficult to give an idea of the enormous extent and variety of Sanskrit literature. The Indian Government has, of late years, ordered a kind of bibliographical survey of India to be made, and has sent some learned Sanskrit scholars, both European and native, to places where collections of Sanskrit MSS. are known to exist, in order to examine and catalogue them. Some of these catalogues have been published, and we learn from them that the number of separate works in Sanskrit, of which MSS. are still in existence, amounts to about 10,000. This is more, I believe, than the whole classical literature of Greece and Italy put together." —*Max Müller.*

directed the Brahmins to make a brief and comprehensive abstract of the whole. This occupied them twenty years, when they brought the king the desired compendium, in twelve thousand volumes, on the backs of thirty camels. But Dabshelim angrily sent them away, saying, "How can any one read twelve thousand volumes? Begone! Abridge more!" The Brahmins again set to work, and reduced the thirty camels' load to fifteen. Again they were dismissed, and yet again and again, till the fifteen became ten, four, two. Still they were commanded to abridge, and at last the whole was borne by one solitary mule. Forty years, however, had gone, the king was getting old, and said that even a mule's load was more than he might live long enough to read. "And I will not," added he, "read anything till all redundant is removed." "I will promise, then," said a Brahmin, "to make an abstract that your majesty may read in one moment, yet find enough therein to occupy your thoughts for life"; and the king assenting, he wrote on a palm-leaf—"What mortals call science is represented in one word—*perhaps*; and the whole history of man in three words—*born, troubled, dead.*"

To this was reduced the LIBRARY OF A THOUSAND DROMEDARIES. It would seem that few Brahmins have private libraries of any considerable size, and that, although some few works are published in Benares (editions of the Shastras, Vedas, etc.), no work of any *great* importance has emanated from the city during the last century.

Of the *resident* population of Benares many thousands are Brahmins. It may not be uninteresting to give a sketch of the daily life of an ordinary Brahmin, as portrayed for us by an ex-student of the Hooghly College:—"Before the sun rises a Brahmin contemplates his 'Ishtadeb' (the peculiar god worshipped by any individual in the shape of that bright luminary); and, after repeating his name several times, rises from his bed, at an arrow-shot distance from which he digs a hole with the aid of his thumb, and proceeds to perform certain acts of necessity, amidst the invocation of Vishnu, the preserving power in the Indian Trinity. After that he rubs both his hands and feet with clay, by way of purification. In cleansing the former he repeats the process seven times, but the latter only thrice. In this manner purified, he goes to a river, or a

tank, to bathe. When this is done, he daubs the eight particular members of his body with mud taken from the banks of the sacred Ganges, and then, turning towards the east, salutes the source of light. Two or three minutes subsequent to this he presents offerings of water to his ancestors, as well as to gods, and engages himself in his morning devotional meditation. At twelve he commences his day ceremony, which is almost equal to the morning, with the exception of the worship of the household deities, such as Shalagram, Gopal, Shiva, etc., which takes place during the midday. This is celebrated in the midst of the burning of incense and the sounding of bells and shells. At one o'clock he dedicates *bhog*, or food—chiefly vegetable—dressed either by his wife or one of his nearest kinswomen, to the above-mentioned gods. This offered food he divides with his family; but, ere he commences eating, he performs the ceremony called *gaudush*, or the sipping of a handful of water and putting parcels of edibles into the mouth five times successively, and throwing them again in the same way. When the dinner is over he changes his dress, and, after taking a few seeds of cardamoms, etc., pursues his worldly business. On the approach of evening he puts on another cloth, and afterwards employs himself in devotion, consisting entirely in the counting of beads. Between ten and eleven o'clock p.m. he takes his supper, after offering it to his 'Ishtadeb' (or the god whom he peculiarly adores), and goes to his bed about midnight.

"Before he indulges in sleep he pronounces some incantations preventive of the attack of evil spirits, and prays to the several divinities that preside over the different dangers incident to human life, to protect him during the night. These are a few of the ceremonies observed by a Brahmin who continues to adhere to the presumptions of the Hindoo Dharma Shastra designated *Smriti*."

Among the various orders of Brahmins—and there are many—the highest and most remarkable are the Kulins. These have great privileges, especially in marriage. While an ordinary Brahmin, like other Hindoos, can marry but one wife, unless she fails to bear a son, when he may marry a second, a Kulin may take any number. But, to preserve the purity of the order, the Kulins are strictly forbidden, under

a penalty of degradation of offspring after some generations, to marry into families inferior to their own, except only the Brahmin tribe known as Srotriyas. All the inferior tribes of Brahmins, however, desire to have them as sons-in-law. But the daughter of a Kulin can only marry a Kulin, and hence these Kulin Brahmins, whose numbers are limited, are much in demand as husbands for ladies of their own tribe, as well as for the inferior orders of Brahminees. Every Hindoo, and especially the Brahmin, is bound to marry his daughter before her tenth year; but the age of the husband is of no consequence. This is another reason for which the Kulin Brahmins are at a high premium all over the country. Marriage with them is eagerly sought by fathers for their daughters with the bribe of large dowries—frequently so large that families are ruined by providing them—and, as a consequence, while some Kulins are content with one wife (when sufficiently petted by her father), others have wives in every part of the land (with each of whom they have received a large dowry), and spend their lives in travelling from the house of one father-in-law to that of another, in each of which they are always welcomed, loaded with gifts, and liberally entertained as long as they will stay. Some old men living in this way never see their wives after the marriage day; others visit them only at long intervals; while the children of such Kulins, who are brought up in the houses of their fathers-in-law, are never owned by the father. Sometimes all a man's daughters and unmarried sisters are given in marriage to the same Kulin,* and more than twenty marriages have been contracted on the same day. Some Kulins are said to have a hundred, and even a hundred and fifty wives. Parents have been known to marry their daughters with Kulins on the eve of death, rather than have them unmarried. Many Kulin ladies, however, after all, remain unmarried. This monstrous system

* "A Brahmin of Bengal gave away his six aunts, eight sisters, and four daughters, in a batch of altogether eighteen, in marriage to one person, a boy less than ten years old. The brides of three generations were in age from about fifty to three months at the lowest. The baby bride was brought to the ceremony on a brass plate. Among the Kulin Brahmins, as a rule, the man who receives in marriage the majority of the daughters of a family is also bound to have the rest, otherwise the minority must suffer a lifelong celibacy. Hundreds of instances like the above may be given if needed."—*Indian Daily News.*

is alleged, and doubtless with truth, to be the source of unutterable misery, and hideous, unnatural crime.

The Brahmins are very often feasted. "Like the pious of old," says Mrs. Postans, the wife of an officer on the staff, "the religious professors of Hindooism, with the sacred class of Brahmins and fakirs, are especially addicted to the enjoyment of nourishing condiments; the wealthy and the great, consequently, as an expiation for sin, or in fulfilment of special vows, commonly set apart large portions of their annual income for the entertainment of ecclesiastics. For days before the appointed time preparations are to be made, and the neighbourhood of some great temple or sacred tank is usually decided on as the trysting-place. Thither carts laden with huge cauldrons, camels bearing ponderous sacks of grain, carboys of oil, and gourds of honey, with every appurtenance for the feast, may be seen travelling slowly towards the spot. A provision of wood in large quantities is felled in the neighbouring jungle, and numbers of women are employed to bear water-vessels from the adjacent well or river, in furtherance of the approaching culinary preparations. On the appointed day the route between the city and the place of general rendezvous forms a lively and animated picture: women in gay and brilliant raiment, glittering with jewels, their handsome countenances radiant with holiday expectation, peep from between the crimson curtains of innumerable *rutts*; horsemen, on caracolling and richly-caparisoned steeds, display their equestrian skill by curvetting and wheeling the half-broken animals, whom a severe Mahratta bit alone keeps in comparative submission to their riders' will; old men and children, mounted on miserable ponies, and camels carrying double, and sometimes treble, on this occasion, throng the highway; while numerous little groups may be observed emerging in knots from every bye-path in the neighbourhood. Here and there a wealthy Brahmin is seen, sitting cross-legged upon a pile of cushions, luxuriously arranged in an open gharree, drawn by sleek and enormous bullocks; or a fakir, smeared with dust and ashes, and crowned with a plume of brightly-dyed feathers, trudges onwards amongst the people, determined to fill his wallet to overflowing on so propitious an occasion. A festive party at length arrived

beneath some widely spreading shade, all seat themselves on little knolls, or pleasant spots, to partake of the abundant feast. Each is provided with a little plate of leaves, neatly joined with twining fibres; whilst smoking platters of piled rice and seasoned curries are placed before the guests; sweetmeats and confections follow, the fragrant hookah is handed round, and the animals of burthen (not neglected in the general mirth) revel on the fragrant grass prepared for their refreshment. So passes an Indian feast. Of the general character of the condiments furnished on such occasions, an idea may be formed from the subjoined list, presented by a native minister to his prince, as a carte of the articles required at a dinner which was afterwards given to a party of Brahmins and fakirs at a very sacred temple in one of the provinces of Western India: 800 maunds* of sugar, 1200 of ghee, 1200 of flour, 200 of rice, 75 of pulse, 36 of gram or grain, 50 of rice and kedgeree, 180 of badjeree, 36 of mutt, 108 of gowa for bullocks, 135 of cotton seeds, 3 of curry powder and coriander seeds, 20 of oil, 10 of salt, 3000 bundles of grass, 250 cart-loads of firewood, 10,000 basins, 100 maunds of tobacco, 1 of opium, and 2 of bhang.† The expense of this dinner amounted to 14,000 rupees, and such entertainments were of frequent occurrence."‡

The history of Benares for the last few centuries may be briefly told. Macaulay reminds us that before the advent of our power this great capital had long been under the immediate rule of a Hindoo prince, who rendered homage to the

* The maund is a weight of about seven and a-half pounds.

† An intoxicant made from hemp.

‡ Many amusing anecdotes are told us about the Brahmins. Sir Monier Williams states he had heard that "a certain Brahmin expected to be asked to a dinner party given by a wealthy friend, but received no invitation. This so irritated him that he determined to revenge himself on the householder who had ventured, so imprudently, to slight him. Having waited till the moment when the assembled guests, with appetites stimulated by the fragrance of an array of choice dishes, were about to feast on the delicacies prepared for their consumption, he quietly, in his own house, selected a particular mantra,[1] and, by simply repeating it, turned all the viands into foul and excrementitious matter. The householder, suspecting the cause of this disastrous metamorphosis, sent a messenger, in hot haste, to implore the immediate presence of the offended Brahmin, who, thereupon mollified, obligingly consented to repeat another mantra, which reconverted all the filth into most delicious, ambrosial food."

[1] A text, used as a spell, or charm.

Mogul emperors; that during the great anarchy of India the lords of Benares became independent of Delhi, but were forced to submit to the authority of the nabob of Oude; and that, oppressed by this formidable neighbour, they sought the protection of the English, which was given them. The nabob of Oude, by-and-by, ceded all his rights over Benares to the Company, whose vassal the rajah now became, sending an annual tribute to Fort William. The dealings of Hastings with Chete Sing, and the eventual revolt of that prince; the struggle that followed, the rajah's flight, and the annexation of Benares to our dominions, are all well known. The murder of Mr. Cherry, our Resident, eighteen years after, by Vizier Ali, ex-ruler of Oude (whom we had deposed for his vices and cruelty, but had splendidly pensioned and allowed to reside at Benares), the insurrection associated with it, and the suppression of the same, are connected with one of those heroic deeds which have so repeatedly distinguished our Civilian Officers—the ever-memorable defence by Mr. Davis, the Judge, of his house and family. He had placed the latter on the flat roof of his dwelling, while he himself stood at the trapdoor that led thither, and furnished only with a spear, successfully protected them with his single arm against a host of bloodthirsty assailants, till relieved by a regiment of English cavalry. To this noble scene has been given the name of "The Domestic Thermopylæ," and to Mr. Davis himself that of a Leonidas.

Benares, as may be supposed, is a Military Station of considerable importance, situated as it is in the midst of a large and fanatical population, not many of whom entertain any good will towards us. (It is said that, during the second siege of Bhurtpore, the inhabitants of this city had thirty thousand sabres sharpened, to use against us in the event of our defeat.) The authorities rely, however, with every confidence on the native soldiery, and only a few Europeans are stationed here.* The barracks are at

* The position of Benares during the great Mutiny of 1857—*which appears to have been hatched here*—was a most perilous and critical one. The outbreak at Meerut on May 10th, and the massacre at Delhi, excited alarm, and placed the authorities on the *qui vive*; but nothing happened at Benares till June 4th, when a mutinous spirit having been shown by the Sepoys, the whole military force was called out (the European soldiers —120 in number—being in charge of the guns), and the Sepoys were

Secrole,* about four miles from the principal *ghaut* of the city. Here several regiments of native infantry, and one or two battalions of British artillery, are always kept; and a little higher up the river, at Sultanpore, a regiment of native light cavalry. The native soldiers are said to agree very well with the Europeans; like the rest of the natives, however, they will not allow any of our colour to approach them while engaged in cooking or eating. When the Sepoys are about to cook, they throw off their uniform and dig up a little

directed to "Pile Arms." Their reply was to fire on the Europeans. Then began the fight. The Sepoys were defeated, and made off; and from that time to the suppression of the Mutiny—which suppression may be said to have begun here with the arrival of Colonel Neill *on the eve of the day the night of which had been appointed for a general rising of the city*—Benares was left alone, though in constant peril. It was then perceived how great a mistake had been made in leaving it almost entirely in charge of Sepoy regiments. But these circumstances afforded another example of the cool intrepidity, nerve, and fortitude of our civil officers under the most trying conditions, especially when relying on the Divine aid.

"When the Mutiny broke out in 1857, Mr. Henry Carre Tucker was Commissioner of Benares, and in that capacity was the civil ruler over seven districts, with a population of nine millions—a tremendous responsibility to lay upon him. Benares was seething with disaffection, and the English there were in imminent peril. But Mr. Tucker's old schoolfellow, Lord Canning, the Governor-General, had full confidence in him, and wrote to him that he was sure the crisis would be met 'with the calm courage based upon that which alone is the foundation of true courage.' Nobly was this confidence justified. Mr. Tucker took every measure of precaution that sound judgment could suggest, but he never evinced the smallest fear before the people. 'He rode out,' says Sir John Kaye, in his well-known history, 'in the most exposed places, evening after evening, with his daughter, as in quiet times; and when some one suggested to him that the hat he wore would clearly indicate the Commissioner, and afford a mark for a rebel shot, he said that he was as safe in one head-dress as in another.' Yet this was not because he did not realise the danger. He wrote to Lord Canning: 'It is quite a miracle to me how the city remains quiet. I do firmly believe that there is a special Divine influence at work on men's minds. The few Europeans could do nothing to guard the cantonment; but of all the three mutinous regiments, not one seems to have thought of burning the station or plundering the houses of the residents. There is much prayer here, and I know that many prayers are offered up for us; and I fully believe that they are accepted at the throne of grace, and that this is the cause of the quiet we enjoy.'"—*Biographical Notice of Mr. Henry Carre Tucker in "Church Missionary Gleaner."*

* "I saw in Secrole cantonments the India hated and dreaded by our troops: *by day a blazing, deadly heat and sun; at night a still more deadly fog—a hot, white fog, into which the sun disappears half an hour before his time for setting, and out of which he shoots soon after seven in the morning to blaze and kill again—a pestiferous, fever-breeding ground fog, out of which stand the tops of the palms, though their stems are invisible in the steam. Compared with our English summer climate, it seems the atmosphere of another planet.*"—SIR CHARLES DILKE.

earth, which they moisten and form into fireplaces, round which they draw a circle. If any European, intentionally or inadvertently, approach the circle during the culinary or subsequently masticatory operations, the Sepoy will bid him keep off; and, if he put his foot within it, will throw the whole of his food away, and compel him by law to pay the value, if he do not civilly consent to do so. So great is the disunion existing between men fighting under the same flag!

The Civil Station of Benares is also at Secrole, where the Judge, the Magistrate, and the Collector reside; where the Courts of Justice are situated, and where several native grandees live.*

Our Christian Missionaries are working very quietly and unobtrusively here; so quietly, indeed, that though they are

* The members of the Civil Service have reason to be proud of their associations with Benares. Judge Davis (whom we have already mentioned) was the first Englishman that applied his knowledge of Sanscrit to an investigation of the astronomical science of the Hindoos. James Prinsep, during his residence at Benares as Assay Master to the Mint (which was abolished on the completion of that at Calcutta), did much to improve the health and enhance the architectural beauty of the city, and collected materials for his graphic "Sketches." He was afterwards transferred to the Mint at Calcutta, and became secretary to the physical class of the Asiatic Society, and editor of the *Gleanings in Science*, which he remodelled in 1832, under the title of the *Journal of the Asiatic Society*; he also succeeded the famous and scholarly H. H. Wilson in that year as secretary to that Society. He pursued his investigations into chemistry, mineralogy, and antiquities, and especially directed his attention to inscriptions and numismatics, in regard to which he made many important discoveries, deciphering obsolete and unknown characters, which led to the formation of an alphabet, whereby the legends on the reverse side of Bactrian coins, ancient Surat coins, and the coins of the ancient princes of Lahore and their Mahommedan successors, have been easily read. Further successes attended his efforts to decipher inscriptions on monuments and temples in different parts of India, and to him belongs the credit of discovering the names of Antiochus and Ptolemy on the rocks of Cuttack and Guzerat, which proved the intercourse that existed of old between India and Persia and Egypt.

Secrole is also interesting as the birthplace of Rajah Brooke, of Labuan, who was born there on April 29th, 1803 (being a son of Mr. Thomas Brooke, of the Bengal Civil Service). This has for Bathonians a special interest, as, after the return of his parents from India, they settled down with their children in that beautiful city.

In the churchyard of Secrole is a monument to the memory of Colonel Wilford, a Hanoverian who came to India in 1781, and resided at Benares from 1788 to 1822, when he died. He devoted himself to the study of Sanscrit, and was the author of many essays in the "Asiatic Researches," which, however, are said to "show great zeal for his subject, but an utter want of sound judgment." It would seem that he became almost Hindooised by his studies.

undermining the whole fabric of Hindooism as well as that of Mahommedanism, many of our countrymen scarcely know of their existence,* which needs only a little observation, however, to perceive, and a little investigation to become acquainted with. There are three distinct missionary establishments in Benares and its neighbourhood: the Baptist, founded in 1816; the Church (of England) Missionary, founded in 1817 † by Mr. (afterwards Bishop) Corrie, a Government chaplain; and the London, founded in 1820. The Church Missionary station is at Sigra, a little way out of the city. For many years the Rev. C. B. Leupolt, who came to India with Bishop Wilson in 1832, and of whom the Bishop wrote, "Leupolt bids fair to become a second Schwartz," has laboured here on behalf of that Society.

Much of the preaching at Benares (where there are several chapels admirably situated), is carried, and many of the tracts and books distributed are borne, to the most distant parts by pilgrims and other travellers, and years after are found to be bearing fruit. Sometimes the native assistants will sit at

* "A regiment from Benares was passing through Cawnpore. The officers of that station gave the officers of the regiment from Benares a dinner. Ladies were also present. During dinner a lady asked one of the captains from Benares what the missionaries were doing there. The captain assured her that he knew of no missionaries at that station. 'They have an Orphan Institution,' the lady continued. The reply was, 'There is no such thing in Benares.' 'But I am a subscriber!' she added. The captain quietly said, 'You may be so; but I was three years in Benares, and if such an Institution existed I must have seen it.' A gentleman on her right whispered to her, 'Just wait a little.' After some time he asked the captain, 'Did you ever go to church?' 'Yes,' was the reply: 'we must go.' 'But who preached at Benares? You had no chaplain!' 'True, we had no padri, but service was performed by some clergymen whom the men liked. 'Strange, captain, that you should have been ministered to by missionaries, and have never known of their existence.' 'Oh, were they missionaries?' the captain exclaimed. The same gentleman then said to the captain, 'Did you ever see a very long building on the road round Sigrah Marawaddi?' 'Yes,' was the reply; 'we lost a fox there, and I rode into the compound. There were a host of black urchins grinning at me. They knew where the fox was, but they would not tell us.' 'Then,' the gentleman continued, 'you have been in the very premises of the Orphan Institution.' 'Well,' the captain said, 'I did not know what it was. I thought it was an indigo factory or something of that sort.' And then, turning to the lady, he said very politely, 'You see, ma'am, I was mistaken; there are missionaries in Benares, and there is also an Orphan Institution.'"—*Rev. C. B. Leupolt.*

† An interesting account of this will be found in Hough's "History of Christianity in India," v. 317; and in Leupolt's "Recollections of an Indian Missionary," and the same Missionary's "Further Recollections."

the roadside in front of their dwellings to speak to such as pass by.

The Missionary, too, has private conversations with the natives. "I am sure that God loves me," said a Brahmin, "for He gives me food and clothes without my asking Him. If God was not pleased with me, He would not do it." "Your argument is most sound," replied Mr. Leupolt. "The prisoners in the jail receive food and clothes, and that is a sure sign that the Government have a special love for them." "Well," rejoined the Brahmin, "I do not care; I am in prosperity, and that is a sure sign of God's love for me; and I can therefore eat and drink, and enjoy myself." Mr. Leupolt replied, "There was in ancient time a man who acted exactly on your principle"; and he took up the New Testament, and read the story of Dives and Lazarus. When he had concluded the Brahmin said, "I do not know, but God never commands me anything." "You are mistaken," replied the missionary: "He has done it, and He does it now. Hear what God has to say to you. 'The times of ignorance God winked at, but now He commands all men everywhere to repent.'" Such conversations are found to be very fruitful.

Strange experiences sometimes occur in itinerating. Mr. Leupolt says: "I visited a temple in Marweri. We heard of three eminent idols belonging to this temple whose clothes were said to be worth ten thousand rupees. We went to the spot, and met the chief priest of the temple, who had heard us the day before; he was just engaged in putting the mark or sign of his god upon his forehead, and was much displeased with us for coming to his place, as that was holy, and our presence polluted it. He, however, soon regained his good humour. His three idols were Kristna, Balram, and Subhadra. They were indeed elegantly dressed, and had pugries or turbans on; their clothes were undoubtedly very costly. In winter they are dressed in warm clothes, lest they should feel the cold, and in the hot season in white; and a man is constantly employed in fanning them, lest they should feel the heat too much. I praised the beautiful clothes of the idols, which pleased the old Gossain, who said, 'Yes, yes, look at them; and my gods are as powerful as they are beautiful.

If you doubt the fact, make a trial. Get up to the pinnacle of this temple'—pointing to one opposite to where I stood —'and throw yourself down. If you survive, I will believe that your God is stronger than my gods are; if not, you must acknowledge my gods to be superior to yours.' I replied, 'It would be difficult for me to get on the top of that temple,' pointing likewise to it, for it was a very high one; 'moreover, if in jumping down I broke my neck, I should not be in a state to acknowledge the great power of your gods. You see I am alone, with nothing but my stick, and they are three—three to one—and you know I do not pretend to be a *god*. If they turn me out, I will acknowledge their superiority, but if I conquer them, and turn them out of the temple, then you must acknowledge the superiority of our God.' He and his disciples burst into a hearty laugh, but he would not consent to my making the trial; his disciples, of whom nine were present, said, 'There would be no question as to who would obtain the victory.'"

The answers which even simple-minded converts sometimes give to learned pundits are unique. Mr. Leupolt tells us that one day a cultivator was attacked before a large crowd of people about his religion. "What do you know," the learned man asked, "about Christianity? *We* know all about it; we have read the New Testament, and know exactly what Christianity is composed of." "True," the man replied, "you know the ingredients of Christianity; so does my cook know what my curry is composed of; but, being a Brahmin, he does not know more, for he never tastes it. I do not know exactly all its ingredients, but I know what the curry is, for I taste and eat it. So you may know the *ingredients* of Christianity, but more you do not know; whereas I know what Christianity *is*, for I have tasted it. Taste it yourself! follow Jesus Christ! and you will soon see whether Christianity is of God or of man." The pundit was silenced.

At Sigra there are both boys' and girls' schools, to the former of which adults are admitted. The Jay Narain School —an institution originally established in 1817 by the native gentleman whose name it bears,* and afterwards made over to the Church Missionary Society—has been, and continues

* See Hough's "Christianity in India," v. 317.

to be, very successful, and will soon require to be enlarged.* The girls' school has been recently established, and is doing well; and this (with a similar school at Calcutta) appears to be the nucleus of a most important movement. The unhappy lot of female children and women in India we have already described in our third chapter. From this state of wretchedness there may now be hope of redemption. The growing influence of Christianity may lead to further legislation for the protection of woman, and even to the abolition of child-marriage, the source of unnumbered evils. From these schools may arise a native Christian village,† where, as the children grow up, families may be formed, and whence a Christian community may proceed.

The life of a Missionary is a busy one. He can only preach the Gospel, *vivâ voce*, to the *men*, for our missionaries have no access to women of station, and the lower-class women, we fear, seldom stand to hear them. (The wives and daughters of our missionaries alone, of all the missionary force, have access to the Zenanas, though we hope a time is coming when other Christian ladies will also visit them.) But he has to contend with adversaries; to confer with inquirers; to instruct, examine, baptise, and watch over converts; to establish schools, and to train native teachers; to minister to the church in his charge; to attend (and often to prescribe for) the sick and the dying; to travel into, and preach the Gospel in, outlying districts; to write, and to translate into the vernacular, tracts and books; and to perform many other duties that cannot here be enumerated. And all, it may be added, are to be done in a trying climate, and on a humble allowance.

The Province of Benares, as well as the City, is densely populated, and is well cultivated, and beautiful. It no longer yields the sport for which it was famous of old, when lions, tigers, elephants, rhinoceroses, and buffalo were hunted here.

* This has now been done; the institution is become a "College and Free School," and is affiliated to Calcutta University.

† This was accomplished in 1845, when preparations were also made for building a church at Sigra, which was erected and opened in 1847. Since then another church has been built *in the midst of the city of Benares*. There are also now several chapels. An infant school has been added to the establishment at Sigra.

It is the glory of England that it fills the waste places with populous cities. May the time soon come when the moral wild shall be transformed into a scene as lovely as that which Nature now presents to us here, and when Hindoo and Mahommedan temples and worshippers shall all become Christian!

For a long time the headquarters of the Thugs were at Benares. We may hope that these sons of Belial are now exterminated. *If they work anywhere in our dominions, we may be sure it is here,* where, amid the multitude of rich visitors, they may select the most profitable victims, and where they may easily escape detection amid the innumerable pilgrims. The "HOLY CITY" is, we fear, *a sink of iniquity.*

CHAPTER VII.

"THE CITY OF GOD."

WE are now again on the Grand Trunk Road. Its *materiel* is worthy of our notice. It is *kunkur*, a substance formed of soft white nodules, found in beds near the surface of the ground through North India, and supposed to have been formed by the percolation of the rain through the soil. "It occurs to me, however," says Mr. Pratt, "that it may have arisen from coral reefs in the sea which once covered the vast continent of Hindostan. If so, how strange the connection between the present and the past—the busy myriads in the deep seas of ancient days* preparing materials for a superb road between the British and Mogul capitals of the great kingdom which was to emerge out of the ocean they inhabited!"

A few marches brought us from the capital of Hindooism to the Mahommedan city of Allahabad, the (so-called) CITY OF GOD, originally known as PRAYAGA, in the Doab.† The present city was founded by Akbar, and was a favourite residence of that great emperor; and, from its situation at

* "We know not how far these founders of islands may have been concerned in rearing a considerable portion of those continents that form the Old World."—*Kirby*.

† "The admiration of the first Aryans may well be understood, as, advancing for the first time towards the west, they contemplated the two noble rivers, each half a mile in breadth, flowing along and uniting in the midst of this superb country. No scene like it had till then presented itself to their gaze, either in rocky Afghanistan or in the sandy Punjaub, and they might well think they had at last found here the paradise they had come in search of. One of their earliest cities, Prayaga, was erected on this white plain; it was the splendour of this city of which, several centuries after its foundation, the Chinese Hiousn Thsang, who visited it towards the year 640, gives us some glimpse."—*Rousselet*.

the junction of the Ganges and the Jumna,* both of which rivers are holy, has a peculiar sanctity in the eyes of the Hindoos, who still make it, as they did of old—for Allahabad is of great antiquity—a place of pilgrimage. Its fine red sandstone fort, said to have been originally Hindoo, but built or *re*built by Akbar in 1581, and now somewhat modernised, is, however, its principal feature. Its history illustrates in a remarkable manner the vicissitudes of the East. The Emperor Alumgheer being desirous to wrest from our hands the territories we had gained in Bengal, soon after our settlement in that part of his dominions, marched an army against us, of which a part were the forces of Meer Jaffier, Nawab of Oude. This prince, deserting the Emperor's standard when near Allahabad, made the fortress his own. Meer Jaffier died in 1763, after having presented Lord Clive, who commanded the British army at the period referred to, with an estate of great value; but the fort continued in the possession of the rulers of Oude until 1765, when an army under Major Carnac was sent against the Vizier of that kingdom, who had given refuge to Cassim Ali, a prince whom circumstances had made our enemy. By this army the fort of Allahabad, among others, was captured, but was shortly after made over to the Emperor Shah Allum, from whom, however, it was withdrawn in 1773, garrisoned by our troops, and, after a short period, again presented to the Nawab of Oude. But the Nawab once more ceded it to us, and *finally*, in 1798; since which time it has continued in our possession, and has ever since been increasing in importance as a military post. It is necessary to keep a strict watch over the neighbouring district of Bundelkund—the Golconda of this part of India—which is full of small independent States, amongst which anarchy and insurrection rage, and whose opposite shore, rising in towering cliffs crowned with pagodas or the remnants of hill forts, forms a fine background to the scene. The fort stands at the point where the Ganges and Jumna unite,

* "The GANGÁ-JAMUNÁ is a favourite pattern with Indian artists, and they love to introduce it into all sorts of manufactures. It receives its name from these two rivers. The Ganges water is described in the books as white, and that of the Jumna as blue; and when patterns of two colours in the same article meet or run side by side, it is said to be of *Gangá-Jamuná* pattern."—*Birdwood.*

and between our own territories and the native states. It is said to be one of the largest and noblest in India, and we were much impressed with its grandeur as we entered it.

The arsenal is located in the Great Hall (which alone remains) of the beautiful palace of Akbar—the Chalees Sitûn, or Pavilion of Forty Pillars—so called from its having that number on its principal floor. They were disposed in two octagonal ranges—one internal, of sixteen pillars, the other outside, of twenty-four—above which set, supported by the inner colonnade, was an upper range of the same number of pillars, crowned by a dome. The hall which remains is square, and supported by eight rows of columns, eight in each row; is surrounded by a deep verandah of double columns, with groups of four at the angles, all adorned by bracketed capitals of the most elegant and rich design, and altogether is said to be "as fine in style and as rich in ornament as anything in India."*

Among the other curiosities of the Fort is an ancient metal pillar, thirty-six feet high, covered with inscriptions in very ancient characters of different ages, which have only recently been deciphered by Mr. James Prinsep, and the references in which are exceedingly obscure.† As the history

* Fergusson.

† Fergusson, in his "Handbook of Architecture," speaks of it as one—and *the most complete*—of the pillars of Asoka, a great king who reigned from B.C. 272 to 236, and *introduced* BUDDHISM and stone architecture into India (previous to which all the Indian buildings were of wood). "The oldest examples of these lats," he adds, "that we are acquainted with are those which King Asoka set up in the twenty-seventh year after his consecration, the thirty-first of his reign, to bear inscriptions conveying to his subjects the leading doctrines of the new faith he had adopted. The rock-cut edicts of the same king are dated in his twelfth year, and convey in a less condensed form the same information,—Buddhism without Buddha,—but inculcating respect to parents and priests, kindness and charity to all men, and, above all, tenderness towards animals. This pillar" (at Allahabad), he further states, "is more than usually interesting, as, in addition to the Asoka inscriptions, it contains one by Samudra Gupta (A.D. 380 to 400), detailing the glories of his reign and the great deeds of his ancestors. It seems again to have been thrown down, and was re-erected, as a Persian inscription tells us (A.D. 1605), by Jehanghiré, to commemorate his accession."

Dr. Cust says, "*It may be accepted as a scientific fact that all the characters used in the East Indies can, sooner or later, be traced back to the* ASOKA INSCRIPTIONS, *and through them to the Phœnician alphabet, and thence backwards to the hieratic ideographs of the old kingdom of Egypt, and thence to the venerable hieroglyphics of the first century.*"

In the East Indies (including Dutch Java and French Anam) there are

of India is so little known, this pillar possesses the deepest interest for archæologists, and may lead to important discoveries. It was found here, lying upon the ground, in 1837, and has since been re-erected, with a pedestal.

Another relic of antiquity is a pillared cave—the remains, it is thought, of a Buddhist temple *—said to be full of idols, and still resorted to by devotees: it contains a very ancient banyan—the famed Imperishable Tree †—which is also worshipped; and a sacred spring, regarded as the source of a third river, the Saraswati, which, with the Ganges and the Jumna, form the Tribenee, or Junction of Three Holy Rivers.

Yet another object of curiosity is a small dilapidated temple considered very sacred by the Hindoos (who, however, are not allowed to visit it). Tradition, we are told, relates that when Akbar commenced building the fort every wall fell in as soon as it was erected, and it was understood that the sacrifice of a human life must be offered before the work could be accomplished; that a patriot named Brog, a sort of Curtius, offered himself for the purpose, on condition that his name should be given to the fort and town; that this was promised, the man sacrificed, and the fort built; and that hence both are called "Brog" to this day by the Hindoos. The temple was erected in honour of the patriot. It is underground, however, and is quite dark, and is perhaps seldom approached.

There is *said* to be a subterraneous passage from the fort to Delhi, 212 miles. "As a man could enter it only on his hands and knees," observed Lord Valentia, "the journey would be rather tedious."

But it is as one of the most famous resorts of Hindoo pilgrims that Allahabad is best known. A visit to the Tribenee assures any one dying there of immediate beatitude without further transmigration. ‡ It is, therefore, much

eight distinct ethnological families, including 243 spoken and written languages, and 296 dialects of those languages—539 in all (used by half the human race).

* About A.D. 600 Hwen Thsoong, visiting India, found here two Buddhist monasteries and many Hindoo temples. Great Buddhist ceremonies appear to have periodically taken place at the junction of the Ganges and the Jumna.

† It is said by some, however, to be a mere dry stump.

‡ Here formerly the firstborn were often offered up, in fulfilment of a vow made to that effect if further offspring were granted; while in more distant

resorted to, especially at the time of the great Annual Fair in January,* when tens of thousands repair hither. A temporary town is then formed (of huts of bamboos, mats, and grass), arranged on the sands in a wide street, half a mile long, the centre of which is occupied by the stalls of the fair, and diverging from which to the right and left are narrow lanes leading to smaller huts occupied by such of the pilgrims as can afford to pay for them ; while in every space large stacks of firewood and fodder for cattle are collected for the use of the pilgrims, which are sold at very high prices. The well-to-do select the larger huts in the main street for their lodging, while the mass bivouac in the open air, subject to every change of weather ; and as January is a month in which heavy showers of rain, accompanied by violent storms of wind and hail, are experienced, it cannot be doubted that thousands annually contract lingering diseases which eventually kill them. As the rivers dry up, the sands increase ; and as the most sacred spot for bathing is always at the end of the tongue of land, it is continually extending. The pilgrims are taught to bathe at the confluence of the waters; and all of them, male or female, even to the very infant at the breast, are required to have the head and eyebrows—some say every part, from the top of the head to the toes †—shaved before bathing, and are promised *a million years' happiness in heaven for every single hair of theirs that falls into the water.* Quantities of human hair are consequently seen on the sands whence the waters have retreated. Hundreds of flags of various colours flutter in the breeze ; and near the junction are innumerable low square wooden bedsteads, on which sit the officiating priests. The banks by the bathing place are thronged with barbers, whose sleek and well-clad appearance contrasts with that of many of their customers, to the great disadvantage of the latter, who push forward to be shaved in crowds, through which the

times a maiden and her lover were sometimes cast together into the waters, to be conveyed, as it was said, to Paradise. Other human sacrifices are also spoken of as occurring periodically at the Tribenee.

* In December and January the west wind blows freshly, and as there is incessant movement among the crowds, all are covered with dust, when the weather is dry, from the loose sands of the rivers. Occasionally cholera breaks out, and then the scene is appalling.

† So says Baboo Bholanauth Chunder, in his "Travels of a Hindoo," vol. i., p. 303.

pilgrims that have bathed* elbow their way with wet and dripping garments, singing praises to the gods, which intermingle with the cries of the infants that have been plunged into the chilling stream and with the noises of the fair, which meanwhile goes on without interruption. Many, however, used to drown themselves,† and perhaps some, at least, still do so, at the junction of the streams, by tying jars to their bodies, filling them with water, and going down with them. The bones and ashes of the dead,‡ too, sometimes brought from long distances,

* Ladies of rank carry with them "purdahs," or screens, within which they bathe, unseen by the mob. Rajahs may sometimes be seen bathing in this way, with curtains extending on both sides into the river.

† In the "Travels and Adventures of Dr. Wolff," we read: "Wolff visited the missionaries of the Church Missionary Society at Benares, who highly praised the prudence with which Mr. Colvin had abolished a most horrid custom at Allahabad. One of the Hindoo saints came forward every year, and declared that he would throw himself into the Ganges, with one stone tied to his feet and another to his neck, in order to ensure being drowned; as by this death he expected to obtain absorption, and come nigh to God, and be translated into one of the heavens called Pewacoku. In this abode distinct blessings are conferred on such victims; and the length of their remaining in it depends upon the number of their good deeds. So, when one meritoriously drowns himself, in order to go to that place, thousands and thousands of Hindoos attend to see that great saint make the sacrifice; and on such occasions great numbers in the crowd are crushed to death. With a view to abolish this dreadful ceremony, Mr. Colvin issued the following order:—'That not desiring to interfere with their religion, any one who wished to drown himself must first send in his name to him, Mr. Colvin, the magistrate of the town of Allahabad; and then the magistrate would command the people to remain in their houses, that the man might be able to drown himself undisturbedly.' From the time that this order was issued the dreadful ceremony ceased to be performed, as the only object was to produce a sensation among the people. The fancied saint was thus effectually foiled in his contrivances for collecting a crowd." However, it would appear that the practice has somewhat revived; only it is done privately, and without ceremony.

‡ We are told that after the death of Baji Rawa, the last of the Nagpore Rajahs, it was resolved to send his bones to Allahabad, to be deposited in the Ganges. A Mahratta Sirdar was put in charge of the expedition. Starting about the end of the month, this chief, attended by a great crowd of followers, walked barefoot as far as Ramtek, one of the principal temples in the Nagpore province. Here he halted, and had the bones divided into two parcels of unequal size, and enclosed in cases of antelope skin. The larger assortment he placed on a horse's back, the smaller on his own. It being now the hottest season of the year, the journey was performed after sunset; and night after night, with the light of torches and the sound of cymbal and drum, did the bearer of these precious relics, sometimes walking, at other times leaping and dancing, move forward with his numerous retinue. At Maher some thieves, allured by the prospect of finding gold and jewels among the bones, stole the larger bundle, and only a small remnant was left to be thrown into the Ganges. But before reaching their destination a calamity still more serious befell the party. Cholera broke out among them, and about one hundred persons were carried off by

are cast into the waters (as at Benares) at the Holy Junction. The sands are occupied by Brahmins reading and expounding the Shastras to the people, groups of singers, and numerous fakirs.*

Every twelfth year a *Great* Fair is held here, when the assemblage is, of course, much more numerous. In the early days of our rule, each pilgrim was required to pay to the British Government for the privilege of bathing here a tax of from one rupee to twenty, according as he came on foot, on horseback, on a camel, or on an elephant.† This exaction was prohibited by Parliament in 1833, but continued to be enforced till 1837. In that year Bishop Wilson visited Allahabad, and witnessed the proceedings;‡ and it appears to have been owing to his representations and influence that the tax at length ceased to be demanded.

The Jumna is a fine river, having a brilliant blue colour, and full of romantic and storied beauty. Rising in the distant Himalaya, at a height of 10,849 feet above the sea, after a

it. On their arrival at Allahabad presents were liberally distributed among the Gangaputras: to one, a gold necklace; to another, a horse; to others, changes of raiment; and, to all, donations in money. The remains were then consigned to the waters. After spending some time in Allahabad, they proceeded to Benares, and occupied seven days in walking round the city, and another seven days in bathing in the sacred stream, and in presenting offerings to the idols and gifts to the Brahmins, in the name of the dead.

* "On the sands," says a visitor, "were a number of devotees, the most 'holy' of whom had made a vow that for fourteen years he would spend every night up to his neck in the Ganges; nine years he has kept the vow. At sunset he enters the river; is taken out at sunrise, rubbed into warmth, and placed by a fire; he was sitting, when I saw him, by a great log of burning wood, and looking very fat and jovial. Another lies all day on his back on the ground, encrusted with the mud of the Ganges, and others in a state of nudity sit about here and there forming a centre of attraction to the people."

† The Hindoos in the Company's army and the Hindoo inhabitants of Allahabad and its suburbs were the only persons exempted; and for this exemption each person had to obtain a licence from the collector.

‡ "The Bishop stood for a long time in the strongly barricaded office, where by a Christian hand this tax was taken and a corresponding ticket issued, admitting the bearer to the margin of the sacred stream. Upon the production of the ticket another Christian hand stamped a red signet on the devotee's right arm, which authorised him to bathe. The Bishop looked upon the frenzied multitude, the hideous assemblage of idols, the town of straw huts raised on the river banks, the countless flags indicating separate Brahminical establishments, and the pilgrim now shaved, bathed, marked, and penniless, retiring from the scene with a little vessel of the sacred water to be carried home, if indeed he ever reached his home. In the contemplation of all this, he says that he was never so affected since, two years before, he had stood at Juggernaut."—*Life of Bishop Wilson.*

course of 680 miles it here, as we have said, joins the Ganges. Its rocky bed produces choice gems, and on its banks stand the great and famous cities of Delhi and Agra. Its commercial value has of late years been greatly increased by the engineering operations which we have undertaken for that purpose, and the traffic of the river is considerable. Still the situation of Allahabad at the confluence of the two rivers gives it advantages as a port which do not appear to be sufficiently appreciated. The Jumna abounds with the rooce, a delicious fish about the size of a salmon. The GANGES is here 668 miles from its source.

The steamers from Calcutta to the Upper Provinces (which did not begin to run till 1828) do not go beyond this. The "voyage" is a very slow one, occupying from fourteen to twenty days, according to the time of the year and the state of the river;* the vessel always lying-to at night, in consequence of the numerous sandbanks making navigation in the dark dangerous.

The cantonments and neighbourhood of Allahabad are very agreeable, and have excellent roads, with avenues of fine trees winding through them. Allahabad is remarkable for its magnificent tamarind trees. The surface of the country is undulating, and the gardens and woods, from the abundance of creepers, most picturesque and beautiful. The climate is said to be peculiar: somewhat humid (as might be expected), and less subject than some other places to the *fierce* blowing of the hot winds; on the other hand, it is called "The Oven of India," and is even named "Chota Jehanum" (*Little Hell*). Several regiments of Native Infantry are quartered here, but no European corps. (The temptation must surely sometimes present itself to the sepoys with arms in their hands to rise against us.†)

* Allahabad is about 500 miles from Calcutta by land, but fully 800 by water, in consequence of the sinuosities of the Ganges. The price of a cabin passage without furniture or provisions in one of these vessels is about twenty pounds, but the freightage is even more extravagantly high, the conveyance of a parcel up the river frequently costing more than is charged for its transmission from England to Calcutta.

† "The news of the outbreak at Meerut on May 10th, 1857, reached Allahabad on May 12th. The native soldiers in the cantonment consisted of the 6th Bengal Native Infantry, a wing of a Sikh regiment, and two troops of Oude Irregular Horse. A small body of European artillerymen

The native town of Allahabad is like most others, mean, narrow, and dirty. Allahabad has, however, two splendid serais for native travellers, and some magnificent royal tombs, which testify to the grandeur of the Moguls of old, and their lavish outlay in honour of the dead.* The present population is probably 60,000.

I learn that Allahabad is a station of the American Presbyterian Missionary Society, which began its operations here in 1836.† A chapel has been built by the Society in the

was brought in from Chunar Fort as soon as the news of the spread of the rebellion arrived. Disconcerting rumours soon prevailed in Allahabad; but precautionary measures were taken in the fort and approaches to the city, and affairs remained quiet for some time. The sepoys of the 6th volunteered to march against the rebels of Delhi, and at sunset parade on June 6th the thanks of the Governor-General were read to the regiment for their devoted loyalty. At nine o'clock that very evening the sepoys rose in open rebellion, murdered most of their officers, and plundered the treasury. The murder of the youthful *Confessor*, Ensign MARCUS CHEEK, will ever be associated with this rising; he has been called 'The Martyr of Allahabad.' Many military and civil officers were in the fort at the time of the outbreak. The rabble joined in the plunder and bloodshed. The gaol was broken open, the dwellings of the European residents sacked and burnt, and every European or Eurasian captured was murdered in cold blood. The work of destruction only ceased from want of anything further to destroy; and a sort of provisional government was established in the city under a man called 'the Moulvi,' who proclaimed the restored rule of the Delhi Emperor. The little garrison of Europeans and loyal Sikhs held together in the fort until the arrival of General Neill with a party of the Madras Fusiliers on June 11th. On the morning after his arrival General Neill assumed the offensive against an insurgent rabble in the suburb of Daraganj, which was carried and destroyed. On June 15th, after having despatched the women and children to Calcutta by steamer, Neill opened the guns of the fort on the suburbs of Kydganj and Mulganj, which were occupied after some opposition. On June 17th the magisterial authority was re-established without opposition."—*Hunter and Trotter.*

* Here formerly lived Mirza Juhangeer, favourite son of the Emperor of Delhi, "whom," says Major Sleeman, "I knew intimately at Allahabad in 1816, when he was killing himself as fast as he could with Hoffman's cherry brandy. 'This,' he would say, 'is really the only liquor that you Englishmen have worth drinking; and its only fault is that it makes one drunk too soon.' To prolong his pleasure he used to limit himself to one large glass every hour, till he got dead drunk. Two or three sets of dancing women and musicians used to relieve each other in amusing him during this interval. He died, of course, soon; and the poor old emperor was persuaded by his mother, the favourite sultana, that he had fallen a victim to sighing and grief at the treatment of the English, who would not permit him to remain at Delhi, where he was continually employed in attempts to assassinate his eldest brother, the heir-apparent, and to stir up insurrections among the people. He was not in confinement at Allahabad, but merely prohibited from returning to Delhi. He had a splendid dwelling, a good income, and all the honours due to his rank." He was buried at Delhi, where a beautiful tomb has been erected to his memory.

† This Mission suffered to the extent of £30,000 in the Mutiny of 1857.

centre of the native city. It has also established a Press, which has been very useful in turning out many excellent works in the vernacular, and printing religious books at the lowest possible rate, and without profit. Special attention is paid to the pilgrims by the missionaries; preaching is maintained in English and Hindostanee; and preaching tours are made occasionally. The want of a Native Ministry, however, is much felt. We are told that the Society has some ten schools under its care here, and that they contain about four hundred children. It has also a missionary college, with one hundred students. The missionaries appear to be respected. The Baptist Mission here has been lately discontinued, in consequence of the agent, Mr. Mackintosh, having been obliged through infirmity to relinquish his labours, and no successor being available. This is much to be regretted on so important a station.

A Government School was established in this city in 1825, and its progress is said to be satisfactory. The Government have also established a Sanscrit College, a native hospital, and an Asylum for the Blind.

The *district* of Allahabad is one of the most fruitful and beautiful in India, and considerable sums have of late years been expended, and are still in course of expenditure, for improving its agriculture, aspect, and resources, by increasing the means of irrigation, making new and improving old roads, planting trees, and surveying tracts of country before imperfectly or not at all surveyed. The amount laid out has already been repaid with vast interest.

We have mentioned the Doab (*Do-ab*), the Land of the Two Rivers, the tract between the Ganges and the Jumna. It is entered at Allahabad, and extends to the base of the Himalaya, a distance of 500 miles, with a breadth of 55. Allahabad is situated at about an equal distance from the hills on our north-western frontier and those of Darjeeling. The latter are generally preferred as a resort by Europeans residing below this province, and the former by those above it, on account of the more immediate vicinity of each to the other.

Here we were presented, by one who had become endeared to us, with a copy of Shakespeare,—a gift indeed, to an

exiled Englishman who truly realises the greatness of his native country—

> "ENGLAND, BOUND IN WITH THE TRIUMPHANT SEA,
> WHOSE ROCKY SHORE BEATS BACK THE ENVIOUS SIEGE
> OF WATERY NEPTUNE."

And what a halo has Shakespeare shed around her name! O England!

> "Where'er I roam, whatever realms I see,
> *My* heart, *untravell'd*, fondly turns to thee."

We resume our MARCH to the great station of Cawnpore.*

Now that we are upon the road, we may tell you a native story. There was a dyer who had an ass that by carrying loads too great for him had grown exceedingly weak, and was brought almost to death's door. The dyer released him for awhile from his toil, dressed him for sport in a tiger's skin, and let him into a cornfield. The owners of the field, looking out from a distance, thought the beast *was* a tiger, and ran away. But a man who had to watch the field, suspecting the truth, dressed himself in an ass's skin, and, taking his bow and arrows, ventured to approach the intruder; when the ass, which was now grown fat, thinking the stranger a female of his own species, began to bray loudly and trot up to her; and so the old proverb was fulfilled—*a fool is always discovered when he stayeth.*

At eighty miles from Allahabad we enter Futtehpore, a very pretty little rural station,† around which the poppy is extensively grown, and where there is a Government establishment for preparing the Opium for market. It is well known that the Government has a monopoly of opium cultivation in India,—that it is an important branch of agriculture, and a great source of public revenue; while at the same time moralists question whether this is justifiable in view of the

* Along this very road Havelock afterwards marched to the relief of that station.

† In 1798 it was described as a waste (the result of frequent change of government and disorders); in 1848 it had become under our rule "a boundless garden, in which fields of sugar-cane, poppy, and cereals alternate with beautiful groves of mango or tamarind overshadowing the village mosques and tanks."

terrible evils that arise from the abuse of the drug in China.* Anglo-Indians, however, do not appear to concern themselves much about the matter, though they cannot but remember our national responsibility for national wrong-doing, the memorable "Confessions" of De Quincey, and the debilitated mental and moral fibre of another great scholar and writer through opium.†

There are many remains of Mahommedan grandeur in and around Futtehpore, which speak to us of old times in this land, but are now crumbling away. Here, again, are two or

* "When people begin to smoke" (opium), observes a Chinese writer in a publication lately issued at Canton, "they at first experience no injurious results; but when they have smoked for some time, they require what is called *renovation*. When the time for renovation comes, if they do not smoke then the hands and feet become weak and palsied, the mouth drops, the eyes become glazed, rheum flows from the one and saliva from the other; they are subject to complaints which resemble phlegm, asthma, and convulsions; and when they arrive at this stage of the disease every atom of reason appears to have left them. You may beat them, scold them, curse them, and insult them, yet they will not rise, they will not answer! Having smoked the opium pipe still longer, the constitution of these people begins to give way; their insides gradually decay; thousands of worms and maggots gnaw their intestines; their faces become discoloured, their teeth black, their appearance like charcoal; their shoulders mount to the ears, their necks shrink in, their thrapples protrude; their whole frame appears hateful as that of a ghost or a devil; and they insensibly hug their enemy till death overtakes them in the act. As the waters of the great river flow to the east, and day by day roll on without cessation, so we find of this evil habit: when it first began those who smoked avoided the gaze of other men, and, fearing to avow their shame, kept it secret. Now, however, it is taken openly, and even served up as a treat to guests and strangers! At first none but slaves and the vilest of the vile employed it; but *now* it has infected the honoured of the land. In every matter, in every respect, is the evil becoming daily more serious and more deeply rooted! So much so, indeed, that its baneful influence seems to threaten little by little to degrade the whole population of the Celestial Empire to a level with reptiles, wild beasts, dogs, and swine. When the inhabitants of our land shall have come to this, the three relations will be annihilated; the nine laws or punishments will cease to be enforced; the five businesses of life will be utterly neglected; human reason will have disappeared for ever, and woes innumerable will arise! From the beginning of the world until this day never, never was there a calamity which, in its first appearances so soft, so bewitching, threatened like this in the end to consume all things." (We have slightly altered and considerably abbreviated *Mr. Sirr's* translation of this remarkable document.)

† The profits of the trade in this drug are enormous, and reconcile Englishmen to all these evils. People say that Jardine, Matheson & Co., realised hereby in thirty years the sum of £3,000,000. It has been calculated that there are between forty and fifty "clippers," all well armed and manned, employed in the trade. The consumption of Indian opium in China has in the course of twenty years increased more than tenfold.

three Civil Servants, living in a very lonely manner, surrounded by a considerable native population.*

Futtehpore is said to be an unhealthy locality. The native town contains probably 10,000 inhabitants, who appear to be almost entire strangers to the sound of the Gospel,† as there is not a single missionary residing amongst them; though, being situated on the Great Trunk Road, they occupy a position in which one would be particularly useful.

We march on, and now enter the Cawnpore district. On this line of road serais are very numerous. Some of the most ancient are magnificent buildings, having been erected in the times of those great emperors whose names are associated with tales of Eastern splendour, when, as only the poorest travelled on foot, and wheeled carriages had not come into fashion, but respectable people passed from one part of the

* Futtehpore was sadly associated with the great Mutiny of 1857. On June 8th a treasure guard returning from Allahabad became mutinous, and the next day the mob arose, burnt the houses, and plundered all the property of the European residents. The Civil Officers all escaped to Banda, except the judge, Mr. Robert Tucker. He knew that, under God, India could be saved only by the stern determination and self-sacrifice of the few British who had been surprised in isolated stations; and he resolved, at whatever cost, not to quit his post. He was attacked, and dauntlessly defended himself until overpowered by the rush of numbers. He was in mockery tried, condemned, and executed in the presence of his own deputy-collector; his head and feet being cut off, and held up for the inspection of the rabble. "They destroyed his body, but after that there was no more that they could do. His soul was safe beyond their reach. It had long been intrusted to the safe care of an Almighty Saviour."

The daring of the Thugs in this district was shown by a circumstance which occurred soon after our visit. A lady going on a visit to the judge, stopped her palanquin just before entering his "compound," and desired an attendant to draw her a little water from the well just by. The man did so, but on bringing up the vessel poured its contents on the ground, saying that a thuggee had been committed, and that she could not drink that water. "Did you not hear the lota bump upon a dead body in the well?" During the three weeks of this lady's stay at Futtehpore no less than three men were found "thugged" in the neighbouring wells.

† We have since heard that Mr. Tucker, the Judge who was slain as stated above, was in the habit of reading the Bible in their native tongue to upwards of two hundred poor—the lame, the leper, and the blind—on every Sabbath-day. He also set up two tablets of stone on the high road, containing the Ten Commandments in the native characters and John iii. 14—18 in both Persian and Hindoo. These remained after the Mutiny, though he who erected them had been so cruelly murdered.

A Mission has since the Mutiny been established at Futtehpore under a Native Minister connected with the American Presbyterian Church, the Rev. Gopee Nath Mundy, who went through much fiery trial during the Rebellion.

country to another on the backs of horses, elephants, and camels, roads were not thought worthy of so much attention as now, though care was taken to sink numerous wells and build places of shelter on all the great thoroughfares, so that every one might obtain refreshment and repose.

The Grand Trunk Road which we are travelling—to which we have already referred—and which is almost the only good road in North India,* is now perhaps nine hundred miles in length, and when completed will probably be twelve hundred, reaching from Calcutta to the foot of the Himalayas. It has an average breadth of about thirty-five feet, sixteen of which are metalled; and is kept in good repair by convicts and hired labourers, under the superintendence of European overseers, each of whom has eighty miles of the road under his charge, the state of which he is required at all times to be acquainted with by personal survey. At the close of every rainy season (during which it suffers more than in all the rest of the year), an estimate of the amount required to repair it is sent to the Government by the superintending engineer of each district, and, when approved, the work is commenced. It is quite a luxury to travel on this road, so excellent is the condition in which by these means it is kept. On the other hand, it is a misery to travel on any but this; the others are frequently mere pathways or tracks, full of ruts and holes, and in some cases half-overgrown with jungle, and intersected by watercourses, although it appears that an impost of 1 per cent. is laid on all lands for the purpose of constructing roads and bridges and keeping them in good order. And it is somewhat inconvenient to the traveller to have his gig, buggy, or tandem overturned and destroyed, and his horses perhaps permanently injured, by falling at night into a gap five or six feet broad, and three or four deep, across the highway; nor is it over-pleasant to him to be himself at the same time jerked by the shock into one of the little rivers or swamps frequently to be found hard by.

In almost every large station on the Grand Trunk Road, and at intervals between the principal ones, accommodation for travellers is provided by Government (in the general

* "The best in the world: a road hard, clean, and lasting, not unlike that which asphalte gives."—SIR CHARLES DILKE in "Greater Britain."

absence of hotels) in what are called dâk bungalows, from their being used as places of rest and refreshment by persons journeying in that way. One rupee a day is paid by each traveller for the use of an apartment; in addition to which he is furnished by the *khansaman* in charge with whatever "supplies" may be procurable on the spot, at a moderate charge. A book is provided at each dâk bungalow, in which the traveller may record his name, destination, etc., together with any complaints or remarks he may have occasion to make in reference to the accommodation.

The whole way from Allahabad is very delightfully relieved by extensive mango groves, while the hedges are formed of the prickly pear and other species of cacti, and the lands appear to be carefully cultivated. Amid such scenes are often to be found the encampments of the Judges,* who make their circuits during the months that allow travelling; generally pitching their tents near towns, and holding their

* It is interesting to note that judgment was delivered by a Divisional Bench of the Allahabad High Court, in 1880, in an extraordinary case, which has been styled in India the Indian Tichborne case. The suit had been hanging on in the court in some shape or other since 1874, and had created a great sensation in the district. Popular ballads have been written and sung of the privations the plaintiff had to suffer, and the court was crowded throughout the trial of the case. The plaintiff, who styled himself Rajah Raghbir Singh, *alias* Maha Singh, son of Harbans Singh, caste Goojar, claimed to recover the Landhora estate and mesne profits, computed to amount to £100,000, from the two female defendants, of whom the younger is described by him as his wife, and the elder as his mother. The plaintiff averred that he was in possession of the estate up to 1868; that in April 1868 he fell sick; that the elder defendant, in collusion with other relations, administered intoxicating drugs to him, and removing him, when he had lost his senses, to Kankhal, caused him to be thrown into the river Ganges, and gave out to the public that the corpse had been burned after the custom of the Hindoos; that he was pulled out of the river by a Gumani washerman, and subsequently taken care of by a Brahmin fakir, who, on account of evil omens, prevented him from time to time from asserting his rights. The defendants alleged that the plaintiff was an impostor, as the real Rajah Raghbir Singh died a natural death on April 23rd, 1868, and that his corpse was burned after the custom of the Hindoos at Kankhal. Justices Pearson and Straight, in a long judgment, gave it as their opinion that "the plaintiff was merely a puppet in the hands of some of the enemies of the defendants." It seems that since the Rajah's death there had been bad feeling between the relatives of the young ranee on the one side, and the elder ranee and her relatives on the other; and this circumstance partly explains the alacrity of the former to embrace the plaintiff's cause. Upon a full and careful consideration of the whole of the evidence, oral and documentary, on both sides, the court was unhesitatingly of opinion that the appellant's claim was a false and fictitious one, and that he had been proved to demonstration to be Maha Singh.

Courts under trees; an arrangement extremely agreeable to native prejudices, especially those of the lower classes, who, it is said, always feel afraid and under restraint in a house (particularly if furnished after the European fashion), where they can neither tell their story well, nor attend to what is going on. Thus *law and justice are brought almost to the door of every man.* And, moreover, the Panchayet, or Village Council of Five,*—*an ancient form of* JURY *anticipating our own*—settles many local disputes without reference to the Courts of Law.†

Our march has on the whole been a pleasant one, and cannot but be advantageously compared by many of our old soldiers with some in which they have taken part. Memorable, indeed, have been various marches made by our troops in modern times in India; none, however, so far as we are aware, have been surpassed by, or have even approached, in its horrors, that of Lord Lake and his army in 1804 to the very Station to which we are proceeding.‡

* See p. 82.

† The number FIVE has a peculiar judicial sanctity among the natives, as shown by the proverb "PANCH PARAMESHWAR, *Five arbitrators are like* ALMIGHTY GOD."—*Hon. Justice Jardine.*

‡ "The roads were exceedingly bad, and the country was everywhere swept by a burning wind, called by the natives the 'Devil's Breath,' which, after passing over the great sandy desert, imparts to the atmosphere of these regions an intensity of heat which astonished even those who had long been seasoned to the fury of a vertical sun. Westward of the Jumna, this pestiferous current, this fiery blast, finds no rivers and lakes to temper its severity. One of the officers, who was scorched and withered by it, compares it to the extreme glow of an iron foundry in the height of summer, 'though even that is but a feeble comparison, since no idea can be formed of the causticity of the sandy particles which were borne along with the wind like hot embers, peeling off the skin, and raising blisters wherever they chanced to fall.' The European soldiers died by tens and fifteens daily. Young men who set out in the morning full of spirits, and in all the vigour of health, dropped dead immediately on reaching the encamping ground; and many were smitten on the road by the noonday sun, whose rays darted downwards like a torrent of fire. Many brave and athletic veterans fell, without the possibility of receiving any relief. It was the worst of all *coups de soleil*, except that death was almost instantaneous. They who were thus struck suddenly turned giddy, foamed at the mouth, dropped on the road, and instantly became lifeless. Even when encamped, the sufferings of the poor soldiers were excruciating; for the tents in general were but ill adapted to such a climate, and the thermometer in the shade frequently exceeded 130° of Fahrenheit. The misery was further increased by the scarcity of water, owing to the debility and mortality that prevailed among the camp-followers employed in procuring that inestimable beverage. Numbers of these water-carriers

perished through the fatigue which they underwent in this fiery climate, where the natives suffered even more than the Europeans, when called to make any extraordinary exertion. On one day as many as nineteen Europeans were buried: melancholy indeed it was to see the route of the army traced by heaps of earth giving cover to the remains of so many gallant soldiers, who, after escaping the dangers incident to the fire and steel of war, fell pitiable victims to the climate. On one day, June 1st, 250 natives were reported to have died in the bazaar attached to the camp. On June 3rd, as the troops were encamping near Karowley, the wind suddenly shifted, impetuous whirlwinds advanced over the sandy plains in vast columns of sand and dust, increasing in magnitude, and ascending into the air to a height beyond the reach of the eye. These objects were only the precursors of the still more tremendous demon of the storm, the typhoon, which came like chaos on the wings of the tempest, rolling before it immense torrents of burning sand, and giving such density to the atmosphere that the sun, which had hitherto appeared as red as blood, became totally eclipsed. Night in the midst of day—night with tenfold terror—darkened all the scene, and the awfulness was heightened by the howlings of the tempest, which resembled the roar of thunder. This lasted about half an hour, during which the army and all the affrighted multitude in its train lay prostrate and silent on the ground, as if anticipating the day of doom. The trees were torn up by the roots, the tents were carried away and scattered about in every direction; the bullocks threw off their burdens and ran wild among the bazaar people; the horses broke loose from the picquets, and galloped about the camp in a phrenzy of fear. Providentially, however, the fearful phenomenon was succeeded by a little rain, which cooled the air, and rendered it so very refreshing that the mortality ceased. On June 4th the army rested all day in honour of George III.'s birthday. On the 5th they passed the Jumna, at a ford near the city of Agra, the guns and baggage being conveyed in beautiful style across the river in boats. On the 20th, or just after the commencement of the monsoon or rainy season, they reached their comfortable quarters at Cawnpore. THEY HAD MARCHED ABOVE ONE THOUSAND MILES."—*MacFarlane.*

CHAPTER IX.

CAWNPORE.

CAWNPORE is indeed a great Military Station, and is situated on a sandy plain, broken here and there into ravines, on the very bank of the Ganges (140 miles from Allahabad). As we draw near it in the early morn, we perceive numerous parties of European and native soldiers—cavalry, artillery, and infantry—scattered at drill all over the wide champaign; while, as we march in, band playing and colours flying, numbers of our fellow-countrymen and townspeople come out to meet and welcome us. Our barracks gained, our arms are soon racked, our knapsacks thrown off, and we are at liberty to rest and survey our new surroundings.

Cawnpore appears to have little ancient historic interest, for though *said* to have been the site of the ancient city of Palibothra,* its claims to the honour appear more than doubtful. Our settlement was founded in 1778, after the conclusion of a treaty with the Nawaub of Oude (on the opposite side of the Ganges), by which that potentate ceded to us the right of stationing troops at Cawnpore and Futtehghur. In 1801 the surrounding country came finally under our rule by cession from the Nawaub. Cawnpore had now become the great frontier post of the Bengal army. The cantonments (though it is no longer our frontier station) extend five or six miles along the river side, and are occupied by several European Regiments as well as by some Native Corps. The European barracks are long, barn-like buildings, with thatched roofs;

* It has also been said that a tribe of Kshatryas assumed the title of Cawnporians before the Christian era.

the Sepoys' consist of rows of little huts, with the houses of the Native Officers at the end of each row, enclosed by a low mud wall. The bungalows of the European officers are situated near the barracks, within large and well-planted "compounds," which seem calculated, however, if not designed, to prevent a free circulation of air. The gardens produce grapes, peaches, and other European fruits and vegetables. The ravines are thickly planted, and interspersed with clusters of native dwellings and temples. The centre of the station is occupied by the Assembly Rooms and Theatre,* and a road passing these leads to the Racecourse, which is approached by an avenue forming the "Rotten Row" of the Station, and which presents much the same appearance of an evening as does the Maidan of Calcutta at that hour, though far less brilliant. Not far off are the bazaar and town. The Civil Station lies at some distance from the cantonments. The officers consist, it seems, of a Judge, a Magistrate, and two Collectors, with their assistants. The general view of Cawnpore is picturesque and pleasing. Churches and other public buildings meet the eye amid the trees; and the plain is constantly dotted with soldiers, natives, elephants, horses, camels, and equipages. Cawnpore, as we have said, formerly belonged to Oude; and Mahommedan mosques still form a feature of the neighbourhood, indicating the presence of these foes of our faith. This important place is, however, without any natural or artificial defence but the river.

One peculiar feature of Indian towns, and perhaps more particularly of Cawnpore, is the large number of wild or pariah dogs that infest the streets and have no owners. Strange as it may seem, these appear to be divided into clans, each of which has a particular beat or part of the city for its share, whence all that do not belong to it are forcibly expelled when they venture to intrude. As they have no politeness, and scruple not to appropriate anything that falls in their way, or even to enter any house which may happen to be open, and to seize and run off with whatever eatables

* Little did we imagine how real a tragedy would within a few years be enacted there; a tragedy that would exceed in terror all that had ever been done or imagined; that would thrill the nerves and harrow the hearts of Englishmen and Englishwomen all over the world, and would go down to distant times as a tale of matchless horror.

they may descry, they are exceedingly obnoxious to the townspeople, most of whom are, however, restrained by their religion from destroying them; but they fare very poorly when they attempt to approach cantonments, where, on account of their thievish propensities, mangy looks, and threatening numbers, a price is set upon their heads. No sooner does one of them make his appearance near barracks than our more civilised and sagacious "Trays," "Fans," and "Boxers" announce the fact, and call their masters to the chase; when the unlucky beasts are worried, stoned, pelted, shot, bayoneted, or hanged, without mercy.

The kites, too, are very numerous, and fight for their prey with the dogs and the crows. As to the latter, they are everywhere. They have their early morning gatherings, as it would seem, in each locality, at which they discuss the plans of the day; they then disperse in various directions, far and near, many having their regular places of resort, such as special bungalows* and barracks, etc., or certain fields, river banks, orchards, or large fruit trees. They take a siesta during the heat of noon, bathe at four, resume their search for food towards evening, and about sunset return to their roosting places, where they assemble in large numbers, and keep up their squabblings to a late hour.† And *then* comes the howling of the wolves with which Cawnpore is infested!

Cawnpore may indeed be called, as we have already designated it, THE CITY OF THE SANDY WASTE. Cultiva-

* "Of all birds, whether English or Indian, in point of cunning, acuteness, and general intelligence, our crow surpasses all. Omnivorous in his diet, he knows, as well as you do, the exact hour for meals; and, truly living on the crumbs that fall from your table, he is patiently waiting on a tree outside your door until he sees the first dish go in, when he gives a peculiar caw as a signal, and on its return from the table there are at least twenty eager visitors awaiting its reappearance, where five minutes before but a solitary bird was to be seen. When the fragments are thrown out from the cook-house, ever on the alert, with one eye on the cook and the other on the coveted morsel, down pounces our crow, and hopping up, generally sideways, when he sees the coast is quite clear, suddenly seizes a fragment, and is off with it to the neighbouring tree. His example is speedily followed by the rest; but all observe extreme caution in their approaches, until, the whole of the booty having been disposed of, they either visit your next-door neighbour, who happens to breakfast a little later than you do; or, if in the afternoon about four o'clock, betake themselves in company to the nearest tank, and thoroughly enjoy the luxury of a bath."—*Lieutenant R. C. Beavan.*

† See Jordan's "Birds of India."

tion, however, has done much for Cawnpore, which is naturally treeless and dreary, intensely hot in summer—it is said that the summer breeze is as the blast of a furnace—cruelly bleak in winter, and at all times unattractive.

Blinding and choking DUST STORMS are of frequent occurrence at this station, sometimes turning noonday into night.

A lady writes: "June 9th, at 4 p.m., the thermometer outside the verandah in the sun stood at 130°, in the shade at 110°. A storm is raging: * it arose in clouds of dust, which, sweeping over the river, blow on the windows of the drawing-room; they are all fastened, and a man is at every one of them, or the violence of the wind would burst them open; my mouth and eyes are full of fine sand; I can scarcely write;—not a drop of rain, only the high wind, and the clouds of dust, so thick we cannot see across the verandah. I feel rather afraid lest some part of the house, which is not in good repair, should give way, if it continue to blow in such gusts. In Calcutta we had severe storms, with thunder and lightning; here, nothing but clouds of sand—reaching from earth to heaven—with a hot, yellow tinge, shutting out the view entirely. The storm has blown for an hour, and is beginning to clear off. I can just see the little, white-crested waves on the river beneath the verandah. The heat is too oppressive to admit of an evening drive." And again she writes, a few days after: "A storm of sand and dust is now blowing; indeed, a little while ago the darkness was so great from that cause that I was obliged to leave off writing, being unable to distinguish the letters."

Mrs. Sherwood, the unwearied authoress,† and wife of the Paymaster of a Regiment formerly stationed here, gives us a very interesting glimpse of the *summer* life of an officer's family in her day at Cawnpore; and it is probably much the same now. "The mode of existence," says that lady, "of an English family during the hot winds in India is so unlike

* "No one who has not been in a tropical region can, I think, imagine what these storms are. The wind roars, and howls, and whistles, as if bearing terrible voices on its wings; and bursts every now and then with such fury that one expects to see the roof of the house torn up, and the walls giving way."

† *Seventy-seven* distinct publications came from Mrs. Sherwood's pen.

anything in Europe, that I must not omit to describe it, with reference especially to my own situation at Cawnpore. Every outer door of the house and every window is closed; all the interior doors and venetians are, however, open, whilst most of the private apartments are shut in by drop-curtains or screens of grass, looking like fine wire-work, partially covered with green silk. The hall, which never has any other than borrowed light in any bungalow, is always in the centre of the house; and ours at Cawnpore had a large room on each side of it, with baths and sleeping rooms. In the hot winds I always sat in the hall at Cawnpore.* I generally sat on a sofa, with a table before me, with my pen and ink and books; for I used to write as long as I could bear the exertion, and then I rested on the sofa and read. I read an immense deal in India, the very scarcity of books making me more anxious for them. A new book, or one I had not often read before, was then to me like cold water to the thirsty soul. I shall never forget the delight which I had when somebody lent me 'Robinson Crusoe,' and when Mr. Sherwood picked up an old copy of 'Sir Charles Grandison.' In another part of this hall sat Mr. Sherwood during most part of the morning, either engaged with his accounts, his journal, or his books. He, of course, did not like the confinement, and often contrived to get out to a neighbour's bungalow in his palanquin, during some part of the long morning. . . . Thus did our mornings pass, while we sat in what the lovers of broad daylight would call almost darkness. During these mornings we heard no sounds but the monotonous click, click, of the punkah, or the melancholy moaning of the burning blast without, with the splash and dripping of the water thrown over the tatties. (The tatta is a screen of fragrant, moss-like grass, which is constantly kept wet by the water-carriers.) At one o'clock, or perhaps somewhat later, the tiffin was always served—a hot dinner in fact, consisting always of curry and a variety of vegetables. We often dined at this hour, after which we all lay down, the adults on sofas, and the children on the floor under the punkah in the hall. At four, or later, perhaps, we had coffee brought, from which we all derived much refreshment. We

* In our bungalow, when shut up as close as it could be, we could not get the thermometer under 96°, though the punkah was constantly going.

then bathed and dressed, and at six, or thereabouts, the wind generally falling, the tatties were removed, the doors and windows of the house were opened, and we either took an airing in carriages, or sat in the verandah ; but the evenings and nights of the hot winds brought no refreshment."

Again, Mrs. Sherwood observes as to the lives of many of the ladies of the civilians : " The lady of the house suffered as much as any European could do from the influence of the climate. She appears to be a complete victim to languor and *ennui.* She had not the bodily strength for controlling either children or servants ; she seemed to have lost all resolve of nature, all power of action. She had few books, and scarcely ever heard any news of her own people, of whom she met scarce one in a year, and apparently she took little interest in the natives. Hers was indeed but a common picture which might represent hundreds of her country people in the same situation. There is no solitude like the solitude of a civilian's lady in a retired situation in India."

Cawnpore is, however, a very gay place. The regimental bands frequently perform fine music, several European corps being always stationed here. There is much social intercourse ; and, as one regiment after another arrives and departs, and detachments pass through on their way to or from the Upper Provinces, the *winter* is very lively. (Gambling is said to be carried to a great excess, and stakes to run high.) The theatre is frequently open, and from the theatre the *élite* adjourn to the Assembly Rooms,* where they keep up the festivities till morning. The ladies, we hear, are as famous in this part of India as those of Paris are in Europe for leading the fashions. Supplies, too, are abundant, and of the best quality. European tradesmen reside here, whose names at the entrances of their establishments make us think of home, and who sell all sorts of European luxuries at (to *us*)

* LET US PAUSE FOR A MOMENT! It was into these Assembly Rooms, which had so often witnessed the gay and brilliant gatherings of the gallant sons and fair daughters of Britannia, that four butchers came on the evening of the 15th July, 1857, who hacked and cut to pieces the fair and helpless ones there imprisoned with their children and babes, till the floor and the walls streamed and were flooded with their blood, when the hapless victims were dragged forth and cast into the adjacent well, the dying and the dead, one upon another. *Can it ever be forgotten?*

very prohibitive prices.* These good people appear to form quite a separate community, being "neither fish, flesh, nor fowl"—neither officers, soldiers, nor civil servants—and, as they are not admitted to the "Society" of the Station, must feel very strangely isolated. Yet they no doubt associate among themselves, though the old adage tells us "two of a trade never agree." There are also, as it would seem, some indigo planters in the neighbourhood, who it may be supposed lead very isolated lives.

But the lot of the private soldier, as we have already seen, is a peculiarly hard one. He has few social pleasures, and very few luxuries. Without any occupation † (save when on guard) but the daily morning parades and drill, and the occasional field days, inspections, and target practice, all of which must be finished before the sun gets hot, his time hangs heavily on his hands, and he gets rid of it as he best can, sleeping it away, playing cards or dominoes,‡ wandering about, visiting the band-stand, frequenting the canteen, occasionally writing to his friends at home, and, in some few instances, reading.

I have mentioned the band-stand. How few, perhaps, have thought of the vital part which MUSIC plays in the life of a soldier! Were it not for this he could not so cheerily leave

* Such luxuries, however, may sometimes be obtained. In consequence of the frequent changes of regiments, and transfers, and occasional deaths of officers, auctions are not uncommon, and, at these, European as well as other commodities (including even horses, carriages, etc.) may now and then be purchased at a low figure. Hence, perhaps, the variety of equipages sometimes to be seen on the evening drive.

† It was suggested by Dr. Jeffreys, F.R.S., formerly Staff-Surgeon of Cawnpore, that *recreative employment* might be found for the soldier; and he has proposed the establishment of schools of the useful arts, in which the men might be occupied, under suitable arrangements, with advantage both to themselves and the public (while native youths might be trained in the path of industrial progress); the art of turning being particularly recommended as easily learnt, interesting, and enjoyable; and that in the construction of any new barracks the basements should be adapted to serve as workshops, and the verandahs as tennis-courts and bathing-rooms. Dr. Jeffreys further suggested that experimental farms should be established for the European soldiers, which they might cultivate in the morning and evening. He also recommended that billiard-tables should be provided in the barracks for the recreation of the men, but with strict regulations against gambling. Such occupation and recreation would, it is needless to say, tend to dissipate the *ennui* which now preys upon the soldier, and leads him to *drink*, and sometimes to CRIME, and to DEATH.

‡ The racket courts which have been built for the soldiers at the various stations are unsuitable resorts for an Indian climate, and the exercise itself hardly fit for men sweltering with heat.

his native land, and embark for a foreign shore to the tune of "The Girl I left behind me!" But for those national airs which he hears again and again when far away, he would not so fondly remember, or be so willing to fight for, the land of his birth; nor would his loyalty be kept so fully alive as it is without the frequent notes of "GOD SAVE THE QUEEN." Were it not for the cheery strains of music he would not step out so lightly on the hot and dusty march. But for the evening gathering round the band-stand his life would be still duller and more wretched than it is. When he goes to church he would perhaps take little part in the service but for the pealing organ and the frequent hymn in which he may join. And the very prospect of death is cheered by the thought that he will have all the honours of a soldier's funeral, and be carried to the grave with the solemn requiem played before him of the *Dead March in Saul.* It would be well if in every regiment ample provision were made for *all* the men to learn music, and if they were supplied with suitable instruments and tuition. "That which I have found the best recreation both to my mind and body, whensoever either of them stands in need of it," says a great writer,* "is MUSIC, which exercises at once both my body and soul, *especially when I play myself*; for then, methinks, the same motion that my hand makes upon the instrument the instrument makes upon my heart. It calls in my spirits, composes my thoughts, delights my ears, recreates my mind, and so not only fits me for after business, but fills my heart, at the present, with pure and useful thoughts." What a boon, then, would this be to our SOLDIERS!

For my own part, I now resumed my self-imposed task, labouring on (in the barrack room), with such interruption as my going on guard, etc., occasioned, till my little work was completed. I could only publish my book, however, by subscription; and, in addition to my military duties, and my occupation in writing, I had now, therefore, to call on my officers and others (which obliged me to go about much in the sun), to solicit their patronage. But I met with encouragement, and at length succeeded in obtaining a sufficient number of subscriptions to authorise my sending the work to press, and during our stay at Cawnpore it was published at Calcutta. It formed

* Bishop Beveridge.

an octavo volume of 154 pages, was as well printed and bound as any ordinary book published in London, and was entitled "The SOLDIER: a Poem, in Eight Cantos."

But little consideration seems to have been bestowed on the location and building of the barracks at Cawnpore, either for the health of the men,* the suitable accommodation of the married, or the comfort of any of the inmates. I may mention, as an example of the want of thought, that not a single punkah appears to have been erected in any of the barracks.†

The water supply, too, is (to say the least) of doubtful character. But *everywhere in India this seems to be the same.*‡ The surface of the ground in towns and villages—and there are villages with many thousands of inhabitants—is often covered with disgusting filth; the wells and reservoirs generally appear to be receptacles for the natural drainage of the soil; people draw water for drinking from the tanks in which they bathe; they drink *anything*; and ignorance of and indifference to sanitary law seem general. As things have gone on in this way for ages,§ and the people have no

* "Down to 1862 the neglect of sanitary administration in India was most grievous, and the result was that from the time of the establishment of our empire there the death-rate of the British army had been enormous. From 1830 to 1845 the deaths of the European army in Bengal, as shown by the report of the Royal Commission of 1862, averaged 67 per 1000, of which 58 per 1000 were from zymotic or preventable diseases."—*Captain Douglas Galton.*

"The burial ground," said Dr. Jeffreys, "is the public place of the soldier's constant resort over the funeral of his comrades, and the *Dead March in Saul* the gloomy music ever ringing in his ears."

† Punkahs were subsequently introduced into the barracks by order of Lord Dalhousie, who among the earliest measures of his rule directed that "henceforth every European barrack room, library, canteen, and main-guard in the plains of India should be supplied with punkahs, and with men to pull them, at the public expense." Much has since been done for the health of the European soldier, which now more than ever depends on *himself.* Indeed, Lord Dalhousie showed great concern for the well-being of the British Army. "He supplied the soldier with better rations, encouraged the use of malt liquor in preference to spirits, built roomy barracks at a proper height from the ground, with separate quarters for the married men, hung punkahs in every barrack, promoted swimming-baths, workshops, and soldiers' gardens in every station," and in various other ways improved the soldier's condition.

‡ See papers read before the Society of Arts by Captain Douglas Galton, C.B., D.C.L., etc., and Surgeon-General Sir W. G. Moore, K.C.I.E., in 1892.

§ Bernier, speaking of the water of Imperial Delhi, says: "The impurities of the water of the capital exceed my power of description, as it is accessible to all persons and animals, and the receptacle of every kind of filth. Fevers most difficult to cure are engendered by it, and worms are

wish for improvement, but are rather averse to change, it is only natural that disease should abound, and should continue to do so. Only the spread of knowledge, and strong and systematic measures on the part of the Government, can arouse the people from their apathy, bring about an alteration, and free the land, in any great degree, from pestilence and death.

Some of our soldiers get married here, but not all who wished were allowed to do so. One morning a recruit was taken to Captain S—— by the sergeant of his company, who stated that the man wished to make application through him to the colonel for permission to marry. "Marry!" exclaimed the captain, as he stood under the shade of his verandah. "Marry! why, my good fellow, you don't know the way yet to go to your own right-about-face." "Oh yes, sir," answered the soldier, in the most winning and insinuating tone he could assume. "Well, then," cried the captain, "let us see how you do it. RIGHT ABOUT FACE! QUICK MARCH!" And the soldier, having turned his back, pursued his way barrackward without any interruption, the officer giving him no subsequent order to turn or to halt, but retiring into his bungalow, and leaving the candidate for matrimony without any further reply to his application than that which he might himself easily infer.

A married life, though sometimes desired, is not always a pleasant one in the army, more especially in India. To say nothing of the want of comfortable accommodation for a family,* and the low moral atmosphere of a barrack (in itself

bred in the legs, which produce violent inflammation, attended with much danger." The author of "Four Years' Service in India" says: "The well that we had to get our water from had several skeletons in it, but we had to make use of it; and on another occasion we were obliged to stop our noses while we drank."

* "I do hope that . . . the health, comfort, and recreation of the British soldier in those hot plains will command more attention than has hitherto been bestowed upon them. I hope to see barracks in which the men can live in comparative comfort—barracks lofty and spacious, and fitted with punkahs and other conveniences such as are required for the climate, and such as one always finds in the abodes of officers and gentlemen. I hope to see separate sleeping apartments for the married couples, and separate sleeping apartments for the mass of children above seven and eight years of age. I hope never again to see men, women, young girls and boys, and infant children, so huddled together that those who escaped demoralisation ought to have been exhibited as curiosities of the human species. I hope

a serious consideration), an ailing wife and sickly children are great trials to most men. European women must inevitably suffer greatly in such a climate; and the children of European parents born and bred in India must naturally be very weak, and must also suffer greatly from the intense heat, and be a constant source of trouble and anxiety. No rosy-cheeked children are to be seen here.* And as neither private soldiers nor non-commissioned officers can send their children to the hills, or "HOME" (as our commissioned Officers and Civil Servants do theirs), many die,† and those

never again to behold white children, girls of thirteen years of age, the offspring of British soldiers, married, in order that they might remain in the regiment."—Writer in *Household Words*, under the head of "Wanderings in India" (1858).

* Mrs. Sherwood says: "The English children are deadly white—white as the whitest marble—till there is not even a tincture of colour in their lips."

† Dr. Jeffreys says: "The mortality of barrack children is appalling, especially in the months of June, September, and October. At Cawnpore from twenty to thirty have died in one month. In short, the soldiery have no descendants of unmixed blood. Of the half-million of soldiers who have gone out to India, where are all their legitimate descendants of pure English blood, who by this time would have multiplied into a numerous population if born in New Zealand, Canada, or Oregon? . . . Let myriads of feeble voices from little graves scattered throughout the arid plains supply the melancholy answer, 'Here!'"

The pitiful sight of so many of our Anglo-Indian children carried to the tomb probably suggested the following beautiful poem by H. M. Parker, Esq., of the Bengal Civil Service:—

"THE NEW-MADE GRAVE.

"The grave! For whom?
What traveller on life's solemn path hath won
The quiet resting place? whose toil is done?
Who cometh to the tomb?

"Is it the sage,
Who, through the vista of a life well pass'd,
Looked calmly forward to this lone, this last,
This silent hermitage?

"Is it the brave,
The laurelled soldier of a hundred fields,
To whom the land he nobly warred for yields
A peaceful, honoured grave?

"Doth the matron come,
Whom many bright-eyed mourners of her race
Will weep, when looking on her vacant place,
By the hearth of their sad home?

"When the day dies,
Not unannounced comes the dark, starry night;
To purple twilight melts the golden light
Of the resplendent skies.

who live and grow up appear to do so with sadly enfeebled constitutions.*

On the other hand, the soldiers' wives who have no children lead a very listless, unsatisfactory, and undesirable life. Surrounded, too, by rough men, whose conversation and demeanour are not always irreproachable, their manners are apt to become bold and unfeminine. They are not employed, as in England, in the barrack washing, and have really nothing to do. A woman so situated, if domestically inclined, and especially if clever at dressmaking, need not, however, want employment to relieve the tedium of her existence; but may readily obtain an engagement (if of good character) in the households of the familied officers, whose ladies are only too glad to obtain the services of a really well-conducted and capable fellow-countrywoman.†

Nearly all the old hands in our regiment were perfect sots. The commanding officer was a strict disciplinarian, and it cost him continual trouble to keep them in order. After all the

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"And man, too, bears
The warning signs upon his furrowed cheek,
In his dimmed eye and silver hair, which speak
The twilight of our years.

"But, oh! 'tis grief
To part with those who still upon their brow
Bear life's spring garland, with hope's sunny glow
On every verdant leaf.

"To see the rose
Opening her fragrant glories to the light—
Half-bud, half-blossom, kissed by the cold blight,
And perish ere it blows."

* A remedy for all this was afterwards provided through the beneficence of Sir Henry Lawrence. "Always overflowing with sympathy for the troubles of those around him, he had been especially grieved by the sight of what the children of private soldiers and non-commissioned officers suffered, morally and physically, in barrack life. He believed that it would be possible to ameliorate their lot by building for their reception an asylum in some healthy spot in the hills." And this he accomplished, and more than accomplished, by founding the several homes for these children now known as the Lawrence Asylums. It is interesting to recollect that among Sir Henry's last words were, "*Remember the* ASYLUM; *do not let them forget the* ASYLUM."

† We may here incidentally mention a curious case of an Irishwoman, who came to India many years ago as the travelling companion of two wealthy English ladies. During her stay in India she attracted the notice of one of the native princes, and he married her, and settled a separate

drill, and confinement, and flogging he administered, they proved perfectly incurable. To have a just idea of the prevalence of drunkenness amongst them, it was only necessary to take a peep into the canteen on pay day. I once did so, and found it crowded. Two sentries were posted with drawn bayonets in front of the bar, to prevent more than five or six approaching it together; yet these men were so pressed that it was only by threats of violence that they could restrain the thirsty crowd behind them. And I have sometimes seen recruits as great sots as old soldiers.* There is no man, perhaps, more wretched, *unless he has resources in himself*, than the private European soldier in India.

Among the consequences of drink are those misdemeanours and crimes † which bring disgrace and punishment on the offender. One of the most revolting punishments is the lash, which at this time was frequently inflicted in India. It has been my lot to stand by while the knotted scourge fell on the bared back of the unhappy culprit, and to see men fall fainting beside me at the sight of the streaming blood and quivering flesh of the offender. Yet I am not sure that this degrading and distressing penalty was of much avail to prevent a recurrence of the crime.

I have sometimes met with men who have feigned severe illness, and pretended to be suffering from acute chronic diseases, pains, etc., with a view to being excused from duty,

estate upon her. She died childless, and left no will. Her property was taken over by the Indian Government, and has remained in their hands ever since. It was at the time of her death valued at £30,000. The relatives of the deceased lady in Ireland were in entire ignorance of her fate up to quite recently, when they learnt it accidentally from a returned Indian soldier. The inquiries which have since been instituted have fully established her marriage with the Indian prince not only according to the rites of the Mussulman but also of the Christian church, and have also made certain the existence and value of the property she left behind her at her death, which the Government will, no doubt, now distribute among them.

* Great changes have since taken place in India through the labours of temperance societies, and thousands of our soldiers are now teetotalers.

† There is no doubt that soldiers sometimes strike their officers *in order to get transported, and so escape from the army.* No case of this kind came under my own immediate observation, but many have occurred, as shown by repeated General Orders. Several cases are mentioned in the little work "Four Years' Soldiering in India," in which it was found necessary to inflict the full punishment of DEATH, in order to check what seemed likely to become a common practice.

or sent Home as unfit for further service.* It is not always easy to distinguish between such individuals and those really afflicted, and the unfortunate occasionally share the just retribution which the laws of military discipline inflict on the designing "malingerer."

Among a batch of recruits fresh from Europe, and sent to join the — Regiment, was a man who just after his arrival at headquarters, appeared to have been struck with palsy. It chiefly affected his hands, which it kept continually shaking, thus preventing him from learning either the sword or musket exercise. He was, of course, sent to hospital, but the doctor, on seeing him, expressed his opinion that he was a malingerer, and sent him back with an order for extra drill. The man was helpless, he went through the drill, but it did not cure him. For a month or two he rubbed on as well as he could, getting no better, but rather worse, finding little sympathy for his sufferings (as nearly every one seemed to agree in opinion with the doctor), but being pushed and cuffed about with the utmost indignity as an obstinately idle impostor. The colonel became at last so tired of seeing him on the parade ground, that he prevailed on the doctor to take the matter in hand in order to *prove* whether or not he was "shamming," being determined to punish him most severely if he should turn out to be doing so. The soldier was accordingly sent again to the hospital and there kept three months, during which time he was physicked, bled, drenched, and cauterised,—all to no purpose. At the end of that period the doctor turned him out, and sent a report of the case to the colonel, in which he

* Such cases are not unknown in England. "A soldier, a patient at Herbert Hospital, Shooter's Hill, wrote the following advice to a comrade: 'Previous to going to hospital, rub your tongue with chalk, ready for the word, "Put out your tongue"; then, when the doctor is going to feel your pulse, be sure to knock your elbow against the wall, and it will beat to any number in a minute; then, if you wish to persevere to be invalided, be on the look out for a friend to bring you a bit of raw bullock's liver every morning, in order to spit blood for the doctor; of course, have a little bit of the liver in your mouth, under your tongue, fresh, ready for him when he comes round the hospital ward, and have a good piece ready to spit out for him when he approaches your cot; then give a great sigh, and a groan, and you are sure to be ordered lamb chops, chicken, rice pudding, port wine, Guinness's stout—in fact, you may live on the fat of the land for the remainder of your soldiering, which will not be long; but depend upon it, you are sure of a pension, even under ten years' service.'"—*Medical Times.*

gave it as his confident judgment that the man was a thorough and obstinate malingerer. The colonel immediately ordered that the offender should be placed in confinement, and directed a court-martial to be assembled for his trial. This court found the prisoner "guilty," and sentenced him to a hundred lashes. After the execution of this sentence he was returned to the hospital, where he remained till his back was healed. Still, when he came out he was as bad as ever. There were few who now persisted in believing him an impostor, but, unfortunately for him, among these few nearly all his regimental officers were included. The doctor was reckoned clever in his profession, and from his opinion they all drew a conclusion unfavourable to the soldier. It was found impossible, however, to make him carry a musket. Every means was tried, but to no avail. At last the colonel's stock of patience was entirely exhausted, and, finding he could make nothing of the man, he determined, if possible, to get rid of him. After thinking the matter over, he decided on bringing him first before an invaliding committee, who, of course, would send him home if they found him unfit for service. Should they, however, agree in opinion with the regimental doctor, he resolved to bring the culprit to a general court-martial, and endeavour to get him discharged from the service with ignominy. The invaliding committee in due time assembled, the man was sent to be examined, and, after all that he had suffered and endured as a malingerer, was pronounced to be really afflicted with palsy.

I was one day greatly affected by a scene presented to my view in one of the hospitals. The cholera was raging at the time, and just as I entered one poor fellow that had been seized with it breathed his last. As the bearers were taking the body away, another man who had been attacked by the same complaint was brought in, and proved to be the brother of him whose decease I had the previous moment witnessed. These brothers were recruits, and had only just arrived from England. They were the only sons of their parents, who were people well to do in the world, but having opposed their boys in the choice of a profession, these had agreed to enter the army, and had enlisted together at the same time in the East India Company's Service. They had always been

attached to each other, had accompanied each other in their voyage to India, lived together as comrades, and died on the same day. "In their death they were not divided," both being interred in one grave.

At every Station of the army in India a MUSTER is held on the first day of each month, when every soldier is paraded, together with all animals—elephants, horses, camels, and bullocks—attached to the several corps, and deficiencies are reported. Our monthly muster at this time must have exhibited sad losses. It is said that at a General Muster, after the Burmese war, the inspecting officer missed a whole regiment from the ground; and on inquiring where it was, was answered by a quartermaster-sergeant: "I am the regiment, your honour." The entire regiment, except a few slain in battle, had fallen victims to the Arracan fever, save only those in hospital and this single non-commissioned officer.

It has been estimated that the mortality of our European troops in India *during peace* amounts in ten years to the whole strength of the regiment on its landing in India; and this it must be remembered would be among men in the prime of life; "so that, if the corps land a thousand strong, a thousand men will die, or be constitutionally destroyed, in ten years." And Cawnpore seems specially unhealthy.* The ravines appear to be the resort of natives for the relief of nature; the pig breeders drive their swine to them to feed on the ordure, and whatever waste substances may also lie there; there is, of course, no drainage; the wells, it may be supposed, are poisoned by the percolations; the hot winds scorch, the storms of dust invade the lungs and eyes; the burning plain reflects the solar rays: what more need be said?

We have mentioned the native soldiers quartered at Cawnpore. With a daring which must sometimes astonish the thoughtful, we have organised an army from amongst the people whom we have conquered, to keep their own countrymen in subjection, and hereditary foes, who have longed for each other's blood, serve cordially together in our ranks. But it must occur to many again and again that our hold on these

* Dr. Jeffreys says: "I believe that in two months a corps at Cawnpore lost 100 men out of about 600." He adds, however, that this is "not a usual occurrence."

men is somewhat uncertain. They have, indeed, on many occasions in the past been faithful to us; but this may not have been so much from any affection they have had for us, as from the assurance that any resistance, however it might at first succeed, must be followed by eventual discomfiture. They are sensitive, and require cautious, considerate, and skilful treatment; and we should always be prepared for an outbreak. The mutiny at Vellore in 1806 should not be forgotten; nor that it originated in an attempt to bring the native army into a more complete accordance with European ideas, and it should be a warning to us for all time. We should, it is evident, avoid interfering unnecessarily with the Sepoys' habits and prejudices.

The staff of a Sepoy regiment usually consists of two field officers, five captains, and fifteen subalterns, together with a certain number of native officers. It is thought by men whose long experience justifies them in offering an opinion that the European commandants should be chosen for their thorough knowledge of the native character, as well as for their military ability, and should be men in whose justice and personal influence the Sepoys would have perfect confidence; and it is also thought that the Native Officers should have position and authority equal to those enjoyed by European officers of corresponding rank, by which their fidelity and attachment, as well as that of the men, would be more thoroughly secured.

No great amount of goodwill exists between the European soldier in the ranks and the Sepoy. Indeed, the soldiers generally have a huge contempt for the natives of all classes, and often abuse them, calling them "soor" (*pig*), etc.* I am

* Madame Pfeiffer (who went up the river, on her visit to India, in one of the Calcutta steamers) notices "the way in which the European sailors" and others "conduct bargains with the natives." One of the engineers wanted to buy a pair of shoes, and offered a quarter of the price asked. The seller, not consenting to this, took his goods back; but the engineer snatched them out of his hand, threw down a few pice more than what he had offered, and hastened to his cabin. The shoemaker pursued him, and demanded the shoes back; instead of which he received several tough blows, and was threatened that if he were not quiet he should be compelled to leave the ship immediately. The poor creature returned, half crying, to his pack of goods. A similar occurrence took place on the same evening. A Hindoo boy brought a box for one of the travellers, and asked for a small payment for his trouble; he was not listened to. The boy remained standing by, repeating his request now and then. He was driven away, and, as he would not go quietly, blows were had recourse to. The captain

afraid also that many of the junior officers treat their native servants in the same fashion.* *We sleep on the bosom of a volcano.* Like the dust storms that vex this station, composed of almost invisible atoms which, roused by fierce winds, rise in clouds and masses that darken the air, blind the eyes, and threaten to sweep us away, so the multitudes of people, individually insignificant, and collectively an incoherent mass, now lying quiescent, may some day rise in such numbers as almost for a time to overwhelm us. On the other hand, as the gently falling rain may prevent the dust from rising, so gentle and kindly treatment may suppress any rebellious feeling in the people; and doubtless any popular rising, however formidable, might be subdued by our European legions, as the torrents of tropical rain would beat down the rising dust storm.

The nights at this station are often splendid. "No one," says Mrs. Sherwood, "who has not been in or near the tropics, can have any idea of the glorious appearance of the heavens in these regions, and the brilliancy of the starlit nights at Cawnpore." Do they not lift up our thoughts to the future? Do they not carry us back to the *past*?

> "O Night! when all unseen, the first man knew
> Thee by report alone, and heard thy name,
> Did he not tremble for this earthly frame,
> This glorious canopy of light and blue?

happened to pass accidentally, and asked what was the matter. The boy, sobbing, told him; the captain shrugged his shoulders, and the boy was put out of the ship." She adds: "How many similar and even more provoking incidents have I seen!" I believe, from what I have myself observed, that conduct like this is too common among Europeans in India *of a low type of character.*

* An amusing tale is related of a certain officer who delighted in boxing, and hired a stalwart Mahommedan *khitmaghar*, who was required to put on the "mittens" in the evening, and submit to being knocked about as a part of his duties. This was all very well: the "darky" did not mind being beaten for money, and let the sahib have it all his own way in the boxing. But one morning the servant inadvertently gave his master offence, and the captain called him into the bath-room, and said, shutting the door closely, "Now I've made up my mind to give you a thrashing, and, as no one can hear your cries, it's useless making a row." To the amazement of the sahib, however, when he advanced on the Mahommedan, the latter put up his hands in most scientific attitude, and "popped in his left with great accuracy." For a moment the captain could not believe his eyes, but a minute later he found he was getting much the worse of an extremely scientific fight, and that he had already got a couple of black eyes and a broken nose, while the servant was as gay as a clown in a pantomime. In vain he fought: the Mahommedan now began to knock him about like a doll, and at length the sahib had to roar for mercy. That night the officer quitted the station, and *left his Mahommedan servant behind him.*

Till 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus with the host of heaven came,
And lo! *creation widened on his view.*
Who would have thought that darkness lay concealed
Beneath thy rays, O sun, or who could find,
While flower and leaf and insect stood revealed,
That to such endless orbs Thou mad'st us blind?
Weak man, why to shun death such anxious strife:
If light can so conceal, then why not life?" *

Cawnpore is famous for its manufactures in leather †—gloves, which are considered a very respectable substitute for those of Paris, boots, shoes, saddlery, harness, and various other articles in that material, of excellent quality, being sold at fabulously low prices. It is stated that the manufacture was introduced by a colony of Chinese, who settled in the bazaar many years ago, and that three hundred shops were then engaged in the trade. It is also stated that in consequence of the great demand for leather (the cattle and sheep killed for the European troops not affording sufficient), the people of the neighbouring villages and the grass-cutters used to poison the cavalry horses and those of travellers, by placing pills prepared for the purpose among the grass, in the hope of getting permission to take away the carcasses, and so obtaining the skins; but that the

* Blanco White.

† "The manufacturers are, of course (we presume), Mahommedans. It is remarkable that though the Hindoos are so prejudiced against the use of leather, no such prejudice existed in the earliest times. 'Siva, the Great Destroyer in the Hindu Triad, is clothed in a tiger's skin, and deerskin was used as a seat by the Brahmins of ancient India.' In the *Rig Veda* leathern bags to hold water have been mentioned, similar to those used in India at the present day. Leathern bottles were also made. Straps and bands were manufactured of leather and hide, and sails were also made of the same materials. In those days hides and skins do not seem to have been held impure, nor any articles made out of other animal substances. The feeling against taking life and using animal products, either for food or for the manufacture of dress, shoes, and domestic articles, originated in a later age, when the Aryans had fully settled down in the hot plains of India, and retained only a faint tradition of those cold, bleak, and hungry regions beyond the high mountains from which their ancestors originally came, and when living in the midst of a profuse abundance of grains, vegetables, and fruits, they could well afford to extend to the brute creation the benefits of mercy and charity. The feeling gradually deepened, and when the time was ripe it culminated in Buddhism with its most sacred injunction—'Thou *shalt* not kill.' Even after the reaction against the stern philosophy defined and promulgated by the great Gautama, which led to the establishment of modern Hindooism in India, the belief in the sanctity of life retained its firm hold in the mind of the Indian people."—*Mukharji.*

practice has been stopped by officers and travellers *themselves* causing any horses so dying to be skinned, and themselves selling or burning the hides.

The cultivation of the poppy (for Opium) was commenced in the district of Cawnpore in 1836, but seems to have failed. Perhaps this is not to be regretted.*

The view of Cawnpore from a boat on the Ganges (which is navigable hence to the sea, 1000 miles) is very interesting. Numerous small ghats, interspersed with temples, houses, and beautiful trees, make a picturesque prospect in the day-time; and on the evenings of great festivals, when the ghats are lit up with thousands of little lamps and many of the houses are illumined, the rites of Hindoo worship, alike on shore and in the river, may be witnessed to advantage as you float with the current, together with the fleets of paper boats which women who have any special desire dispatch down the stream, each bearing a light that glitters prettily on the waters, and which they watch till the boat disappears; when, if the light be still burning, they regard it as a sign that their wish shall be accomplished.

"The Ganges, opposite Cawnpore," writes a lady who seems to have always had the river under inspection, "is about three miles in breadth, and in the dry season, the water being low, the natives cultivate melons, cucumbers, wheat, etc., on the islands in the centre of the stream. During the rains the islands are entirely under water; and the river when there is a breeze swells into waves like a little sea. Buffaloes from Cawnpore swim off in the early morning in herds to the bank in the centre of the river, where they feed: they return in the evening of their own accord. Sometimes I see a native drive his cow to the river,—when he wishes to cross it, he takes hold of the animal by the tail, and, holding on, easily crosses over with her; sometimes he aids the cow by using one hand in swimming."

Cawnpore, as we have said, was ceded to us in 1801 by the Nawab of Oude, the neighbouring Native State, from which we are only divided by the Ganges, which may be one reason for our keeping a large Military force at this station. We are

* The experiment was afterwards, and it would seem successfully, renewed.

afraid that that State is not very happily governed, and has not been so for a long time. It is, however, as Dr. Spry remarks, "the only remaining Asiatic court in Hindostan in which anything like the observances of ancient Indian pomp and grandeur are preserved. The house of Delhi has long ceased to enjoy means adequate to the maintenance of any degree of state compatible with its former dignity, and, perhaps ere long, Oude may be in the same predicament."

In Cawnpore the hot winds rage furiously during three months of the year, with but little intermission; and when these cease, cold damp breezes sometimes begin to blow. The air has become loaded with jungle miasmata, and vapours from swamps and marshes; and fever, dysentery, and CHOLERA are borne on its wings.

How different in the effect they produce on the heart, and in the sentiments they awaken, are the various seasons of the year in India from the same in our native land! The most indifferent must frequently feel this. How keen, then, must be the sensations of the susceptible and the impassioned! "O England!" would such exclaim, "my dear, my oft-remembered country, how sweetly speaks the changing year to thy children who dwell within thee! Are their hearts oppressed by misfortune? With the Spring they revive, and like Nature shake off the torpor into which they were sinking; while hope, with the flowers, buds once more sweetly forth. The Summer sun brings with it cheerfulness and joy; hearts and blossoms together expand, they watch with pleasure the ripening of the fruits with which Autumn promises to replenish their board; they sport in the new-mown and perfume-exhaling fields; they bathe in the clear-flowing stream; and feel that earth has not yet been despoiled by sin of all its charms; that man is not made to mourn but to rejoice, and that in nature the beneficence of the Deity is demonstrated. Autumn refreshes with her merry laughter and her exuberant bounty; and even stern Winter has something cheering in his countenance, brings in his train merry Christmas with all his gaieties and gifts; and is kind enough to make them sometimes long for his return, while enjoying the presence of seasons more congenial. But it is not thus in this arid and to us joyless land.

We watch the approach of Spring with apprehension, for it brings in its train disease and death; we shrink, and seek in the mountains a refuge from the fiery temper and scorching breath of Summer; Autumn glooms and imprisons us; and Winter gives us little or nothing that we care for." *

Cawnpore has a very special interest as the Station principally associated with the name of our greatest Indian Church Missionary. "Amidst all the discords which agitate the Church of England," says Sir James Stephen, "her sons are unanimous in extolling the name of HENRY MARTYN. And with reason; for it is, in fact, *the one heroic name which adorns her annals from the days of Elizabeth to our own.*" After having obtained the highest University honours, and become known as "the man who had not lost an hour," he was appointed to an Indian chaplaincy. He came out to the East inspired by the example of Carey; and on his way to Dinapore (in October 1806) by the slow and tedious passage

* Our Anglo-Indian poet, Richardson, expresses well our thoughts in

"THE DAY OF LIFE.

I.

"Oh! blue were the mountains,
And gorgeous the trees,
And stainless the fountains,
And pleasant the breeze;
A glory adorning
The wanderer's way,
In life's sunny morning,
When young hope was gay!

II.

"The blue hills are shrouded,
The groves are o'ercast,
The bright streams are clouded,
The breeze is a blast;
The light hath departed
The dull noon of life,
And hope, timid-hearted,
Hath fled from the strife!

III.

"In fear and in sadness,
Poor sports of the storm,
Whose shadow and madness
Enshroud and deform;
Ere life's day is closing
How fondly we crave
The dreamless reposing—
The calm of the grave."

of the Ganges, employed himself in the study of Sanscrit, Persian, and Hindostanee. After his arrival at Dinapore he, concurrently with his labours as chaplain, translated the New Testament (as well as a portion of the Common Prayer Book) into Hindostanee, "a great work, for which myriads in the ages to come will gratefully remember and revere the name of Martyn."

He was removed to Cawnpore in April 1809. Mrs. Sherwood, who, with her husband, resided here at that time, and had invited him to be their guest, thus relates the manner of his arrival: "It was in the morning—the desert winds blowing like fire without—when we suddenly heard the quick steps of many bearers. Mr. Sherwood ran out to the leeward of the house, and exclaimed, 'Mr. Martyn.' Immediately I saw him leading in that excellent man, and saw our visitor the next moment fall down in a fainting fit. He had travelled from Dinapore in a palanquin; and the first part of the way he moved only by night. But between Cawnpore and Allahabad, being a hundred and thirty miles, there is no resting-place; and he was compelled for two days and two nights to journey on in his palanquin, exposed to the raging heat of a fiery wind. He seemed therefore quite exhausted, and actually under the influence of fever." The result was an attack of illness, through which he was nursed by Mrs. Sherwood. On his recovery he engaged a house for himself, thus described:—"Mr. Martyn's house was a bungalow, situated between the Sepoy Parade and the Artillery Barracks, but behind that range of principal bungalows which faces the Parade. The approach to the dwelling was along an avenue of palm trees and aloes. At the end of this avenue were two bungalows, connected by a long passage. These bungalows were low, and the rooms small. The garden was prettily laid out with flowering shrubs and tall trees: in the centre was a wide space, which at some seasons was green; and a raised platform of great extent, many feet square, was placed in the midst of this space. A vast number and variety of huts and sheds, concealed by the shrubs, formed a boundary. These were occupied by a heterogeneous population (besides Mr. Martyn's servants), a multitude of Pundits, Moonshees, Schoolmasters, and poor nominal Christians, who hung about him, because

there was no other to give them a handful of rice for their daily maintenance."

It was in this garden that Henry Martyn commenced his (now famous) public ministrations to the natives. It would seem that after he had officiated on Sunday morning as Garrison Chaplain—and it is said by his biographer: "We found him preaching to a thousand soldiers, drawn up in a hollow square, when the heat was so great, though the sun had not risen, that many actually dropt down, unable to support it," —had performed a second service at the house of the General at 11 o'clock, had attended at the Hospital, and had given an Evening Exposition to the more devout of his flock, he preached the Gospel to immense numbers of fakirs, who assembled before his house to beg alms. The service was often carried on when the air was hot as from the mouth of an oven, when the red glare of the setting sun shone through a dry, hot haze, which parched the skin as with fever, and when the disease in his chest rendered it difficult for this man of God to speak at all.* But the satisfaction of seeing their numbers increase (and sometimes they amounted to as many as eight hundred persons), and the growing attention they paid, rewarded him for all.

It was on one of these occasions that the Mahommedan Moonshee, Abdul Messeh, who afterwards became the first ordained native clergyman, being on a visit to Cawnpore, heard him preach, and was so struck by his arguments in proof of Christianity that he resolved to remain here. And the young chaplain and evangelist looked forward to the future. "Yonder stream of Ganges," exclaimed he, "will one day roll through tracts adorned with Christian churches, and cultivated by Christian husbandmen; and the holy hymn shall be heard beneath the shade of the tamarind."

Mrs. Sherwood gives an interesting account of a remarkable CONFERENCE that took place here. "It was a burning evening in June when after sunset I accompanied Mr. Sherwood to

* Mrs. Sherwood tells us that, "from time to time low murmurs and curses would arise in the distance, and then roll forward till they became so loud as to drown the voice of this pious one, generally concluding with hisses and fierce cries. But when the storm had passed away, again he might be heard going on where he had left off, in the same calm, stedfast tone, as if he were incapable of irritation from the interruption."

Mr. Martyn's bungalow, and saw for the first time its avenue of palms and aloes. We were conducted to the platform where the company were already assembled, among which there was no lady but myself. Chairs were set for the guests, and a more heterogeneous assembly had not often met, and seldom I helieve were more languages in requisition in so small a party. Besides Mr. Martyn and ourselves, there was no one present who could speak English." (She then describes the principal personages, including first of all Sabat, the Arabian convert,* a large and powerful man, in picturesque and imposing costume. The only languages he was able to speak were Persian, Arabic, and a very little bad Hindostanee; but what was wanting in the words of this man was more than made up by the loudness with which he uttered them, for he had a voice like rolling thunder. (When it is understood that loud utterance is considered an ingredient of respect in the East, we cannot suppose that any one who had been much in native courts should think it necessary to modulate his voice in the presence of the English Sahib Logue.) The second of Mr. Martyn's guests was the Padre Julius Cæsar, an Italian monk of the order of the Jesuits, a

* The antecedents and subsequent history of Sabat are exceedingly remarkable and dramatic. An accomplished scholar, highly connected (as it would seem), and of proud and impetuous temper, he had fled from Tartary to India in remorse for the betrayal of Abdallah, a friend that had embraced Christianity, into the hands of the King of Bokhara, who had put him to death. Sabat went to Madras, and obtained a Government appointment there as Professor of Mahommedan Law in the Judge's Court at Vizagapatam. In the course of his official studies he observed some apparent discrepancies in the Koran, which led him to compare it with the New Testament, and eventually brought him to a conviction of the truth of Christianity, and to the renunciation of the Moslem faith. He at once became an object of great and severe persecution by the Mahommedans, and was obliged to return and seek refuge at Madras, but was induced to go back with a letter from the Governor to the Judge, commending him to the special protection of that officer. But this did not much avail him. He was murderously assaulted by his own brother, narrowly escaped with his life, and was compelled again to go back to Madras, where he was baptised, and whence he was recommended to an appointment as a translator in Calcutta, and sent on after a while to Mr. Martyn, who was then at Dinapore. His proud temper, however, was still unsubdued, and gave Mr. Martyn great trouble; yet he appeared to be sincere, and to lament this failing, with which the young chaplain was fain to put up on account of his great merits as a translator. He accompanied Mr. Martyn from Dinapore to Cawnpore, and thence afterwards to Calcutta, where, subsequently to Martyn's departure for Persia, he was engaged under the Bible Translation Committee; but after a while neglected his duties, and

worthy disciple of Ignatius Loyala. Mr. Martyn had become acquainted with him at Patna, where the Italian Jesuit was not less zealous and active in making proselytes than the Company's chaplain, and probably much more wise and subtle in his movements than the latter. The Jesuit was a handsome young man, and dressed in the complete costume of the monk, with his little skull cap, his flowing robes, and his cord: the materials, however, of his dress were very rich; his robe was of the finest purple satin, his cord of twisted silk, and his rosary of costly stones; whilst his air and manner were extremely elegant. He spoke French fluently, but his native language was Italian. His conversation with Mr. Martyn was carried on partly in Latin and partly in Italian. A third guest was a learned native, in his full and handsome Hindostanee costume; and a fourth, a little, thin, copper-coloured, half-caste Bengalee gentleman, in white nankeen, who spoke only Bengalee. Mr. Sherwood made the fifth, in his scarlet and gold uniform; Mrs. S., the only lady, was the sixth; and Mr. Martyn, in his clerical black silk coat, completed the party.) "Most assuredly I never

ultimately became an apostate, publicly renouncing Christianity before the Mahommedan Cadi at Calcutta. He now embarked, as a merchant, with some goods he had purchased, for the Persian Gulf; but his apparent wealth seems to have excited the cupidity of those on board and to have made him feel himself in danger; and when the vessel put in at Tellicherry he swam ashore, and sought the protection of the British judge there, whose aid he successfully invoked to get his merchandise landed. The judge just at this time had read, in Dr. Buchanan's "Star in the East," the story of Sabat and Abdallah, and recognised the former in his visitor, who acknowledged the identity, but denied the betrayal, professed repentance for his apostasy, and so interested the judge that, at Sabat's earnest request, he exerted his influence on his behalf, and obtained his conditional reinstatement at Calcutta. After a while, however, he again apostatised, and added to his wickedness the publication of a work entitled "Sabatean proofs of the truth of Islamism and falsehood of Christianity." He now went to Penang, whence he sailed to Rangoon on a trading voyage. This proving unsuccessful, he repaired again to Penang, and while there again professed his repentance, lamented the injury done by his book, expressed his desire as far as possible to undo its evil effects, and his wish once more to return to Christianity; yet at the same time he continued to frequent the Mosque with the Mahommedan population. But his end was approaching. The King of Acheen, being driven from his throne by an usurper, came to Penang to seek arms and provisions; Sabat offered the royal fugitive his services, was accepted, and accompanied him back to Acheen, where Sabat attained such power and influence that he was regarded by the rebels as their greatest enemy, and, being taken prisoner, was treated with great severity, and finally was *sewn up in a sack and thrown into the sea.*

listened to such a confusion of tongues before or since. Every one who had acquired his views of politeness in Eastern society was shrieking at the top of his voice, as if he had lost his fellow in a wood; and no less than seven languages were in constant request, viz.: English, French, Italian, Arabic, Persian, Hindostanee, Bengalee, and Latin."

Associated with Mr. Martyn in his labours among the Europeans was the Rev. Daniel Corrie (so often mentioned by Bishop Heber, and afterwards Bishop of Madras), who with Captain and Mrs. Sherwood, and other religious people, formed a happy little Christian society. But repeated attacks of illness compelled Mr. Martyn to quit Cawnpore on sick leave in October 1810.* It was then that Abdul Messeh, the Mahommedan moonshee, who on a visit to this Station had been so struck by his arguments, that he resolved to remain here to hear him further, communicated to him the views he had by that time been led to entertain, and accompanied him to Calcutta. It is well known that Martyn proceeded by sea to Arabia and Persia, and revised his Persian New Testament in the latter country with the aid of some of its best scholars; that it was published, and highly approved, and that a copy was presented to the Shah by the British Ambassador, and most graciously received and acknowledged;† but that the saintly and heroic translator

* Before doing so he wrote to the Rev. David Brown, "a letter in which his passion for grammatical studies is seen in its whole breadth and depth. He mentions eighteen languages of which he has grammars or dictionaries, or both, and he writes for more; and the motive for this great accumulation is seen in a remark with which his letter ends. He consents to begin a translation of the Scriptures into Arabic. 'A year ago,' he says, 'I was not adequate to it, but now my labours in the Persian and other studies have, in the wisdom of God, been the means of qualifying me. So now, *favente Deo*, we will begin to preach to Arabia, to Syria, Persia, India, Tartary, China, half of Africa, all the south coast of the Mediterranean, and Turkey, and one tongue shall suffice for them all.'"—*Edmonds.*

† The following extract from the Shah's letter may be given as a literary curiosity:—"Through the learned and unremitting exertions of the Rev. Henry Martyn, it has been translated in a style most befitting sacred books—that is, in an easy and simple diction. Formerly the four Evangelists, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, were known in Persia; but now the whole of the New Testament is completed in a most excellent manner; and this circumstance has been an additional source of pleasure to our enlightened and august mind. Even the four Evangelists, which were known in this country, had never been before explained in so clear and luminous a manner. We, therefore, have been particularly delighted with this copious and complete translation. Please the most merciful God, we

died at Tokat on October 16th, 1812, at the early age of thirty-one, leaving behind him an imperishable name.* The Moonshee was afterwards baptised; endured much persecution; laboured first as a Scripture reader and catechist; subsequently (having learned something of medicine) as a medical evangelist; and eventually as a clergyman; and united the cure of bodily disease with the spiritual work of his ministry.

For many years after Cawnpore had become a Military Station, it was utterly destitute of any ecclesiastical edifice; and the Christian population were accustomed to assemble for Divine worship alternately in a bungalow at one end of the cantonments and in a riding school at the other. But the time came when the claim of the station to a suitable Church pressed for consideration. An officer, however, was then in command at Cawnpore, whose influence was very injurious; a regiment of cavalry, moreover, was quartered there which was conspicuous for its improprieties. One of the two chaplains in residence had long been on bad terms with the Commandant, but nothing very remarkable had occurred in public between them. At length this gentleman received from the Commandant a letter, inquiring officially how many seats should be provided in any church that might be built for the station.

shall command the select servants who are admitted to our presence to read to us the above-mentioned book from the beginning to the end, that we may, in the most minute manner, hear and comprehend its contents. —(Sealed) *Fateh Ali Shah Kajar.*"

* It has been said of Henry Martyn that "he left a path of living light from the Ganges to the Euphrates." His death, moreover, gave an irresistible impulse to the movement for the creation of an Established Church in India; a movement with which Grant, Teignmouth, Thornton, Wilberforce, Buchanan, and other eminent men were identified. It is remarkable that, as Sir James Stephen has said, "in the roll of names most distinguished in that conflict, scarcely one can be found which does not also grace the calendar of Clapham. It was a conflict emphatically Claphamic." Macaulay's epitaph on Henry Martyn (written at the age of thirteen) may be remembered:—

"Here Martyn lies. In manhood's early bloom
The Christian hero finds a Pagan tomb.
Religion, sorrowing o'er her favourite son,
Points to the glorious trophies that he won.
Eternal trophies! not with carnage red,
Not stained with tears by hapless captives shed,
But trophies of the cross. For that dear Name,
Through every form of danger, death, and shame,
Onward he journeyed to a happier shore,
Where danger, death, and shame assault no more.

The chaplain forgot the dictates of prudence, and replied that the number of the congregation would depend on the character of those in authority at Cawnpore, who, if God-fearing and church-frequenting, would make it large, but if ungodly and profane, would cause it to be small. This brought a second official letter from the commanding officer, requiring a more explicit statement; but the chaplain replied that he had no other to make, and sent a copy of the correspondence to the Bishop, who immediately said, "You are wrong. You have fatally committed yourself. If a complaint is made you cannot be defended." The complaint was made; the matter went through the regular routine, the chaplain was removed to another station, and for a time the church building was arrested. By-and-by, however, a change of commandants took place. The cavalry regiment referred to was also transferred to another quarter. The Bishop, in the course of his visitation, came to Cawnpore, he took the matter in hand; the foundation stones of *two* churches were presently laid, and within a moderate time both were completed and consecrated. The first completed was St. John's, a neat Gothic building, near the civil lines; the other, Christ Church, in the centre of the military lines, has the appearance of a miniature cathedral, its architecture being also Gothic.*

We have the Churches, but they are seldom used save on Sundays, or on the occasion of a marriage or other very special event. As to Sunday, it is, we fear, to many a very dull day. No such feelings are known here as the poet† experienced, no such scenes as he loved to describe:—

> "With silent awe I hail the sacred morn,
> Which slowly wakes while all the fields are still;

* Nothing can be more beautiful than Christ Church. It is one hundred and thirty-four feet by seventy-seven—tower, one hundred feet—style, Gothic; pinnacles and corner towers in admirable proportion; the pulpit, of fine mahogany, was made in Calcutta, and cost fifteen hundred rupees. The whole edifice is simple, appropriate, ecclesiastical. The expense is thirty-two thousand four hundred rupees.

Trevelyan, alluding to this church in his famous history of the Mutiny, says: "There was a church whose fair white tower, rising among a group of lofty trees, for more than one dull and dusty mile, greeted the eyes of the traveller on the road from Lucknow. That church, *which has stood scathless through such strange vicissitudes*, will soon be superseded by a more imposing temple, built to commemorate the great disaster of our race."

† Dr. Leyden.

A soothing calm on every breeze is borne,
A graver murmur gurgles from the rill,
An echo answers softer from the hill,
And softer sings the linnet from the thorn,
The skylark warbles in a tone less shrill."

Gunfire (at earliest dawn) calls us up, and, soon after, the troops are summoned to Church Parade, the usual hour for Divine service being six o'clock. They march to church, preceded by the band, and are joined there by some of the civilians of the station; perhaps also by a few Protestant Eurasians (for many of these, being of Portuguese descent, are Roman Catholics); and possibly by some Native Christians. The service is short, and in hot weather is necessarily abbreviated, as the shelter of the barracks or house must be gained before the sun is high. Meanwhile, such of the soldiers as have not gone to church have been marched to the Roman Catholic or Dissenting chapel, whichever it may be, according to the denomination to which they respectively belong, thus presenting to the natives the spectacle of a sectarian—a *divided*—Christianity. All return to their quarters. Then follows the long, long day, unbroken except by meal times, or by the too frequent visits of the "old sots," and perhaps less ardent drinkers, to the canteen, during a great part of which most people who happen to be without sick headache, fever, or liver complaint, lie listlessly on their beds, reading, talking, soliloquising,—recalling in many instances, often with some emotion, the endearing associations of the day and of home under happier circumstances,—and perhaps thinking of neglected and heart-broken parents, tender attachments, and long-forgotten vows. The air is very hot,* some poor creatures are nearly flayed; prickly heat causes many to tingle all over, as if the points of very fine needles were everywhere running into them; mosquitoes, flies, and other visitors pay frequent calls; and thus the hours drag on till towards evening, when the officer's dinner bugle is heard, and people rise, wash, and dress. Evening service is by-and-by held in

* "The hot wind sets in in March, and blows steadily and unremittingly for nearly three months, with an average temperature of about 106° Fahrenheit; and is always accompanied by a mist of fine sand. The hot wind rises to a gale at noon; and then gradually declines with the sun; still the temperature changes very little during the night, remaining at about 100°;

the church; those who are off duty, and are so disposed, attend it; others go for an airing, and the rest in various ways* (if there is no funeral to attend, which, however, often occurs,) eke out the hours till nightfall, when perhaps it may be possible to breathe a little freely. Within doors, in the neighbourhood of the lamps, flies of various kinds, however, then come incessantly, and there is really little peace till the lights are put out; and, whether within doors or without, the couch is again resorted to, and sleep sought, perhaps vainly, till the morning.

As for those who are in hospital (and they are many), *they* especially indulge in those thoughts of home which our Anglo-Indian Richardson—whom we once more quote—so well expresses in his poem entitled

"HOME YEARNINGS.

I.

"In every change of fortune, or of clime,
In every stage of man's uncertain lot,
The more endeared by distance and by time,
Affection's sacred home is unforgot.
There lives the spell that wakes the sweetest tear
In feeling's eye, and cheers the troubled brow;
There dwells each joy the tender heart holds dear;
There ties are formed that none may disavow;
And cold is he to nature's finer sway,
Who, doomed to wander, weeps not on his way!

II.

"From that dear circle peace will never fly,
While love and tender sympathy remain
To foil the glance of care's malignant eye,
And render powerless the hand of pain.

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the heat continues intense and parching, everything retaining a portion of the heat which it has imbibed during the day, until the rising sun again ushers in the burning blast."

*We have understood that in Henry Martyn's time the godly soldiers used to meet for prayer and worship in the woods and ravines, until he heard of it, when he obtained leave for them to assemble in one of the rooms at the Sherwoods', and eventually secured for them a bungalow, which afterwards became a chapel. Under the Governor-Generalship of Lord Lawrence, "The Soldier's Friend," and through the exertions of Mr. W. B. Harrington, C.E., a Prayer Room for soldiers was sanctioned for every cantonment in India, and this has in numerous instances been provided. It requires more moral courage than many an otherwise brave soldier possesses, to kneel down to pray in a barrack room, while a Prayer-*Meeting* in such a place is, I believe, altogether unknown.

The restless throng that haunt ambition's shrine,
And madly scorn the sweet domestic sphere,
Condemned ere long in shame and grief to pine,
And curse their wild and profitless career,
From envy's scowl, and flattery's hollow strain,
Turn in despair, and seek repose in vain!

III.

"Queen of the nations! Island of the brave!
Home of my youth! and idol of my heart!
Though far beyond the broad Atlantic wave,
My boundless love shall but with life depart.
Yet farewell all that brightens and endears!
Forms of domestic joy, a long adieu!
These withered plains but wake my ceaseless tears;
These foreign crowds my fond regrets renew;
For lone and sad, from friends and kindred torn,
My path is dreary, and my breast forlorn!

IV.

"Star of the wanderer's soul! Unrivalled land!
Hallowed by many a dream of days gone by!
Though distant far, thy charms my thoughts command,
And gleam on fancy's sad reverted eye.
And though no more my weary feet may stray
O'er thy green hills, or down each flowery vale,
Where rippling streams beneath the bright sun play,
And throw their gladdening music on the gale,
These are fond hopes that will not all depart,
Till death's cold fingers tear them from the heart!

V.

"Vain, faithless visions! 'Mid each earthly ill
The soul can darken or the bosom wring,
Why haunt ye thus the lonely mourner still,
And fitful radiance o'er life's ruins fling?
Meteors that cross my solitary way,
Oh! cease to mock the tempest of despair!
Scourge of the clime! pale sickness holds her sway,
And bids my lacerated heart prepare
To meet in foreign lands the wanderer's doom—
An early fate, and unlamented tomb!"

We must not omit to mention that that remarkable Missionary Traveller, Dr. Wolff,* some few years ago visited Cawnpore, was entertained with the warmest hospitality by Captain Arthur Conolly, preached here, lectured to large

* Father of Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, K.C.B., G.C.M.G., lately our Ambassador to Teheran, and subsequently appointed (1892) to Madrid.

numbers of ladies and gentlemen in the Assembly Rooms, and discussed the subject of Religion in Conolly's house with the Mahommedan Moolahs whom his host had collected there. His meeting with Conolly must have truly been a meeting of kindred spirits. Dr. Wolff is well known as a most able, devoted, and enthusiastic Christian missionary to his Jewish brethren in all parts of the East: and as a man of extraordinary enterprise and daring.* In Conolly "the high courage and perseverance of the explorer is elevated and sublimed by the holy zeal and enthusiasm of the apostle." † He had already distinguished himself; had gone overland to India by Russia and Persia; had visited Teheran, Herat, and Scinde,‡ and was regarded by the great men of Central Asia with the highest esteem as a type of a true Englishman and a Christian gentleman, and by his own countrymen as a brilliant and most promising officer. We shall yet hear more of him.§

* Dr. Wolff was now returning from Bokhara and Afghanistan, which he had visited not only to proclaim the gospel to the Jews, but also to find traces of the ten tribes of Israel, and to make himself acquainted with the history of the Jews of Bokhara, Samarcand, and Balkh; their expectations in regard to their future destiny, their learning, traditions, etc., etc.

† Sir J. W. Kaye.

‡ See Conolly's "Overland Journey to the North of India," published in 1839, in two vols. 8vo, and highly commended as "an interesting record of remarkable adventure."

§ It will be remembered that Conolly afterwards became a prisoner at Bokhara with Colonel Stoddart (who, like himself, had been sent there on a diplomatic mission and been detained); that they endured a terrible captivity together; that Wolff himself, eminently fitted for the undertaking by his former experience, general acquaintance with Asiatic customs, and strong personal attachment to Conolly, repaired to Bokhara in 1844, at the peril of his life, to ascertain the fate of both; and that he found they had been thrown into a dark and loathsome dungeon, where they had been the prey of countless vermin, and whence they had been brought out to execution; and that they had been offered their lives if they would abjure Christianity, but had both preferred death to apostasy.

Dr. Wolff was told that "both Captain Conolly and Colonel Stoddart were brought, with their hands tied, behind the ark or palace of the King, when Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly kissed each other, and Stoddart said to Makraam Saadut, 'Tell the Ameer that I die a disbeliever in Mahomet, but a believer in Jesus—that I am a Christian, and a Christian I die.' And Conolly said, 'Stoddart, we shall see each other in Paradise, near Jesus.' Then Saadut gave the order to cut off, first the head of Stoddart, which was done; and in the same manner the head of Conolly was cut off."

This reminds us of the execution of Abdallah, a Moslem convert, who, having been betrayed by the renegade Sabat, was, it will be

Cawnpore is one of the Mission Stations of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, whose agents here have long been 600 miles from any of their brethren.*

It was while residing at Cawnpore that Miss Emma Roberts—a citizen of Bath—who, after the publication of her "Memoirs of the Rival Houses of York and Lancaster" (said to be "the most full and lively picture we possess of the state of English society during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries"), had accompanied her sister and brother-in-law, Captain R. A. B. McNaughton, of the Bengal army, to India —published, in 1832, her "Oriental Scenes, Sketches, and Tales," a volume of poetry, dedicated to her friend "L. E. L." (Miss Landon), and afterwards republished in England. It was followed by her well-known "Scenes and Characteristics of Hindostan, with Sketches of Anglo-Indian Society," which had been originally published in the *Asiatic Journal*, and was subsequently republished in London and Philadelphia. The death of Mrs. McNaughton caused Miss Roberts to leave Cawnpore for Calcutta, where she edited for awhile the *Oriental Observer*, but soon returned to England, and lived a busy literary life until 1839, when she made an overland journey through Egypt to India (a remarkable achievement for a lady), and became involved in a multitude of literary engagements, the weight of which appears to have overwhelmed her, as she died suddenly on September 16th,

remembered, put to death at Bokhara. The account is thus given by Dr. Buchanan: "Abdallah was sentenced to die, and a herald went through the city announcing the time for his execution. An immense multitude attended, and the chief men of Bokhara. Sabat also went, and stood near him. He was offered his life if he would abjure Christ, the executioner standing by him with his sword drawn. 'No,' said the martyr, 'I cannot abjure Christ.' Then one of his hands was cut off at the wrist. He stood firm, his arm hanging by his side, but with little motion. A physician, by the desire of the King, offered to heal the wound if he would recant. He made no answer, but looked up steadfastly toward Heaven, like the proto-martyr Stephen, his eyes streaming with tears. Sabat, in relating this account, says, 'He did not look with anger towards *me*. He looked at me, but it was benignly, and with the countenance of forgiveness. His other hand was then cut off, but he never *changed*, he never *changed*! And when he bowed his head to receive the stroke of death, all Bokhara seemed to say, "What new thing is this?"'" TRULY THE RACE OF MARTYRS IS NOT EXTINCT.

* It is interesting to record that, in the absence of the missionary from the station, while Havelock was quartered here as Captain and Interpreter in Her Majesty's 16th Foot, that officer supplied his place.

1840, to the universal regret of both Europeans and natives in India, as shown by the many flattering tributes paid to her memory in the public journals. We are proud of our countrywoman, who has shown such wonderful spirit and energy, and has given us such a noble record and graphic representation of the beautiful landscape and architectural grandeur of India, and whose pleasant sketches of social life among Anglo-Indians have afforded amusement and enjoyment to so many.

Cawnpore formerly produced a Newspaper, but it was discontinued in consequence of the death of its proprietor.

Twelve miles from Cawnpore, on the south bank of the Ganges, stands Bithoor, a town devoted to the worship of Brahma, and noted for its ghats, and its pilgrims who repair thither to bathe in the sacred stream. Great numbers of Brahmins live there, and superintend the bathing festivals. A Bathing Fair is annually held there on the first moon in November. It is the residence, moreover, of Baji Rao, the famous last Peishwa of the Mahrattas, who, after his surrender to our Government, received a pension of £80,000 a year, and was permitted to take up his residence in Bithoor. He has several palaces, maintains three sets of dancing girls, and bathes most religiously every day in the river. It would seem that he has no natural heir, but has adopted as his son one Nandu Punth,* who will probably succeed to his wealth.

* Baji Rao continued to reside at Bithoor till his death, in 1851, when Nandu Punth succeeded to his estate there, and to the great accumulation of wealth he had left behind him. He was also allowed a guard of five hundred cavalry. The Indian Government, however, declined to continue to him the allowance, or pension, of the Peishwa, and this decision was upheld in England. Hence he entertained a bitter grudge against the English, and secretly determined to revenge himself when he had an opportunity. The story of that revenge is but too well known, and we need not, therefore, relate it in all its details. We may, however—we must—summarise its leading incidents in connection with our sketch of Cawnpore; and we will do it, if possible, in the simplest and most dispassionate prose.

News of the mutinous outbreak at Meerut on May 10th, 1857, reached Cawnpore on the 14th. On the 25th Nandu Punth, who had professed the utmost sympathy with our people, and offered to protect our public money with his soldiers, was placed in charge of the treasury. It was deemed prudent to entrench the European barracks, and this work was begun on May 30th. On June 2nd the 2nd Native Cavalry and 1st Native Infantry rose in revolt, seized the treasury, broke open the gaol, and burnt the public offices; they then marched out one stage on the road to Delhi, and were joined by the 53rd and 54th. The Nana—Nandu Punth—went out to meet them,

I have mentioned the publication of my book. It was, of course, an era in my life. With what young author has it not been such? The copies came up from Calcutta, and were speedily unpacked and distributed to the subscribers. And then for a time *I was in Paradise*: I felt as if *the World's eyes were upon me.* "AN AUTHOR IN THE RANKS!" "*A rara avis!*" "Well, well!" "He has, at least, *meant* well. He ought to be promoted!" "We must see what can be done for him." So, I *supposed*, talked the officers. As to my comrades, now that my thoughts were actually in print, they

and persuaded them to return. Meanwhile, on the 6th, General Wheeler, the commandant, and all other Europeans at the station—numbering from 750 to 1000, including every rank, both sexes, and all ages, of whom about 400 only were able to carry arms—came within the entrenchments; which, however, were of the poorest character. The Nana, throwing off all disguise, now attacked them with a powerful and brisk cannonade, which was kept up without cessation for three weeks. The horrors endured by the besieged were frightful: intense heat, want of water, want of sleep, toil, watching, wounds, death. The enemy were kept at bay; but with great loss of life to the defenders. Many died from sunstroke, and women and children, as well as fighting men, were struck down by bullets. By June 26th the position of the besieged became untenable, and they capitulated under promise of protection; the Nana agreeing to send them to Allahabad. The next day they marched to the river-side, and got into the boats at what is now known as Massacre Ghat; but before they could push off, they were fired on from all sides. Two boats only got under weigh. One of these was immediately swamped by a round shot; the other went down the river under fire from both banks, and most of the Europeans were killed. A few escaped for awhile to Shiorajpur, some were captured, and the remainder massacred (except four); the soldiery in the boats were mostly shot upon the spot; the women and children were carried back to Cawnpore. Havelock, who had been dispatched to the scene of action, was at hand. At the first sound of his guns—it was July 15th—the unhappy ladies and their little ones were, by the Nana's orders, cut to pieces and thrown into the well adjoining the premises—the Assembly Rooms, where they had so often joined in social festivities. From that well some two hundred bodies were afterwards taken.

Havelock took Cawnpore by storm on July 16th; the 17th and 18th were devoted to the recovery of the city, and the 19th to the destruction of Bithoor and the palaces of the Nana (who had fled). On the 20th Havelock advanced from Cawnpore to Oude, but returned for reinforcements on August 10th. Soon after Outram arrived, and went on with Havelock to the relief of Lucknow. In November the Gwalior rebels attacked Cawnpore, obtained possession of it, and held it till Clyde, on December 6th, utterly routed them. The district, however, was not completely pacified till the following May. In the closing days of 1859, when the last remnants of the rebels disappeared over the frontiers of Oude, the Nana was among the fugitives. His death was reported some time afterwards.

A Memorial Church, whose interior is covered with marble tablets, bearing lists of names—a Romanesque building, with graceful campaniles—now marks the site of General Wheeler's entrenchment; while the scene of the

(doubtless) regarded me as a kind of curiosity, and were perhaps a *little* proud of me. "There was no knowing" (*I thought*) "what might come of it." And it certainly brought me into notice. It was the means of introducing me to General Sir Joseph Thackwell, Commandant of Cawnpore;* to General Archibald Watson, Commandant of Allahabad; and to other men of high position and influence. There *was* no knowing what would come of it.

But—great events were at hand, and to all this there came a rude interruption.

massacre is marked by the Memorial Public Gardens. Over the fatal well—in the centre of the Public Gardens—a mound has been raised, the summit of which is crowned by an octagonal Gothic enclosure, with a white marble angel by Marochetti in the centre. To the left, on the very spot where the massacre took place, is a small cemetery full of memorials to the victims, overgrown with lovely creepers and roses and other flowers. Near this is another cemetery, enclosed by iron railings and gates, and overgrown with flowers, where lie interred the officers and soldiers who fell in battle here. The text is frequent on the tombs, "THESE ARE THEY WHICH CAME OUT OF GREAT TRIBULATION."

* Sir Joseph will be remembered as an officer of splendid character. He served under Sir John Moore at Corunna, and at Waterloo lost his left arm and had two horses shot under him. "On receiving the first wound, in the forearm, he seized his bridle with his mouth and dashed on at the head of his men to charge the enemy." I was not a little proud of being received by such a man. He commanded the cavalry in the first Afghan War, gallantly led the 3rd Dragoons at Sobraon, and occupied a conspicuous place in the Sikh war and the conquest of the Punjaub.

CHAPTER X.

THE ARMIES OF RESERVE AND OF AFGHANISTAN.

A GREAT THUNDER-CLOUD HAD BURST OVER INDIA. Intelligence had been received from Afghanistan that the British forces in that country (which after taking Ghuznee had been left in Cabul by the expedition sent thither in 1838, to replace on the throne, in lieu of his rival, Dost Mahommed—who appeared to have been intriguing against us—our *protégé*, the ex-King Shah Shoojah), had been overtaken by calamity;* that Cabul itself was in open insurrection; that Sir Alexander Burnes (who was about to become our Envoy), and other Officers, had been murdered; and that General Sale (who had been directed to conduct back to India a portion of the army no longer, as it was thought, required in Afghanistan), had with difficulty, and not without considerable loss, forced his way to the frontier town of Jellalabad, the dilapidated fortress of which he had taken by surprise from the Afghans, had occupied, and was strengthening against the enemy who were hovering around it. Post after post continued to arrive with bad tidings: the assassination of Sir William Macnaghten (our envoy and minister †) and Captain Trevor, his *attaché*; the imprisonment of Colonel Lawrence; and the almost hopeless and desperate state of the British force remaining in Cabul; subsequently, news of a convention by which we were bound, after having given up

* See pages 30, 31.

† "William H. Macnaghten was a Charterhouse boy, who, from the day he landed in India, first as a cadet and then as a civilian, mastered the several languages south and north, proved the most extraordinary scholar in the classical tongues ever turned out by Fort William College, and was trusted by Lord William Bentinck beyond any other secretary. His evil policy and sad fate in Cabul make his fate most tragic."—*Life of Dr. Duff.*

most of our guns and all our treasure, and leaving some of our officers as hostages, to *evacuate Afghanistan*; then, an awful silence; and then the overwhelming intelligence that THE WHOLE RETIRING ARMY HAD BEEN ANNIHILATED BY THE ENEMY, except one European officer, Dr. Brydon, who (wounded and half-dead from fatigue and privation) had arrived, and two native camp followers with him, at Jellalabad, *the only relic of a force of* 11,000.* SUCH A CATASTROPHE WAS UNPARALLELED IN OUR HISTORY. (It subsequently appeared that Lady Macnaghten, Lady Sale, and other officers' wives and children, with several of the ladies' husbands, who had been invited to accompany them into captivity, and some few non-commissioned officers and their families, had been taken prisoners and carried into the interior of Afghanistan.) Lord Auckland and the whole European community in India were overwhelmed with grief and disappointment at the news of this terrible disaster.† His lordship, however, at once

* A truly dramatic account of the garrison of Jellalabad from this time till that of their relief by General Pollock, is given by Mr. Edwards in his "Reminiscences of a Bengal Civilian":—"I afterwards heard from some of the bravest among that 'illustrious garrison,' that their feelings of gloom and depression were almost beyond endurance; unable, as they were, to render any effectual assistance, or even to ascertain the truth of what had occurred in the retreat. By day, parties of horse were sent out from the fortress to proceed as far as was possible on the Cabul road, in the hopes of picking up stragglers; but they returned evening after evening bringing none. For many nights blue lights were burnt and rockets sent up, and the bugles sounded at intervals, in the hope of attracting the attention of some poor fugitives, and directing them to a place of safety. But all in vain; and at last the wailing notes of the bugle, so ineffectually sounding now and then through the darkness, and breaking the stillness of the night, were found to have such a depressing effect on the mass of the garrison, that the practice was obliged to be discontinued. Happily, soon after, the attention and energies of the officers and men were fully occupied in taking measures for their own defence; as the enemy, having now no force to contend with in Cabul, crowded to Jellalabad and besieged the fortress. How nobly the garrison defended themselves, and maintained the honour of their country, until relieved by General Pollock on April 16th, 1842, are matters of history."

† "Friday, December 10th, 1841.—Never was anything equal to the consternation throughout India at the tragedy in Cabul. Lord Auckland and the Council were sitting till near midnight on Friday, and Lord Auckland and Miss Eden were walking by moonlight afterwards on the roof of Government House, to calm their minds, till one in the morning. The Burmese war, or the Nepaulese, was nothing to this. January 8th, 1842.—There is an overwhelming report that our army in Cabul has capitulated. Lord Auckland is thin, low, and dejected. January 22nd.—The appalling tidings of the murder of Sir W. H. Macnaghten have filled

issued a General Order, in which he spoke of the calamity as a "partial reverse," and as giving "only a new occasion for displaying the ability and vigour of the British power, and the admirable spirit and valour of the British-Indian army." Yet Lord Auckland does not appear to have followed up this proclamation with any practical measures. Indeed, there seems, unhappily, to be no doubt that his lordship came to the resolution, and issued secret orders, to recall all our forces, to evacuate every part of Afghanistan, and to trust to negotiation and money for the liberation of the prisoners, leaving our disgrace unremedied, our prestige broken.* But meanwhile the Home Government had superseded Lord Auckland † by the appointment (on October 23rd, 1841) of Lord Ellenborough, then President of the Board of Control, who had occupied that position under the administration of the Duke of Wellington, whose confidence he possessed, and who had denounced the war as a blunder and a crime. Lord Ellenborough arrived on February 28th, 1842.‡ On his way, his attention had been arrested at Madras by a rising mutiny among the sepoys, with which he had to deal; and on his

all Calcutta with fear and astonishment. I met —— and —— at the Asiatic Society in the evening. They were thunderstruck: never anything like it had occurred in India."—*Life of Bishop Wilson.*

* It is said, however, that a few days before the arrival of his successor, Lord Auckland had furnished General Pollock with instructions that, while providing for the safe withdrawal of the force at Jellalabad, he was to consider it "one of the first objects of his solicitude to procure the release of British officers and soldiers, and their families and private servants and followers, who were held in captivity."

† A man of kind heart, amiable manners, good intentions, and solid understanding, he left behind him no personal enemies and many friends. It is, however, by his Afghan policy that Lord Auckland's statesmanship must be judged, and the fruits of that policy were equally hurtful to his own fame, his country's honour, and the finances of our Indian Empire.—*Trotter.*

‡ The following touching notice of Lord Auckland's departure is given by Bishop Wilson in his journal: "Saturday, March 12th.—I have accompanied Lord Auckland to the ship. At half-past six in the morning the gentry all assembled at Government House. The new Governor-General was then in full dress. The Misses Eden went off first in carriages, with tolerable self-possession. In about half an hour Lord Auckland descended the splendid flight of steps, conducted by the Governor-General, who, after reaching the lower step, took his leave. Lord Auckland, the members of council, judges, and myself, then walked leisurely through the superb files of troops, preceded by the four hundred splendid servants of the establishment in their scarlet attire, to the ghat at the riverside. Tears filled his eyes when he finally shook hands with us. An immense crowd,

reaching Calcutta, he found affairs in the north-west threatening yet further disaster.* He soon † determined on the re-establishment of our military reputation by the relief of our beleaguered garrisons, the infliction of some signal and decisive blow upon the Afghans, and the release of our captive brethren and sisters; and, *all this accomplished*, to withdraw from Afghanistan. An expedition was accordingly organised, and its command given to General Pollock, with orders to advance towards Afghanistan; to take such measures as would enable him to relieve General Sale (whose prolonged defence of Jellalabad under the difficulties we have mentioned—to which may be added an earthquake, that threw down many of his laboriously-repaired fortifications—had won general admiration, and must become historic); with his forces thus augmented to advance towards Cabul, effect a junction with the troops of General Nott (then commanding at Candahar), recover the hostages and prisoners, and return to India; General Nott at the same time having corresponding instructions given him, with further orders to recapture Ghuznee (which had been taken from us by the Afghans) on his way to Cabul. An alternative plan was also suggested to both Pollock and Nott; which, however, they did not adopt.

including almost all the gentry of Calcutta, remained till the steamer got under way. It was on the grounds of his suavity, kindness, impartiality, modesty of carriage, punctuality, extraordinary diligence in business, and general talents for government—especially in things relating to finance, arts, and commerce—that I attended the meeting for erecting a statue to him."

* "Certainly no Governor-General ever was called upon to enter upon the office, at all times the most arduous and responsible under the Crown, at a period of more imminent peril or more general despondency. His Lordship well knew, as indeed did most of us who were behind the scenes, that the native infantry corps with General Pollock at Peshawur were not to be depended upon, and that it was nothing but the unflinching courage and devoted zeal of their officers that kept them together and forced them to advance. The Governor-General also knew well the dangers which menaced us in the rear. In our own provinces Bundelkund was then in commotion, requiring troops in the field, and Scindiah's at that time unbroken army, with a splendid artillery and clouds of cavalry, were within a few days' march of Agra, and might at any moment advance into our territory. Besides this, it is not too much to say, that the Sikh durbar, with its splendid army, now that Runjeet Singh had died, was alone kept faithful to its engagements to us by the astonishing influence exercised over the chiefs and people by Sir George Clerk."—EDWARDS' *Reminiscences of a Bengal Civilian.*

† Not, however, it must be said, without some little hesitation in reversing the policy of his predecessor.

This programme was, by God's help, carried out; though not without some sad, and perhaps inevitable, delay. Sale was relieved, and set out with Pollock for Cabul; Ghuznee was retaken and destroyed by Nott (who found and released from slavery some hundreds of sepoys that were thought to have been slain with the rest of the ill-fated army, and who carried away as a trophy the supposed gates of the Hindoo temple of Somnauth,* taken from India by Sultan Mahommed of Ghuznee, to whose tomb they were attached); Cabul was subdued by Pollock; and the hostages and the prisoners (who had meanwhile endured great sufferings and constant peril of death†) were released. All were now on their way back to India. On October 1st, 1842, the fourth anniversary of the declaration of war by Lord Auckland at Simla, Lord Ellenborough issued from Simla a proclamation announcing that our disasters in Afghanistan had been avenged upon every

* "The ruins of this temple, which still stands in Guzerat, are in a fine state of preservation, and give the idea of its having been a gloomy, massive edifice, in the form of an oblong hall, ninety-six feet by sixty-eight, crowned by a magnificent dome, and covered inside and out with elaborate sculpture and carving, illustrative of mythological subjects. The splendour of this temple has doubtless been much exaggerated by various travellers; but a thousand years ago it was so famous as a place of pilgrimage for pious Hindoos, as well as for its immense wealth—the accumulations of centuries of presents—that it attracted the zealous idol-destroyer, Mahommed of Ghuzni, after he had accomplished his self-imposed mission of conquest, spoliation, and conversion in the rest of northern India. In 1024 he appeared before Somnauth, drove its defenders—who at first had been buoyed up with sanguine hopes that their favourite god had drawn the Mahommedans hither that he might blast them with his wrath—to take refuge in the temple, where they defended themselves with such valour that Mahommed's army was forced to retreat; but the subsequent rout of two Hindoo armies, which had advanced to the aid of the sacred city, so dispirited the defenders, that Somnauth was immediately surrendered, the idol destroyed, and the enormous wealth of the temple (consisting chiefly of precious jewels) carried off, with the gates of the temple. . . . The repute of Somnauth as a place of pilgrimage, and its wealth, revived some time after its spoliation by Sultan Mahommed to such an extent as frequently to attract the various Mahommedan robber-princes of western India, and it is still at the present day a chief resort of pious Hindoos from all quarters."—(See also in "The Romance of History: India"—"*The Idol of Somnat.*")

† "It has pleased God to try us in the furnace of adversity for many years; but in every cloud that overhung our path the rainbow of His mercy has shone conspicuously, forbidding us to despair, and reminding us that we are the objects of His providential care and loving kindness. But how specially has this been the case during the past twelve months of our history. The horrors of war enhanced by the rigours of climate encompassed us, and thousands fell victims around us to cold, famine, and the sword, until every door of escape seemed closed. We finally fell into

scene of past misfortune; that repeated victories in the field and the capture of the cities and citadels of Ghuznee and Cabul had again attached the opinion of invincibility to the British arms; and that, Shah Shoojah having been assassinated, and his death having been preceded and followed by still existing anarchy, the British Government, which had no desire to force any sovereign upon a reluctant people, would now withdraw its armies to the Sutlej, leaving Afghanistan to the Afghans.

An ARMY OF RESERVE is now ordered to assemble at Ferozepore (a town on the north-west border of our territories towards Afghanistan), with a view (as it would seem) of securing the returning Forces an unhindered passage through the neighbouring and independent kingdom of the Punjaub, and giving them a grand military reception on their arrival in our dominions. And *we* are privileged to be among the regiments so ordered to the border.

A march of four hundred miles, to be commenced at the end of the rainy season, is by no means, abstractedly viewed, an agreeable prospect in India. It naturally leads to the expectation of dirty roads and damp beds, colds, coughs, fevers, and agues, phlebotomy and physic. On all these we might confidently speculate; yet were we glad to exchange an unhealthy station for the *road*, especially as it would afford us an opportunity of seeing those classic Oriental regions, those places of high and universal renown, of which we had often read, and a visit to which we had long anticipated, and of joining in the GREAT TUMASHA.

October 1st.—Commence our march at 4.30 a.m. Many of our Cawnpore acquaintances accompany us to the end of our first stage, Kullianpore.

* * * * * *

October 5th.—Reach Meerum-Ke-Serai. Heavy showers accompanied us on the march. As we drew near our

the hands of a bloody and treacherous tyrant, 'neither fearing God, nor regarding man,' in whose custody we felt less secure than Daniel in the lions' den, because we lacked his superhuman faith. Yet for nine tedious months of cheerless captivity the restraining hand of the Almighty upon our savage keepers preserved us from hurt or dishonour, and when finally a life of wretched slavery seemed our inevitable lot, He sent us aid from an unexpected quarter, and delivered us from all our fears."—*Letter from one of the emancipated captives.*

destination these ceased; but scarcely were our tents pitched ere the rain again commenced, and continued almost incessantly throughout the day. Our encampment being situated on a plain, the water would not run off; even when embankments and trenches were formed round the tents, it overflowed them, and completely flooded us. The air, of course, became damp and cold; so I threw myself on my bed, wrapped well up, and went off into a dream about home. I was awakened by a somewhat unpleasant sensation, which I found arose from the pins of our tent having given way at the corner I slept in, and allowed it to drop down on me; the rain had thus full liberty to beat in, my bed seemed swimming, and I in much the same predicament as one of those unfortunates who are sometimes tied up in a sack and thrown into the Bosphorus. It appeared, too, that we had been visited by thieves, who had no doubt cut the ropes of the tent after having helped themselves and cleared out. We slept little more that night.

October 6th.—Although a fine morning has succeeded the storm of yesterday, the tents have been rendered so heavy by the soaking they received, as to compel us, out of mercy to the elephants, to halt to-day. No clue to the robbery of last night, nor am I the only sufferer. I find, too, upon inquiry, that occurrences of this kind are by no means extraordinary on the march,* though how the thieves can venture into an encampment full of armed men, strip a tent of all it contains without disturbing the inmates, and carry their booty through a line of keen-eyed and watchful sentries, is wonderful.

October 8th.—In the neighbourhood of our camp are several Hindoo temples (the soldiers call them "Sammy

* Such incidents are common in India, and many clever tricks are related of the *dacoits* (robbers). A lady writes: "During the night the servants were robbed of all their brass lotas and cooking utensils. A thief crept up to my camels, that were picketed just in front of the tent, selected the finest, cut the ropes and strings from his neck, then, having fastened a very long thin rope to the animal, away crept the thief. Having got to the end of the line, the thief gave the string a pull, and continued doing so till he rendered the animal uneasy; the animal got up—another pull, he turned his head—another, and he quietly followed the twitching of the cord that the thief held, who succeeded in separating him from the other camels and got him some twenty yards from the tent. Just at this moment the sentry observed the camel quietly departing; he gave the alarm, the thief fled and the animal was brought back to the camp;—a few yards more, the thief would have been on his back, and we should have lost the camel."—*Wanderings of a Pilgrim in Search of the Picturesque.*

Houses"). A man who had been drinking too freely happened to stroll into one of these, and, fatigued by exposure to the sun, laid himself down beneath the effigy of a bull used as an object of worship by the people in the vicinity. The priest presently coming in, heard a loud snoring, and in a state of alarm ran to call his parishioners, who came immediately in a crowd to the temple, and found the soldier fast asleep under their divinity. Their rage, as may be supposed, was great when they saw their god thus insulted ; and they might possibly have sacrificed the offender on the altar of their idol had not the soldier, at this moment, opened his eyes and looked round him. Seeing this, however, the people ran off to their houses to get bamboos ; and meanwhile, the offender awakening to a full consciousness of his perilous situation, thought it best to decamp with the utmost promptitude. Up he started, therefore, and away he sped ; but was soon perceived by the natives, who pursued him with shouts and yells. The women and boys of the village joined in the chase, as did also the pariah dogs and their whelps ; and the poor soldier, frightened out of his wits, thinking he should be murdered, and having no weapon with which to defend himself, made as straightly as possible for our camp, which he could plainly see in the distance, leaping over ditches into which he sometimes fell backwards, and bursting through jungle which tore his clothes to rags. Hearing the barking of dogs, the yelling of the men, the vociferations of the women, and the jeers of the boys, as they approached us, we turned out to see the *tumasha.* What a spectacle greeted our eyes! The soldier, "all tattered and torn," and covered with mud from top to toe, was tearing along at his utmost speed, but evidently almost exhausted ; while the natives, about fifty yards behind, were pelting him with stones and mud and missiles of every description on which they could lay their hands ; and the *hounds,* though they kept at a respectful distance, were snarling and yelping in chorus. The soldier presently reached the camp, and sank breathless into the arms of his comrades ; while the villagers halted, and formed in a group a little way off, with the exception of their leader, who came forward and complained to the colonel of the sacrilege that had been committed. That officer, however, thought

the offender had been sufficiently punished, and dismissed the complaint.

October 19th.—Arrive at Allyghur, a small station 183 miles from Cawnpore, the site of a once important fortress, taken by storm by General Lake * in 1803, from the Mahrattas under the leadership of Perron, a French officer. The manner in which it was taken rendered it famous. "The fort was strong, and surrounded by a fine ditch; to have approached it in a regular manner would have taken a month. A party of the —— regiment had a skirmish with some of the men belonging to the fort; as these men retreated over the first bridge, the English fought with, and entered the first gate with, them. When within the gate they were exposed to a heavy fire on every side; just under a large peepul tree, close to the gate, six of the officers were killed; the rest crossed the second bridge, and fixed their ladders on the wall; but by their own ladders the enemy descended upon them. After dreadful slaughter the second gate was entered, and the English took possession of the fort." † It has been allowed to fall into ruins, but is now, as we learn, about to be repaired and used as a jail for convicts in the upper provinces sentenced to imprisonment for life, and is intended to accommodate fifteen hundred of these gentry. ("To what base uses may we come," *good reader*!)

October 29th.—We are approaching DELHI,‡ the proud Imperial City of India, the Queen of the East,—Delhi, the

* "People of all classes in Upper India feel the same reverence as our native soldiery for the name of this admirable soldier and most worthy man, who did so much to promote our interests and sustain our reputation in India."—*Sleeman.*

† "Wanderings of a Pilgrim in Search of the Picturesque."

‡ The name of DELHI will ever be associated with the history of the great Mutiny of 1857, which there found its focus;—the seizure of the city, and the murder of its European inhabitants by the sepoys; the defence and subsequent blowing up of the magazine by the brave Willoughby and his companions, Forest, Raynor, and Sailly; the prompt action of Sir John Lawrence, then in the Punjaub, and his dispatch of Nicholson [1] and others to the scene; the *siege* of the city, its conquest by General Wilson, the many heroic deeds that accompanied it, including the blowing up of the Cashmere Gate—one of the noblest deeds in history—and the six days' fighting, which at last by the blessing of God placed the city once more in the hands of the British: these, with the EXTINCTION OF THE MOGUL DYNASTY that followed, occupy a page in the records of the past which can never be obliterated.

[1] It is a remarkable fact that General Nicholson was *worshipped* in India. "A brotherhood of fakirs at Hurreepore abandoned all forms of Asiatic monachism,

Incomparable, the Star of the Orient, the famous Capital of the Moguls,* the coveted and most brilliant trophy of conquest, the

* The following letter appeared in the *Times* some years ago :—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE *TIMES*.

Sir,—Just now, when his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has recently made an alteration in his plume, it may be interesting to your readers to be told that the Royal plume of three feathers is of Mogul origin, and probably of very remote antiquity.

The Mogul emperors of Hindostan wore a plume of three black heron's feathers when they took the field—a fact of some political significance now that Her Majesty has become Empress of India. Sir Thomas Roe, who went on an Embassy to the Court of the Emperor Jehangir, in the reign of James I., describes the plume worn by the Great Mogul when leaving Ajmeer for an expedition into the Deccan.

Tavernier, the traveller, describes a similar plume worn by the Ottoman Porte. It was doubtless, borrowed from the Moguls, who were the ruling tribe among the Tartars, and probably the descendants of the Royal Scythians described by Herodotus.

The plume had a military meaning; it was the symbol of command. On taking the field, the Ottoman Porte gave one of the plumes to the Grand Vizier, who was then acknowledged as Commander-in-Chief.

The identity of the Prince of Wales's plume with that worn by the Great Mogul is also of ethnological interest. In the fourth volume of my "History of India" I have ventilated the theory that the Moguls are descendants of the Vedic Aryans. I may add that the Mogul people of Burmah still cherish the traditions and worship of the Vedic deities, and preserve the sacred language of Pali, which is distinctly Aryan.

Yours faithfully,

J. TALBOYS WHEELER.

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and devoted themselves to the worship of Nicholson as a god. It was only in such a way that their blinded minds, struggling with a great idea, could body forth the mingled love and reverence which they felt for the man who had inspired them with terror when he fought on the bloody field of Chillianwallah, and who had since gone in and out among them as a father, a protector, a judge. The subsequent history of the sect is not generally known, and is full of interest. Nicholson left the district in 1850 for England, and then the sect was founded. They looked to him as the Sikhs to Nanuk, as their gooroo, and called themselves by his name 'Gooroo Nikkul Seynes.' They wore saffron-coloured garments and round black hats as their distinguishing garb. Their worship consisted in singing a kind of dirge, every verse of which echoed the refrain 'Gooroo Nikkul Seyn.' They were a quiet inoffensive people, and lived in the enjoyment of their faith till 1856. Then their gooroo arrived in person on his way to Cashmere, and great were the rejoicings of his disciples. They hastened to offer him homage; but when they persisted he ordered some of them to be flogged. This only increased their reverence. They insisted that they deserved the flogging; that they, having led unholy lives, naturally incurred the wrath of their god. The result was that they practised increased austerities, and manifested more devoted zeal. When Nicholson fell gloriously before Delhi, and the news reached his devotees, the effect was remarkable. Their leader declared he could not remain in a world where there was no Nikkul Seyn, and going to his hut, destroyed himself, cutting his throat from ear to ear. Another followed his example. A third said he would go to Nicholson's God, started off to Peshawur, waited on the missionaries, was received as an inquirer, and in course of time was baptised. He may now be seen engaged as a teacher in the mission school. Another imitated his example, and is now under Christian instruction."—*Notes on the Revolt, by C. Raikes, Judge of the Sudder Court at Agra; and* FRIEND OF INDIA *newspaper.*

great Metropolis of Indo-Mahommedanism! Its light has, indeed, somewhat faded,—the star has waned since the star of the West has been in the ascendant, and it is now rapidly going down: still we may see its declining rays, and these give a brilliance even to its setting.

The appearance of the city from a distance is imposing. Its magnificent red stone battlemented ramparts, sixty feet high,—its towers, fort, palace, mosques,—its pearly minarets, its white and gilded cupolas, which seem to rise, as has been said, from the surrounding trees and gardens "like rocks of pearls and rubies from an emerald sea,"—burst upon our eyes in the early morning, a wondrous and enchanting spectacle! We cross the moat that surrounds it by a bridge of boats, and so pass, through a magnificent Gateway,* into the city. How many princes and nobles have approached it with terror! how many heads of rebels have crowned its battlements! how many conquerors entered it in triumph! When I look upon its streets, its lofty battlemented and turreted walls, its imperial abode, its splendid mosques, its bazaars, and its multitudes of people, I am almost giddy with delight. Often had I wished in my youth, as I read of Eastern pomp and magnificence, to visit this imperial city of the Great Mogul, who was called "The Ornament of the World! the Asylum of Nations! the Just! the Fortunate! the Victorious!" and now I am there! *Can it be a reality, or is it only an illusion?* It *is* a reality! I am indeed here. But who that has read St. Pierre can be in DELHI without recalling the observations of his "Indian Recluse" on *his* visit in times gone by?—"I was anxious to visit some towns. I admired at a distance their ramparts and their towers, the prodigious concourse of vessels on their rivers and caravans on their roads, laden with merchandise, conveyed thither from every point of the horizon; the troops who repaired thither on duty from the remotest provinces; the processions of ambassadors with their numerous retinues, arriving from foreign kingdoms, to make known fortunate events, or to conclude alliances. I approached as near as I might to their avenues, contemplating with astonishment the vast columns of dust raised by so many travellers, and I trembled with desire at the confused noise

* See page 264.

proceeding from great cities which sounds in the adjacent country like the murmuring of the waves breaking on the seashore. *It was in the vicinity of Delhi that I made these reflections.*" And then he enters the *city*, and describes it, as it was in his day.* And now *I* am here. The most

* "I first traversed a long solitary street, lined on either side with houses, in front of which are piazzas, and under these the shops of tradesmen. Here and there I observed large caravanserais securely shut up, and vast bazaars, or markets, where reigned profound silence. Advancing into the interior of the city, I came to the magnificent quarter of the Omrahs, full of palaces and gardens, situated on the banks of the Jumna. It rang with the sound of instruments and the songs of the *bayaderes*, who were dancing by the river by torchlight. I stopped at the gate of a garden to enjoy such a pleasing sight, but was soon compelled to retire by the slaves, who drive away the poor with sticks. On leaving the quarter of the grandees I passed by several pagodas of my religion, where a multitude of wretches were lying prostrate upon the ground, and weeping. I hastened away from these monuments of superstition and terror. Farther on, the loud voices of the mollahs, announcing from aloft the hours of the night, informed me that I was at the foot of the minarets of a mosque. Near this place were the factories of the Europeans, with their flags, and watchmen incessantly crying *Kaberdar*! take care! I then passed a large building, which I knew to be a prison from the clanking of chains, and the groans that proceeded from it. I soon heard the cries of pain from a vast hospital, out of which were conveyed cartloads of dead bodies. By the way I met thieves running along the streets, and watchmen pursuing them, and groups of beggars, who, in spite of the blows they received, continued their solicitations at the gates of the palaces for the offal of their banquets. At length I arrived at an immense square, in the centre of which stands the palace of the Great Mogul. It was covered with the tents of the rajahs, or nabobs of his guard, and their divisions distinguished from each other by torches, standards, and long canes, with tails of the cows of Thibet at the top; the fortress was surrounded by a wide ditch full of water and defended by artillery. By the light of the fires kindled by the guards, I contemplated the towers of the castle, which were lost in the clouds, and the length of the ramparts, which extended farther than the eye could reach. I should have liked to enter, but great koraks, or scourges suspended from the posts, took away all desire of setting foot in the place. I stopped therefore at one end of it, near some negro slaves, who permitted me to rest myself by the fire round which they were sitting. There I viewed the imperial palace with admiration, and said to myself, 'Here, then, dwells the happiest of men; it is for his obedience that so many religious preach; for his glory that so many ambassadors arrive; for his exchequer that so many provinces are stripped; for his pleasures that so many caravans travel; and for his safety that so many armed men watch in silence!'"

There is, however, another side to the picture. The "Indian Recluse" goes on to say—

"While I was making these reflections, loud shouts of joy resounded over the whole square, and I saw eight camels decorated with streamers pass by. I was informed that they were loaded with the heads of rebels, sent to the Mogul by his generals from the province of Deccan, where one of his sons, whom he had appointed governor, had been carrying on war with him for three years. Soon afterwards arrived a courier on a dromedary, bringing intelligence of the loss of a frontier town of India, through

splendid palace in the world stands before me. I roam in a kind of ecstasy from place to place, through the principal street, the Chandni Chouk, or *street of silver*, with its avenues of trees, its central aqueduct, its numerous shops and its crowds of people, to the Jumna Musjid, the greatest of all mosques in Mahommedan domains, full of majesty and beauty; and on, and on, looking around me with wonder and admiration, observing the great palaces of the old nobility, thinking of the lust of conquest which the city has excited, and the many warlike scenes it has witnessed; and especially thinking of the day when the Persian conqueror Nadir Shah, sitting in the mosque of Roshan-ool-Dowlah, which rises before me with its gilded domes, ordered a great massacre of the inhabitants, so that more than one hundred thousand were slain, and the streets ran down with blood. Some forty other mosques adorn the city, and give the impression that it is as wholly Mahommedan as the pagodas of Benares, but for the mosque of Aurungzebe, would lead a visitor to imagine it wholly Hindoo. Yet I, a

the treachery of the governor, who had delivered it up to the King of Persia. Scarcely had this courier passed when another, despatched by the Governor of Bengal, came to announce that the Europeans, to whom the Emperor, for the benefit of commerce, had granted a factory at the mouth of the Ganges, had built a fortress there, and made themselves masters of the navigation of the river. A few minutes after the arrival of these two couriers, an officer came out of the palace at the head of a detachment of guards. The Mogul had ordered him to go to the quarter of the Omrahs, and to bring three of the principal of them in chains, being accused of a correspondence with the enemies of the State. He had the night before caused a mollah to be confined, for having in his sermons pronounced a panegyric on the King of Persia, and declared the Emperor of India an infidel, because he drank wine, in violation of the law of Mahomet. It was further reported that he had ordered one of his wives and two captains of his guard to be strangled, and thrown into the Jumna, for being concerned in the rebellion of his son. While I was reflecting on these tragic occurrences, a long flame of fire rose all at once from the kitchens of the seraglio; volumes of smoke mingled with the clouds, and its red light illumined the towers of the fortress, its ditches, the square, the minarets of the mosques, and extended to the very horizon. Large kettledrums of copper, and the karnas, or hautboys of the guard, immediately gave the alarm with a dreadful noise; troops of cavalry spread over the city, breaking open the doors of houses near the palace, and obliging the inhabitants with stripes to hasten to extinguish the fire. I, too, found how dangerous the neighbourhood of the great is to the little. The great are like the fire which burns even those who throw incense into it, if they approach too near. I endeavoured to escape, but all the avenues of the square were blocked up. I should have found it impossible to get away had not the side on which I was providentially been that of the seraglio.

stranger and a "Kaffir," am entering it by the might of our arms! But when I pass through the gate which opens on *ancient* Delhi—for indeed the present city is modern, having been built by Shah Jehan in the seventeenth century, and is called by the Mahommedans Shahjehanabad (it is about seven miles in circumference, and contains perhaps 150,000 inhabitants)—how am I moved by the spectacle that lies before me! the mosques, the palaces, the halls, the tombs, the structures of every description, of city upon city, crumbling to dust far and wide on each side of me! The view is literally crowded with the remains of buildings that have withstood the gnawing of time, and the fierce violence of the storm for centuries; which have been erected by generations long since forgotten, and looked on with reverence as the proudest relics their forefathers had left by others whose memory had also for ages been extinct.

But I can only glance around me at present. Hereafter I hope to return hither. We are encamped outside the Cashmere Gate. Evening is coming on, and we must prepare to resume our march.

As the eunuchs were removing the women from it upon elephants, they facilitated my escape, for as fast as the guards compelled the inhabitants, with stripes, to go and assist at the fire, the elephants with their trunks obliged them to retire. Now pursued by the one, now driven back by the others, I at length escaped from amidst the terrible confusion, and by the light of the fire proceeded to the other extremity of the suburbs, where, in their humble cottages, far from the great, the poor rested in peace from their labours. There I again began to take breath. I said to myself: 'I have at last seen a city; I have beheld the abode of the masters of nations! Oh, by how many masters are not they themselves enslaved! Even in the season of repose they are subservient to voluptuousness, ambition, superstition, and avarice; they have reason to fear, even in their sleep, a multitude of wretched and mischievous creatures by whom they are surrounded, robbers, beggars, prostitutes, incendiaries, and their very soldiers, priests, and grandees. What must be the state of this city by day, if it is so turbulent during the night? The miseries of man increase with his pleasures. How much, then, is the emperor, who possesses them all, to be pitied! He has occasion to fear civil and foreign wars, and the very objects that constitute his consolation and his defence, his generals, his guards, his mollahs, his wives, and his children. The ditches of his fortress cannot check the phantoms of superstition, nor can his well-trained elephants repel gloomy cares. For my part, I fear none of all these things; no tyrant possesses any empire either over my body or my soul. I can serve God according to the dictates of my conscience, and have nothing to apprehend from man, if I do not torment myself; in truth a pariah is less wretched than an emperor.' As I uttered these words, my eyes overflowed with tears; and dropping upon my knees, I returned thanks to heaven, which, to teach me to endure my miseries, had exhibited to my view others still more intolerable."

November 4th.—We have arrived at PANEEPUT, THE GREAT BATTLE-FIELD OF INDIA. Famous in the Mahâbhârata as the scene of one of those mighty affrays therein sung in immortal verse, it is celebrated in later and more authentic history as the field of no less than five important engagements. In 1193 Kootub-ud-deen, Viceroy of Muhammad of Ghor, here overthrew the native Hindoo, and established the Afghan government, himself becoming the first resident Mahommedan Sovereign of India. In 1397 Tamerlane, the Mogul, after having massacred 100,000 prisoners whom he had taken in previous engagements, here defeated Mahmoud of Delhi, after which he entered and plundered the imperial city, ordered a general slaughter of its inhabitants, and, assuming to himself the name of Emperor, departed, leaving the throne empty, and the land a desolate waste. In 1526 Baber, a descendant of Tamerlane, here, in a battle in which 40,000 are said to have perished, overthrew Ibrahim Sadi (whose predecessors, an Afghan race, had seized the musnud after the death of Tamerlane), and re-established the Mogul dynasty. In 1739 Nadir Shah swept down on Delhi, defeated here Mohammed Shah, entered and despoiled the capital, satiated himself with carnage, and obtained by treaty all the country west of the Indus. And in 1761 the Afghan Ahmed Dooranee, on this field, with a tiger-like ferocity, all but annihilated the Mahrattas.* What myriads, then, must have perished here! The air is full of spectres; the vast field is as the Valley of Dry Bones in Ezekiel. Like old Homer, who sang—

> "The gates unfolding pour forth all their train;
> Squadrons on squadrons cloud the dusky plain;

* "It is said that of 500,000 souls, including women and children and camp followers of all descriptions, who were in the field with the Mahrattas, very few escaped alive. The bigoted Afghans murdered their helpless prisoners in cold blood; alleging that, on leaving their own country, their dear mothers, sisters, and wives begged them, whenever they should defeat the unbelievers, to kill a few of them on their account, that they also might obtain merit in the sight of God and His prophet Mohammed. As the Afghans cut off the heads of the Mahrattas, they piled them up before the doors of their tents. The son of the Peishwa of that day fell in battle. His body was found and carried to the tent of the King of Cabul. The Afghans cried out, 'This is the body of the King of the unbelievers! We will have it dried and stuffed, that it may be carried home with us to Cabul!' His Afghan Majesty was, however, induced to prevent this barbarity, and to order the body to be buried."—*Our Indian Empire.*

Men, steeds, and chariots shake the trembling ground:
The tumult thickens, and the skies resound;
And now with shouts the shocking armies closed,
To lances lances, shields to shields opposed,
Host against host with shadowy legions drew,
The sounding darts in iron tempests flew;
Victors and vanquished join promiscuous cries,
Triumphant shouts and dying groans arise;
With streaming blood the slippery fields are dyed,
And slaughtered heroes swell the dreadful tide," *

—so the imaginative of our own time may say of the battles which have been fought on this spot:—

"I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,
The cries of agony, the endless groan,
Which, through the ages that have gone before us,
In long reverberations reach our own." †

The town of Paneeput is of great antiquity. But its day is past. Let the traveller go to what part of India he may—to the north, to the south, to the east, or to the west—he will be sure to meet with ruins. The land is covered with the mouldering remains of the pride and glory of former days.‡ Here, as might be expected, is another scene of devastation and decay. Broken walls, arches, heaps of rubbish, mounds of brick, bared foundations, lie everywhere around. All are eloquent, though silent.

"'Tis not in mockery of man that earth
Is strewed with splendid fragments, temple, tower;
That realms where glory sprang full-armed to birth
Are desolate, the snake and tiger's bower,—
They lie the monuments of misused power;
Not freaks of fate, but warnings against crime:
And ancient Babylon might at this hour,
Had she been guiltless, stand, as in her prime;
Nay, stand in growing pomp, till God had finished time."§

November 6th.—We reach Kurnaul, a large military station, but an extremely unhealthy one. The mortality, indeed, is

* "Iliad." † Longfellow.

‡ "Between Delhi and Kurnaul were many ruins, now green with the pomegranate leaf, now scarlet with the bloom of the peacock tree; and, about the ancient villages, acre after acre of plantain garden, irrigated by the conduits of the Mahommedan conquerors."—*Dilke.*

§ Croly.

said to be awful here. The grave-diggers are constantly employed, and the churchyard affords many affecting testimonials of the havoc disease has made. The native town has the unenviable reputation, according to Jacquemont, of being *the dirtiest town in India.*

In this district once reigned that famous adventurer George Thomas, "the Irish Rajah." Thomas was a man of fine build, prepossessing appearance, and extraordinary ability and daring, who, having served as a soldier and gained some knowledge of tactics, left the army, joined a man-of-war, came to India, deserted his ship, and sought employment in the military service of the native powers. He served first the Polygars of Malabar; then wandered away as far as Delhi, and entered the service of the Begum Sumroo as generalissimo of her army, and, as it would seem, in yet more intimate relations. Supplanted after a time in the good graces of his mistress by another adventurer—for there were many such in those days—Thomas left the Begum, and repaired to the neighbourhood of Agra, accompanied by a body of cavalry which he had himself raised for the Queen, and which followed his fortunes. For a time they lived as freebooters. Overtures were made to him by a prince of the Mahrattas, whom he joined; a territory was assigned him for the maintenance of his troops; he was by-and-by introduced to the Great Mogul, and invested with a dress of honour; made war on and subdued the plundering tribes that infested his territory; avenged himself on the Begum Sumroo, whom he afterwards, however, forgave, and in her extremity magnanimously assisted; obtained the gift of extensive states for his valour; grew in time to be an absolute sovereign, established a mint and an arsenal at Kansi, his metropolis (the fortifications of which he repaired), kept a harem, and held court as a king; formed political alliances; and, to use his own language, became "Dictator of all the countries belonging to the Seiks south [of the river Sutlej." He was about to turn his arms against the Punjaub, when the treachery of his officers and the rebellion of his people compelled him to seek refuge in the British territories. Having sought an interview with the Marquis Wellesley, our Governor-General, and placed at his disposal the valuable information which in the course of

twenty years he had acquired respecting many parts of India,* he was proceeding to Calcutta, on his return to his native land, when, in the neighbourhood of Berhampore, at the age of forty-six, death arrested him.

We now entered the PROTECTED SIKH STATES (protected, as it appears, from Runjeet Singh, the famous "One-eyed Lion of the Punjaub," and his successors, by an engagement or understanding of our Government with that ruler). The roads running through these scarcely deserve the name; the people appear ignorant, and all but barbarous; and robbers and thieves abound. Supplies, too, are scarce, and no beef can be procured, for to kill a bullock or a cow is, it would seem, a greater offence among the Sikhs than to kill a *woman*, or even a MAN!

Towards the end of this month of November, when all the autumn harvest has been gathered, and the seed of the spring crops sown, and between this and March, the great roads of India are thronged with pilgrims, mostly of the agricultural classes, who are also in many cases carriers of Ganges water from Hurdwar to all parts of the country. Colonel Sleeman tells us that the people who carry it are of three kinds—those who carry it for themselves as a votive offering to some shrine, those who are hired for the purpose by others as salaried servants, and those who carry it for sale. During the remainder of the year the last two classes preponderate.

* * * * *

Early in December we arrived at Ferozepore,† "the City of Victory," a large walled town, once, as we learn, a city of considerable importance, and more recently the capital of a small native state lately acquired by the East India Company in consequence of the death of an aged princess who had died without heirs.‡ It is surrounded by hills at no great distance,

* This information was afterwards published. It comprehended the geography and statistics, so far as he knew them, of Rajpootana, the Punjaub, etc.

† "The sportsman finds here the large sand grouse, a winter visitor to India, going in vast flocks, and fond of basking in the sun and rolling on the sand."—*Jordan's "Birds of India."*

‡ The antecedents of Ferozepore are interesting. "The Ferozepore Jageer," says Colonel Sleeman, "was one of the principalities created under the principle of Lord Cornwallis's second administration, which was *to make the security of the British dominions dependent upon the divisions*

and is situated *in a wilderness of sand* on the borders of the Sutlej, the upper course of which river is supposed to be identical with the classic Hesudrus, and the lower with the Hyphasis, whose banks were the scene of the famous battle between Alexander and Porus. The story is an interesting and, indeed, a delightful one; and we may, perhaps, venture to repeat it. When Alexander invaded India he sent his commands to Porus to come and do him homage. Porus scorned to comply, but answered that he would meet Alexander sword in hand on the frontiers of his kingdom; and immediately dispatched one of his sons with a large army to the banks of the Hydaspes. The river was rapid, but Alexander crossed it in the night, and defeated and slew his opponent. Porus himself then went to meet Alexander; but the valour of the Macedonians prevailed, and the Indian king retired, covered with wounds, on the back of one of his elephants. Alexander sent one of the princes of India to him with an invitation to surrender; but Porus killed the messenger, crying, "Is not this a traitor to his country?" At last he was prevailed on to come before his conqueror, but approached him as an equal. Alexander demanded of him how he wished to be treated, to which Porus replied, "As a king"; an answer which so pleased the Macedonian that he not only restored him his kingdom, but annexed other provinces thereto, and treated him with the highest testimonies of honour, esteem, and friendship. In acknowledgment of this generosity Porus became one of the most attached and faithful friends of Alexander, who built a city on the spot where the battle had been fought, and another at the place where he had crossed the river. He called the one Niosa, from his victory, and the other Bucephala, in honour of his horse, which died there of old age. After having paid the last duties to such of his soldiers

among the independent native chiefs upon their frontiers. The person receiving the grant or confirmation of such principality from the British Government pledged himself to relinquish all claims to aid, and to maintain the peace in his own possessions." Ferozepore was conferred by Lord Lake, in 1805, upon Ahmed Buksh, for his diplomatic services, out of the territories acquired by us west of the Jumna during the Mahratta wars. Ahmed Buksh declared Shumshoodeen, his eldest son, his heir; and this Shumshoodeen afterwards became the murderer of Mr. Fraser, our Resident at Delhi, and was executed for the crime (see p. 288). The Jageer of Ferozepore, we presume, then fell into the hands of the princess from whom, as stated in the text, it reverted to ourselves.

as had been slain, he solemnised games, and offered up sacrifices of thanks, in the place where he had passed the Hydaspes.*

Ferozepore is, as we have said, a large town. When the British army first entered Afghanistan, it was a mean and thinly-populated place ; but our operations in the north have given it an importance which it might never otherwise have possessed, and induced many to settle in it, so that it has grown into a town of repute. We see very little of it, however, as all the army is in camp at some distance from the walls. (The Mewatees of Ferozepore, we learn, are great thieves and robbers.)

The scene is a picturesque one, and reminds us of the description given by Miss Roberts † of an Indian military encampment : " Regular streets and squares of canvas stretch over an immense tract ; each regiment is provided with its bazaar in the rear, and far beyond the lines the almost innumerable camp followers of every description form their bivouacs. The tents of the commanding officers are indicated by small red flags ; but in no place is it so easy for strangers to lose their way : there is so much uniformity in the various avenues, and the natives make such strange havoc of English names, that an hour may be spent in wandering before the abode of a friend can be found." " The cotton city on a treeless plain," says another writer, " is the real puzzle, depend on it. If all houses were much of a size and shape ; if all were painted white, and disposed with the same regularity ; and if all inhabitants of cities were clad in scarlet, then cities would be equally distracting ; but men not subject to military rule differ in tastes, both as to houses and external garments —differences which mark their whereabouts, and are of a distinctive use in this world."

The mingling of colours, castes, and creeds in our military service, may remind us of the Carthaginian armies, preceded by their majestic elephants with their Ethiopian *mahouts* ; their Balearic slingers ; their Marovissi and Iberians ; their Gauls and Nazamones ; their Lotophagi ; their Numidians, and other tribes, of varied tongue and weapon ; whom a

* Plutarch, etc.

† " Scenes and Characteristics of Hindostan."

vigorous system of discipline alone could have efficiently combined, and whom great genius alone could have guided to repeated conquest.

We are here divided from the Punjaub only by the Sutlej.

It was in this neighbourhood that Holkar gave a grand ball on October 14th, 1804, while he was with his cavalry covering the siege of Delhi by his regular brigade. In the midst of the festivity he had a European soldier, of the 76th Regiment, who had been taken prisoner, strangled behind the curtain, and his head stuck upon a spear and placed in the midst of the assembly, where the nautch girls were made to dance round it. Lord Lake reached the place the next morning, and the gallant regiment, who here heard the story, had soon an opportunity of avenging the foul murder in the battle of Deeg, one of the most gallant passages of arms we have ever had in India.

The Commander-in-Chief, Sir Jasper Nicholls, now arrived, accompanied by a retinue including eighty elephants, five or six hundred horses, several hundred camels, and a large number of draught oxen, while a thousand attendants followed in his train. The Governor-General was daily expected. Before the arrival of the latter, an Embassy from Lahore encamped on the opposite bank of the Sutlej, bringing costly presents for Queen Victoria. On the arrival of Lord Ellenborough (who brought with him one hundred and thirty elephants and seven hundred camels), a Civil Officer of high rank was dispatched to meet the Embassy, and conduct it to "the Presence." (Two bridges had been erected over the Sutlej.) The head of the Embassy was Prince Purtaub Koomwar, a son of the Maharajah of the Punjaub; who was accompanied by the Minister Dhian Singh, and was lodged in a beautiful shawl tent, pitched in the centre of an artificial garden of flowering shrubs and orange trees, which had been extemporised for him on the river sands. After a short interview with the prince, the British officer returned to our camp with the Embassy. It was understood that the presents they brought for Her Majesty were of great value, and that they would be delivered to the Governor-General on his Lordship's return State Visit to the Sikh Camp.

Lahore, it will be remembered, is the capital of the Punjaub,

"the Garden of India" (containing a superficial area of above fifty thousand miles), which was formed into a kingdom, and long, and till lately, ruled by Runjeet Singh—one of the most remarkable men in Oriental history, of whom we have already had occasion to speak.* On his death, which occurred in 1839, the kingdom—the principal inhabitants, *the ruling race*, of which are Sikhs, a lion-hearted people, the disciples of Nanuk, a great religious reformer of the sixteenth century †—sank into a state of disorder, the so-called government being held by Khurruck Singh, a son of Runjeet Singh, who was accidentally (?) killed, and to whom succeeded Runjeet's grandson, Shere Singh, who now reigns.‡ A most interesting work has lately (1842) appeared, "Some Passages in the Life of an Adventurer in the Punjaub" (originally published in the *Delhi Gazette*), which *appears* to have been written by Sir Henry Lawrence, and gives lively sketches of social history in that country. We may remark that, from such inquiries as we have been able to make, it would appear that the LITERATURE of the Sikhs is limited, or nearly limited, to two sacred works,—the ADI GRANTH § ("*The Original Record*"), and the DASWIN PATSAHI DA GRANTH ("*The Record of the*

* Page 245.

† "Nanuk, the author of the Sikh faith, endeavoured to combine the Vedas and the Koran into one harmonious system; and its earlier disciples were of course equally persecuted by the upholders of both. Thousands of them had fallen martyrs to their new dogmas before they formally settled in the Punjaub and became its rulers."—*Knighton.*

The Rev. R. Clark, of Amritsur, writes under date November 1891, "Saral Singh, a Bedi, the highest class of Sikhs, a lineal descendant of Nanuk, was baptised a few days ago."

‡ It may be remembered that on the death of Shere Singh, after ruling two years (an interesting account of him is given in the "Life of Dr. Wolff," ii. 116 *et seq.*), the throne fell to Dhuleep Singh. The invasion of our territories by the Sikhs after a time followed. They were defeated again and again. Then came the annexation of the Punjaub, and the pensioning of Dhuleep, who subsequently became a Christian, and took up his abode in England.

§ This work—the principal sacred book of the Sikhs (compiled by Nanuk and his spiritual successors)—has been translated into English (at the instance of the Government of India, on the recommendation of the Commissioner of Amritsur, Mr. R. N. Cust) by Dr. Trumpp, a distinguished German scholar, formerly on the Church Missionary Society's staff in India, who describes it as one of the most shallow and empty ever written. "The real meaning of the 'Adi Granth,'" says Mr. Cust, "is, in many instances, totally unknown to the Sikhs themselves, who possess no learned class."

Tenth King"); both metrical throughout, and written chiefly in Hindi and Punjaubi.*

Invitations were now issued by our own corps to other regiments, and poured in from these to ourselves. Balls took place almost every night, reviews almost every morning; in fact, between the two the officers and their ladies must have been almost exhausted. At 5 a.m. the réveillé aroused us; we then dressed, paraded, and were detained till eight; inspections, private parades, guard mountings, etc., kept us occupied during a good portion of the day; at six the officers dined; and at eight or nine they had generally to attend a dance, which kept them on their legs till two or three the succeeding day.

While Ferozepore was thus the scene of a continued round of gaiety, our armies beyond the Sutlej were every day drawing nearer and nearer our territories. Every preparation was therefore now made for giving them such a reception as was due to their distinguished achievements. THE ILLUSTRIOUS GARRISON commanded by Sale was the nearest in advance to us; and as the Governor-General wished particularly to distinguish it, he directed that the elephants should be taught to salute with their trunks at the word of command, and that their heads should be dressed, or decorated with paint, in order that they might be fit to receive, and do homage to, Lady Sale. A triumphal arch was erected; and one of the bridges built across the river was adorned here and there with posts covered with red, yellow, and blue cloth, from the tops of which little flags were hung. On our side the bridge stood a pavilion supported by eight poles, covered with tricoloured cloth. Inside the pavilion a recess was formed in which the Governor-General intended to await the arrival of the gallant Sale. The Jellalabad medals, which had been already made and brought to Ferozepore, were considerately sent across the Sutlej, in order that they might be worn by the ILLUSTRIOUS GARRISON on the occasion of their arrival in our dominions.

On the morning of December 15th the troops under the command of General Sir Robert Sale, reached and encamped

* See a description of the *worship* of the Sikhs (who derive their name from the commandment of their founder, "*Learn thou*"), in the narrative of our Voyage down the Ganges, p. 479.

on the bank of the Sutlej, opposite the Army of Reserve. There they remained and rested till the 17th. The whole of the troops in Ferozepore assembled at dawn on that day to hail the return of, and welcome home, the gallant men who by maintaining their position in the fortress of Jellalabad against the host of enemies that surrounded them, and bravely holding out amidst every privation, had won for themselves such distinguished honours.

The Army of Reserve being drawn up in one line (extending about three miles) stretching from the left of the artillery camp towards the river, in order of precedence, the Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief, attended by their staff, army and personal, proceeded to the bridge. Arrived there, the former with his secretaries took up their position in the pavilion; and the latter sat in his saddle, watching the advance of the column now to be seen approaching, headed by Sale's heroic wife,* and some other ladies, on elephants. Every eye, indeed, which could command this view was fixed upon it, and watched every advancing step with thrilling interest. At length the fair leader of the gallant train was seen crossing the bridge. She passed the pavilion, receiving the salutation of the Governor-General, and, proceeding

* It will be remembered that Lady Sale afterwards published "A Journal of the Disasters in Afghanistan" (which passed through eight editions). Of this work it has been said, "The book must be read to form a correct idea of Lady Sale's character and of the heroic fidelity to duty which lives in the soul of a woman." Sir Robert Peel, when addressing Parliament respecting the war, observed, "I never should excuse myself if, in mentioning the name of Sir Robert Sale, I did not record my admiration of the character of a woman who has shed lustre on her sex—Lady Sale, his wife."

The following paragraph appeared in the newspapers, in August 1890: "A link with the past is severed by the death at Bedford, at the age of seventy-four years, of Mrs. Caroline Catherine Hill, second daughter of the late General Sir Robert Sale, G.C.B., whose gallant defence of Jellalabad against the Afghans nearly half a century ago was the one redeeming feature in the tale of our terrible disasters in the passes of Cabul, and whose wife, Lady Sale (Mrs. Hill's mother), a captive in the hands of the Afghans, wrote a thrilling narrative of the sufferings of herself and her fellow-captives during their memorable adventures. Mrs. Hill's husband was Captain Rowley John Hill, an officer in the Bengal Irregular Cavalry. Her marriage was celebrated on January 2nd, 1835, and she became a widow in November 1850. The second of her four sons is Lieutenant-General Rowley Sale-Hill, C.B., a distinguished officer of the Bengal army, who is engaged in the task of defending the military reputation of his grandfather, the hero of Jellalabad. THE LATTER, IT WILL BE REMEMBERED, MET A SOLDIER'S DEATH IN ONE OF THE GREAT BATTLES OF THE SUTLEJ CAMPAIGN" (Moodkee).

forward through the street formed by the Army of Reserve, brought Sir Robert into view. As he crossed the Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief joined him, giving him a hearty reception. The General was attended, in addition to his staff, by several Afghan horsemen, whose stalwart forms, strange dress, and peculiar features, at once excited observation and interest. As these and the troops in rear of them passed on—each division headed by its now famous leader, Seaton, Broadfoot, Mayne, Abbott, and each cheering as it set foot upon Indian soil—salutes were poured forth from our batteries, the bands struck up a joyous welcome, the elephants salaamed on bended knees, and every regiment presented arms. The Europeans marched steadily and gravely, but the native soldiers gave vent to their joy at their return to Hindostan by shouting aloud. The Jellalabad medal glittered proudly on the bosom of each member of the ILLUSTRIOUS GARRISON; while the unique attire of the Sappers and Mountain Train (who were arrayed in Afghan sheepskins), and the diminutive guns and long-eared cattle of the latter, attracted particular attention by their novelty. Nor were the banners carried by the victorious troops without great interest. They told of bloody but glorious scenes, in which all the power of patriotism, and all the pride of chivalry, and all the force of British discipline and courage, had been manifested to our foes. They were witnesses of our martial superiority and the intrepidity of our soldiers.

It was a most romantic and brilliant spectacle. The little band of heroes, who, though of different countries and nations and tribes, had united in sustaining our honour; who had withstood the raging heat and the biting and gnawing cold; who, few, unaided and alone, had maintained for months one position in the midst of an enemy whose numbers were countless—were here, surrounded once more by their countrymen and comrades, restored to the arms of their friends, to peace, and to safety. The ex-prisoners, with whom we so oft had sympathised, were here, in the enjoyment of that liberty which at one time they despaired of ever again obtaining, and which only a very peculiar combination of circumstances had, under Providence, after a long confinement, procured for them; some of these were seated on elephants, others on camels, richly

caparisoned; while their different costumes, and the varieties of colour displayed in their apparel; the glittering of arms and armour, the sounds of music, the roaring of cannon, and the gesticulations and sounds of welcome to be seen and heard on all sides, rendered the scene a delightful, perhaps altogether an unparalleled, and certainly a historic, one.

We have alluded to the Afghan horsemen accompanying our troops, whose stately forms, proud, bold, and daring character, and association with our campaigns in their country gave them a special interest in our eyes. The brilliant conquests of their renowned princes in Hindostan, and the remains of Afghan edifices scattered over the land, attest the martial and architectural genius of the nation. A more intimate acquaintance with them would doubtless reveal much more in this people that would interest us;* but it

* We have since learned that while the Afghans repudiate their alleged descent from the ten lost tribes of Israel, there seem to be some grounds for believing that they are descendants of the tribe of Benjamin. A paper "On the Descent of the Afghans from the Jews" appeared in the second volume of "Dissertations on the Literature, etc., of Asia" (published 1792), which would appear to confirm this; and to which Sir William Jones adds a note, which he concludes by saying, "I strongly recommend an inquiry into the literature and history of the Afghans." Very interesting information on this and other points regarding them may be obtained from the "Travels and Adventures of Dr. Wolff." Much additional knowledge may be gained by any who desire to look further into the matter, from a pamphlet entitled, "A new Afghan Question; or, Are the Afghans Israelites? and Who are the Afghans?" being the text of two lectures delivered in the United Service Institute at Simla, in September 1880, by Surgeon-Major Henry Bellew, C.S.I. (Simla, 1881). He tells us that the Afghans say that they are "Israelites," and have, moreover, preserved a detailed traditionary account, such as it is, of their Israelitish descent. "They claim to be Israelites, but not Jews, though they admit that the Jews are Israelites also. In other words, they fully recognise the distinction between the House of Judah and the House of Jacob, or Israel."

A mission to the Afghans was commenced at Peshawur in 1855 by the Church Missionary Society, and received much countenance and pecuniary support from Sir Herbert Edwardes, at that time Commissioner of the division; and that distinguished officer had his reward in the Mutiny of 1857, when "he held the bigoted Mahommedans of the Trans-Indus territory with a firm hand, and made loyal soldiers of Afghan levies." No mission in India has suffered more than that of Peshawur, however, from the sickness and death of its members. Yet considerable success has been achieved. A church has been formed, over which Imam Shah, a convert from Mahommedanism, has been called to preside. Schools and a Church building have been erected, and hundreds of children placed under instruction. And among our Afghan converts, several have been employed by our Government on important, confidential, and dangerous service. "Zakhmi," the National Air of the Afghans, was composed about 1859, and became a favourite tune in the Indian army. (The music will be found in the *Leisure Hour* for 1879, p. 810.)

must be confessed that there seems to be no great desire at present on our part to cultivate that acquaintance.

The LITERATURE of the Afghans, it would appear, is—as might indeed be supposed—somewhat circumscribed. They are a fierce but poetic people ; and the only writings in their own language—the Pushtoo *—are songs and ballads ; in addition to which, however, they have much popular, unwritten, illiterate poetry, often simple and natural, sometimes impassioned and beautiful ; † giving lifelike representations of their habits and ways, and the daily and special events of their social and national history.‡ The principal features of Afghan life and character are a high sense of honour (which binds every man, "at the sacrifice of his own life and property, if necessary, to shelter and protect any one who in extremity may flee to his threshold, and seek an asylum under his roof"), revenge, hospitality, and (so-called) love ; and these are fully expressed in their songs. Such songs are sung

* "It is remarkable," says the Rev. S. P. Hughes, of Peshawur, "that whilst so much can be said in favour of their Jewish descent, there are no traces of it in their language ; for it contains no Hebraic or Chaldaic roots or words, except those which have been brought from the Arabic."

† See Major Raverty's "Selections from the Poetry of the Afghans from the Sixteenth to the Nineteenth Century, with notices of the different Authors, and remarks on the mystic doctrine and poetry of the Sufis." ("Captain Raverty, author of a 'Grammar of the Pukhto, Pushto, or Language of the Afghans,' and other excellent Pushtoo works, is, we believe," says the *Athenæum*, "the first person who has translated Afghan poetry into any language. . . . To him also is due the translation of the New Testament. . . . He has inspired us with great interest in his Afghan poets.") Elphinstone had, however, previously given some specimens of Afghan poetry in his "CABUL."

See also "Persian Poetry" in *Chambers' Repository*, vol. ii., and Wilson's "Abode of Snow," p. 460.

‡ Professor James Darmesteter, author of "Chants Populaires des Afghans" (1888-90), contributed to the *Contemporary Review* for October 1887 a paper on "Afghan Life in Afghan Song," to which we are much indebted.

"Song," says this writer, "is a passion with the Afghan ; in fact, one of the few noble passions with which he is endowed. Whenever three Afghans meet together there is a song between them. In the *hujra*, during the evening conversation, a man rises up, seizes a rehab, and sings, sings on. Perhaps he is under prosecution for a capital crime ; perhaps to-morrow he will be hunted to the mountain, sent to the gallows ; what matters ? Every event of public or private life enters song at once." "The Pathans," says Mr. Meyer, a missionary (1877) at Bunnoo, on the Afghan frontier, "are beautiful players on the guitar, and their execution on their three main strings, out of which they get fifteen notes, is magnificent. Generally their music is a trifle more minor than ours. But they use our scale as well. If once we can get them to exchange the words of David in place of their love songs and war ballads, I am sure it would be

by their strolling minstrels or hereditary bards, who are as popular in Afghanistan as the bards of old were in Scotland, and each of these, attaching himself in his youth to some master-minstrel, learns of him the songs of past generations and his own, and accompanies him till he feels able to set up for himself. In addition to their written lyrics and ballads (in Pushtoo), they have also some prose writings in Persian (of which the Pushtoo is largely composed), and educated Afghans are familiar with Persian literature. These prose writings are, however, generally of the simplest character. On the whole, it appears that Afghan literature consists mainly of imitations and translations from the Persian, Arabic, and Hindostanee.*

December 18th.—A damp morning. The forces under the command of General Sir George Pollock, consisting of two troops of artillery, Her Majesty's 3rd Dragoons and 9th Foot, 1st and 10th Light Cavalry, 3rd Irregular Cavalry, two companies of Sappers and Miners, and 26th and 60th Regiments of Native Infantry, arrived. The Governor-General, with his usual promptitude, was at the bridge to receive them, and shook hands with the General as he came up. When the left flank of the infantry column had cleared the bridge, his Excellency Sir Jasper Nicholls directed the 26th Native Infantry to be halted and formed into a hollow square, which he entered with all his staff, and, after having applauded the corps for its conduct throughout the campaign which had just closed, made it a Light Infantry Regiment, as the greatest distinction he had it in his power to bestow.

December 19th.—A very wet day. General McCaskill's divi-

productive of very much good. I deeply regret not having known this before I came out. Had I done so I should have taken lessons, and brought out a good instrument with me. As it is, I make shift with one of my own manufacture, and a set or two of banjo strings I got from England. The tone is very fine, being a piece of hollowed-out mulberry with a goatskin stretched over it tightly; I have ten strings, but it lacks that power of stringing up that an English or Italian instrument would have. The Cabul instruments are very good, but nothing like a civilised instrument made in England by first-class hands. When we get further on with the Psalms, and have funds to get together all the poets and bards from different parts, I must get you to try and persuade some good creature to give me a book or two on the guitar and stringed instruments, and send me a good instrument for one's own work."

* Mr. Thornburn, of Bunna, has published a collection of "Afghan Proverbs and Riddles."

sion (consisting of the 3rd and 4th Brigades under Brigadiers Wild and Monteath) came in. The concourse of spectators assembled to witness its arrival and reception by the public authorities was very great, and completely lined the road between the camp and the ghaut, notwithstanding that the weather was so unfavourable.

December 23rd.—The last division of the Army from beyond the Indus, under General Sir William Nott, arrives, *bearing in front of it on a triumphal car the famous* GATES OF SOMNAUTH,* and is received with the same honours paid to those which preceded it. *Scarcely had the division crossed the Sutlej, when* THE RIVER SWEPT BOTH THE BRIDGES AWAY! The united armies now encamped at Ferozepore number nearly forty thousand men, and, if camp followers be included, amount perhaps to seventy thousand.

And now came a merry Christmas indeed! such life, and bustle, and excitement,—such balls and parties,—such glad meetings of old friends,—such congratulations,—such recitals of the events of the late campaign and war, of exploits and adventures, and hairbreadth escapes, and, it must be added, of sorrows and sufferings,—and such an amount of letter-writing to friends at home, as was never before, perhaps, equalled.

December 31st.—The Embassy from Lahore visited the Governor-General this morning, and accompanied his lordship to THE REVIEW OF THE UNITED ARMIES. Our troops were all out, and formed in contiguous quarter-distance columns of batteries, squadrons, and companies. After a few evolutions, one or two charges of cavalry, a great deal of furious galloping on the part of the cocked hats, and a vast expenditure of breath and powder, the several arms of the combined forces marched in by quick time at quarter-distance column of regiments. This was a magnificent sight, and one calculated to strike terror to the hearts of our foes. Forty thousand fighting men and a hundred and two guns were on the field. An immense crowd was collected round and about the spot occupied by the Governor-General; a dense assemblage of elephants, camels, and horses, bearing the members of the

* Many people in England afterwards expressed their regret that Hindoo idolatry should thus have virtually been countenanced by our Government. But it is said that there were thousands of idol temples in British India which are still receiving our direct support. See p. 370.

Sikh Embassy, and their numerous acknowledged and pseudo-followers. A band of well-mounted horsemen in armour—some in steel, some in brass, and some in chain-mail—formed the escort of the Embassy, and witnessed the Review. Many of the officers and ladies repaired to the race-ground at the close of the military *tumasha*, to see the sport going on there; while the soldiers in camp were left to luxuriate in grog and lollipops. (A double allowance of arrack to the Europeans, and sixty thousand pounds of sweetmeats to the natives, were served out by special command.)

The day had been favourable, but the evening did not pass off so quietly. About five a severe thunderstorm came on; the rain fell in torrents, and continued to pour down with great violence during the night. The Old Year seemed to be trying to compensate in his last hours, for the deficiencies of his *reign*. The whole camp was one dirty puddle, and everything in it not well secured was afloat.

January 2nd '43.—The Governor-General this day visited the Sikh Camp, to receive the presents for Her Majesty, and to see a review of the troops who had escorted the infant son of Shere Singh to Ferozepore. After a Conference at the tents of the distinguished Punjaubees, all mounted their elephants (the Governor-General taking the young Prince into his howdah), and proceeded to the Review. The Sikh troops were drawn out in line, the cavalry on the flanks, and the guns in couples at intervals along the infantry line. The artillery were capitally horsed, and moved regularly, even over very rough and heavy ground; but they were rather slow in loading. The infantry were three deep. They looked well, and went through their evolutions in a creditable manner. They wore red jackets, white trousers, and black cross-belts, their *cap* was a yellow cloth wound round the head in the usual manner. They moved sharply and well together, and the whole rather surprised such of the spectators as saw them for the first time.

January 3rd to *5th*.—Two or three days pass on in comparative quiet. Preparations are evidently in progress for our departure. The elephants, camels, and draught-cattle are being looked up, the commissariat, etc., arranged, and friends and acquaintances are taking leave of each other. I was

myself honoured by an interview with the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Jasper Nicholls, and obtained his patronage for a volume of patriotic War, Sea, and Love Songs,* which I now proposed to publish by subscription. Among other subscribers to this work were Majors-General Sir Hugh Gough, Sir Robert Sale, Sir G. Pollock, General Archibald Watson (who himself obtained subscriptions for ten other copies), and many other eminent and distinguished members of the Military and Civil Services.

January 6th.—The following ORDER is published: "ALL THE PURPOSES FOR WHICH THE ARMY OF RESERVE WAS ASSEMBLED HAVING BEEN ACCOMPLISHED, THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL HAS BEEN PLEASED TO DIRECT THAT THE TROOPS COMPOSING IT, AND THE FORCES UNDER THE COMMAND OF MAJORS-GENERAL G. POLLOCK, C.B., AND W. NOTT, MAY BE ORDERED TO PROCEED TO THE DESTINATIONS WHICH HAVE BEEN ASSIGNED TO THEM."

And so the ARMIES OF RESERVE AND OF AFGHANISTAN break up. The Governor-General himself proceeds to Delhi, where his lordship is to hold a grand *Durbar*. Several Regiments are ordered to that city, and are to take part in another great *tumasha* there, and *we* are among the number. We accordingly leave Ferozepore,† and commence our

MARCH BACK TO DELHI.

January 11th.—Arrive at Pussahwallah. The road hither has been extremely bad, and very galling to the soldiers' feet. Let any one who has a passion for travelling, and a taste for pedestrianism, enter the Army of India, and march up and

* Some of them had been previously published in the *Calcutta Literary Gleaner*, the *Englishman*, etc.

† We had reason to congratulate ourselves that we were not ordered to remain. The author of "Four Years' Service in India" gives it a very bad character: "We had not been here long before a great deal of sickness began, and we lost a large number of men. They died very suddenly—mostly of fever and apoplexy, the climate being so very hot, and *the men drinking very hard of grog*. I never was well all the time we lay there. It was a very dreadful place for storms—the sand came in such clouds that we had darkness all day. We lay at this station till the middle of July. Scarcely a day passed but we put some poor man into the grave, and we looked more like moving ghosts than men about to face a foe. Men were fairly driven to destruction through torture." And then follows the old tale. "Many betook themselves to the canteen, and there drank until they could

down the country under the genial influence of autumnal suns and rains, and I can not only promise him a radical cure for his disorder, but also certify that "one trial will be found sufficient."

January 14th.—Samana.* Here is a large city of apparent antiquity, and an extensive fortification, in ruins. *Tamerlane visited Samana on his march to Delhi.*† IT IS ENOUGH. "In the city is left desolation, and the gate is smitten with destruction."

January 18th.—To Goalah, eleven miles. Here is another large fort, on the walls of which we at a distance discovered figures that we took to be those of men moving rapidly about. Some appeared to fancy that this was one of the strongholds of the Sikhs; that they were about to attack us, and that we might even now come to blows with them. But we found on a nearer approach that the supposed soldiers were a pack of idle monkeys that lived among the ruins of the citadel, and having nothing else to do, paraded its walls.

January 20th.—To Khol, about fifteen miles. The road

not stand. Some of them would take as much as a quart of grog at a night, and would be carried insensible either to the guard-room, or to their barracks, and be found dead on their beds the next morning, suffocated in liquor, or removed in a fit of apoplexy, brought on by the drink and the heat of the weather. Some lay upon their cots cursing and swearing, wishing that the ship had sunk that brought them to India, or that they were dead; when, at last, they would be driven to despair, and either blow out their brains, or jump into a well, thus putting an end to their existence." ALAS FOR THE UNRECOVERABLE VICTIMS OF DRUNKENNESS!

* Here, soon after the departure of the Governor-General from Ferozepore, his lordship received in durbar the chieftains of the protected Sikh States, and the Maharajah of Puttialah, with his son. "For height of stature, commanding presence, noble bearing, and for splendour and perfect taste in the dress and equipments of themselves and followers," says Mr. Edwards, "I have never seen anything in my varied experience which could vie with these two chiefs and their feudal retainers. Each stalwart baron, as he strode up to the Governor-General, tendered for his acceptance either a silver model of the key of his feudal castle, or a horn, both being the tokens in that part of the country of fealty and submission to the paramount power. The Governor-General made the assembled chiefs a speech, which I recollect being very concisely, but with evidently striking effect, translated thus to the assembly by the Agent: Listen, my brothers; the Lord Sahib's meaning is this, 'JUSTICE—JUSTICE TO ALL, SURE AND AMPLE, AND SECURITY IN THEIR HEREDITARY POSSESSIONS FOR ALL.' A loud hum of pleasure and confidence passed through the assembly, and was the only response."

† "He slaughtered," says Elphinstone, "the inhabitants of every place he passed on his way. From Samana the towns were deserted, and consequently there were no more general massacres" (till he reached the capital).

still very rough. The ruins of Calunthérbus in the vicinity of our camp present a singularly wild and dreary aspect.

January 22nd.—We are again at Kurnaul. This station is now all but deserted.* An air of dulness and melancholy seems to hang over and surround it. Yet it is not without interest to those who remember that it was within the field of the memorable battle fought upwards of a century ago between the Persian troops under Nadir Shah and the Indian army, which by Nadir obtaining the victory opened the way for that proud and mighty invader to the city of Delhi.

January 24th.—During the whole of last night rain fell almost incessantly. A little before 4 a.m., however, it ceased; and as *réveille* was ordered to be beaten at that hour if the weather proved fine, we were accordingly roused up. But scarcely had we been an hour on our way when the rain again came on with tremendous violence, and continued during the remainder of the march, saturating every one, and flooding the road, which became like one great pond, through which we had to wade. And even when we arrived at our encampment our disasters did not end. But it is useless to record them.

January 25th.—We are obliged to stay where we are to-day, as the rain still continues. Every one is afloat, and our poor camels are lying on the ground with their heads but just above water.

January 26th.—Morning: "It never rains but it pours." This we indeed realise. The waters are still descending; the roads are so flooded that large boats might float down them, and we are almost knocked up. *Evening:* the weather is beginning to clear up at last; the sun once more shines forth, and the earth begins to dry.

January 28th.—We are again on our legs! March to Paneeput.

And so—retracing, day after day, the route we took to Ferozepore—on February 2nd, we re-enter DELHI.

* "This was a thriving place at one time," writes the author of "Four Years' Service in India," "but any person would think, to look at it now, that it had been left in ruins for at least fifty years, instead of four only. It is now melancholy and lonely. I visited two graveyards; they were full of dead, left there and forgotten. I could not help sighing, and feeling for those who lay sleeping in their graves, with no other trace left but a solitary stone with their names upon it, to tell who lay there, far away from their native shores."

February 4th.—The cantonments and environs of Delhi present a very animated appearance, consequent on the arrival of the regiments composing the Governor-General's escort, and of the number of great men—among whom are the rajahs and chiefs of Rajpootana and Central India—summoned hither to meet his lordship. Delhi, indeed, is all commotion. The people are agitated by a report that the King has been discovered intriguing with the chiefs of Rohilcund, and that he is about to be deposed by the Governor-General. Others imagine that our troops are going to sack the city; others say—— but there are a hundred reports, none of which, perhaps, have the least foundation.

February 5th.—Almost every one is up and abroad at daybreak to witness the *entrée* of the Governor-General into Delhi. Shortly before sunrise the whole of the troops of the garrison, having been relieved from their respective guards and posts, were drawn up in one continued line on the right side of the high road to Kurnaul. Several parties of European ladies and gentlemen went out to see the spectacle; but many who would have been there on any other day abstained from going, as it was the Sabbath. The morning was most beautiful.

As the appointed hour drew near, the sound of music in the distance announced the approach of "THE ILLUSTRIOUS GARRISON," and a little after seven the head of the 35th Light Infantry, preceded by its band, and the standards that had been captured in the various engagements at Jellalabad and elsewhere, reached the right of the line, and was received by the troops in succession with the honours decreed by the Governor-General. Colonel Monteath rode at the head of this distinguished regiment, which was followed by No. 6 Light Field Battery, each gun drawn by eight of the stout *yaboos*,* which had done such good service in Afghanistan. Major Broadfoot and his small band of Ghoorka sappers succeeded, looking not a little proud at forming a portion of so distinguished a *cortège*. The troops had scarcely time to "carry arms" before they were called upon to pay the honours due to the Governor-General himself, who was preceded by the bodyguard, and mounted on a handsomely caparisoned elephant. His lordship was accompanied by a

* The Persian name for *ponies*.

numerous train of secretaries, aides-de-camp, and native nobility, among whom was the Rajah of Shahpore, not one of whose three hundred cavalry had a decent bridle to his miserable steed. Most conspicuous, and immediately in front of the Governor-General, rode the Maharajah Hindoo Rao, mounted on an enormous elephant, which by far overtopped his huge brethren; while in the line on the right of his lordship the howdah, dress, and trappings of Nawab Ahmed Alee Khan, *wuzeer* (for the time) to his majesty of Delhi, commanded attention by their unusual splendour. The number of elephants in the procession, all more or less handsomely decked out, could not have been less than seventy, and as they advanced in line, with the Governor-General a little in front, and the rest diverging slightly from that point, they presented a most gorgeous *coup d'œil.* On reaching the vicinity of the Governor-General's camp, the *suwaree* turned to the left, and the Agent intimated to the native grandees that his Lordship dismissed them. They then retired. The scene was altogether a very imposing one.

The gates of the Temple of Somnauth, which have been escorted to Delhi by five hundred cavalry of the protected Sikh States, will be in like manner escorted from Delhi to Agra by the same force of cavalry, furnished by the Rajahs of Bhurtpore and Alwar.

There will remain at Delhi, in attendance on the Governor-General, seven thousand men, in the midst of whom his Lordship will receive several of the chiefs of Rajpootana and the Mussulman feudatories who reside near the ancient seat of Imperial Government. There has been no such assemblage of feudatory chiefs of Delhi since the days of Aurungzebe.

CHAPTER XI.

THE CITY OF THE GREAT MOGUL.

THE Governor-General* and the force assembled at Delhi remained here a fortnight, during which durbars were held and visits of ceremony paid—the camps of the various Native Princes, and their families, feudatories, and followers, almost encompassed the walls—and we had opportunities of seeing the city and its neighbourhood at leisure. And now once more our dreams of Eastern romance and the "Arabian Nights" were revived. We gaze again and again at

* A romantic story is told respecting Lady Ellenborough, which, now that his lordship has passed away, may be here mentioned. A correspondent at Beyrout writes to the *German Gazette* of Vienna: "I met to-day an old acquaintance, the camel driver, Sheikh Abdul, and he told me that his wife has died. Abdul's wife was no common woman. Her name was once known all through Europe. Sheikh Abdul is the ninth husband of Lady Ellenborough, whom I met for the first time about thirty years ago at Munich, just after she had eloped with Prince Schwarzenberg from the residence of her first husband. She then went to Italy, where, as she told me herself, she got married six times in succession. All these unions were dissolved after a short duration. In 1848 I met her at Athens, where she concluded an eighth marriage with the Greek colonel, Count Theodoki—however, also only for a short time. Her affections were now bestowed on an old Palicar chieftain, for whom she built a beautiful house at Athens. When her latest marriage was again dissolved she went to the Levant. During a journey from Beyrout to Damascus she got pleased with the camel driver, Sheikh Abdul, and selected him for her ninth husband. She was married to him after the Arab fashion, and accompanied him for a whole year on his journeys between Beyrout and Babylon, faithfully fulfilling her duties. She even milked the camels. When she had grown tired of the nomad life she built herself a charming palace at Damascus, where her latest husband, whenever he came to Damascus, found hospitality for some days. I had heard nothing of her since 1855, when I met her here dressed as an Arab woman, and, notwithstanding the wrinkles in her face, still beautiful. Soon after she won the lawsuit against her first husband, and with it a colossal fortune, which will probably go to her relatives in England, for she had no children, as far as I know."

the superb red stone walls—sixty feet high—so suggestive of the imperial grandeur and pomp that once reigned within them; enshrining the magnificent palace—1600 feet east-and-west by 3200 feet north-and-south—with its noble Gateway and marvellous vestibule (its central octagonal court finely carved with sentences from the Koran and with flowers); its second Gateway, and, looking out on the broad Jumna, its Hall of Public Audience, of white marble with thirty-two red columns,* white marble throne standing on marble pillars, and platform of white marble on which the vizier used to stand to hand petitions to his imperial master;† the arches hung with curtains of all colours and designs; its Hall of Private Audience (of white marble, with marble floor, and pillars and arches exquisitely wrought and adorned with gilt and inlaid flowers,‡ and inscriptions, the frieze bearing the motto familiar to us from the passage in "Lalla Rookh":—

"If there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this! it is this!"

—alas! conspiracies and assassinations have had their home

* On one of these columns is shown the mark of the dagger of a Hindoo prince of Chittore, who, in the presence of the Emperor, stabbed to the heart one of the Mahommedan ministers who made use of some disrespectful language towards him. On being asked how he presumed to do this in the presence of his sovereign, he answered in almost the very words of Roderick Dhu:—

"I right my wrongs where they are given,
Though it were in the court of heaven!"
Sleeman.

† "Here," says Bernier (very picturesquely), "the monarch every day about noon sits upon his throne, with some of his sons at his right and left; while eunuchs standing about the royal person flap away the flies with peacocks' tails, agitate the air with large fans, or wait with undivided attention and profound humility to perform the different services allotted to each. Immediately under the throne is an enclosure, surrounded by silver rails, in which are assembled the whole body of *omrahs*, the rajahs, and the ambassadors, all standing, their eyes bent downward, and their hands crossed. At a greater distance from the throne are the *mansebdars*, or inferior *omrahs*, also standing in the same posture of profound reverence. The remainder of the spacious room, and, indeed, the whole courtyard, is filled with persons of all ranks, high and low, rich and poor; because it is in this extensive hall that the King gives audience indiscriminately to all his subjects."

‡ Many of the precious stones have been picked out from the mosaic work.

here*); and its once rich and beautiful Gardens,† with marble pavilion, exquisitely luxurious marble baths, and pearly mosque, all described to us by numerous writers, from Heber downwards. "What a falling off" *is here*! For now only a shadow of power remains to the occupant of the world-famed, the imperial, Musnud,‡ and the palace has been stripped of its principal treasures,—the marvellous Peacock Throne § is gone, having been carried off by Nadir Shah;

*"'Here,' thought I, as I entered the apartment, 'sat Aurungzebe, when he ordered the assassination of his brothers Dara and Moorad, and the imprisonment and destruction by slow poison of his son Mahomed, who had so often fought bravely by his side in battle. Here also, but a few months before, sat the great Shah Jehan, to receive the insolent commands of this same grandson Mahomed, when flushed with victory; and to offer him the throne, merely to disappoint the hopes of the youth's father Aurungzebe. Here stood in chains the graceful Sooleman, to receive his sentence of death, by slow poison, with his poor young brother Sipener Shekoh, who had shared all his father's toils and dangers, and witnessed his brutal murder. Here sat Mahomed Shah, bandying compliments with his ferocious conqueror, Nadir Shah, who had destroyed his armies, plundered his treasury, stripped his throne, and ordered the murder of a hundred thousand of the helpless inhabitants of his capital, men, women, and children, in a general massacre. . . . Anything more unlike a paradise than this place now is can hardly be conceived.'"—*Sleeman.*

It is interesting to note here that Aurungzebe in early life "devoted himself to study. In after life he knew the Koran by heart, and his memory was a storehouse of the literature, sacred and profane, of Islam. He had himself a facility for verse, and wrote a prose style at once easy and dignified, running up the complete literary gamut from pleasantry to pathos. His Persian letters to his sons, thrown off in the camp, or on the march, or from a sick-bed, have charmed Indian readers during two centuries, and still sell in the Punjaub bazaars. His poetic faculty he transmitted in a richer vein to his eldest daughter, whose verses survive under her *nom de plume* of The Incognita."—*Hunter.*

† The buildings in the famous Shahlimar Gardens (which now appear to be a neglected waste) have been taken, we understand, as materials for modern houses.

‡ The King of Delhi receives a monthly allowance of 100,000 rupees for the support of himself and the royal family (which, with his retinue, is said to number several thousand persons). His movements are confined to the neighbourhood of Delhi, and he is not permitted to confer titles on any chiefs or princes dependent on or in alliance with the British Government, or on any British officers. We have disallowed His Majesty's proposition for the introduction of his own currency and measures; and the presentation of nuzzurs to His Majesty is permitted only in certain very special cases; while nuzzurs to the Queen have been entirely discontinued. His Majesty, however, and several members of the royal family enjoy certain Crown lands, in addition to their "allowance"; and a revenue of £300,000 is derived from these, a great part of which, however, is spent in the King's name by our Resident.

§ "This chair of state was supported on six large feet of massive gold set with rubies, emeralds, and diamonds. But its principal ornaments, which give it its name, were two peacocks of gold with spread tails, all fashioned

and the once beautiful marble halls are dirty, neglected, and occupied with rubbish. It has been reserved, however, as it seems, for our own day, and for our present Governor-General, Lord Ellenborough, to give all but the *coup de grace* even to the Imperial Shadow. Till now it was usual, on the coming of the Governor-General to Delhi, for a deputation to proceed to the palace on his lordship's behalf, to inquire after the health of the Emperor, and to present to His Majesty a nuzzur, or ceremonial gift, of gold mohurs, *which in reality amounted to an expression of submission and fealty on the part of the British Government to "the* GREAT MOGUL," *and an acknowledgment that we held our Indian possessions as his feudatory.* It would seem that this was done, as a matter of course, on the arrival of Lord Ellenborough, and without his lordship being personally aware of it; but that on the return of the deputation the Governor-General was acquainted with the proceedings,—that he was both surprised and indignant,—and that he immediately issued instructions forbidding any future presentation to the King of any offering by British subjects.* This must have been a blow, indeed, to *the descendant of* TIMOUR, who now refuses to see any more of our people. IT WILL BE A MONUMENTAL EVENT IN THE HISTORY OF INDIA.

It appears that an introduction to His Majesty has hitherto been readily obtained by Anglo-Indians on presentation of certain fees. They might also be gratified with a *khilaut*,

to the life with sapphires, emeralds, rubies, and diamonds; between them hovering a parrot of the natural size, carved out of a solid emerald, and overhead a canopy of beaten gold, supported by twelve golden columns. The Peacock Throne is said to have cost six millions sterling."—*Sir Edwin Arnold.*

Legoux describes *another* Peacock Throne, placed under a palm tree of gold, which, he says, was preserved in his time in the Godaic Kutelar Palace, the walls of which were adorned with crystal, while a lustre of black crystal hung from the ceiling, which, when lit, had a splendid effect.

A view of "the Peacock Throne," and of the hall in which it stood, is given in the "Life of Bishop Wilson," vol. ii., p. 127.

The largest crystal in the world is also, it is said, to be found in the palace. It is about two feet in length, two and a half in breadth, and one foot high; and is very transparent.

* It was at the same time ordered that the average value of gifts received by His Majesty during the ten years immediately preceding should be ascertained, and an equivalent amount added to the royal allowance from the British treasury in future.

or robe of honour (a kind of harlequin array, *made up to some extent, it has been thought, of the cast-off finery of the ladies of the harem*), accompanied by various other gifts in proportion to the rank of the visitor, who, however, was expected to make a present in return to the full value of all. Bishop Heber's amusing account of his reception and decoration will be remembered by many who have read it. Bishop Wilson has only recently been received, and similarly *honoured*.*

Bernier gives us an account of the recreations of the Palace in his day. "A whimsical kind of fair is sometimes held in the *Mehole*, or Royal Seraglio. It is conducted by the handsomest and most engaging of the wives of the *Omrahs* and principal *Mansebdars*. The articles exhibited are beautiful brocades, rich embroideries of the newest fashion, turbans elegantly worked on cloth of gold, fine muslins worn by women of quality, and other articles of high price. These bewitching females act the part of traders, while the purchasers are the King, the *Begums* or princesses, and other distinguished ladies of the seraglio. If any *Omrah's* wife happen to have a handsome daughter, she never fails to accompany her mother, that she may be seen by the King and become known to the *Begums*. The charm of this fair is the most ludicrous manner in which the King makes his bargains, frequently disputing for the value of a penny. He pretends that the good lady cannot possibly be in earnest, that the article is much too dear, that it is not equal to that he can find elsewhere, and that positively he will give no more than such a

* "The usual ceremonies took place. The usual compliments were exchanged. The specified gold mohurs were presented and eagerly accepted. The accustomed headdresses, scarfs, robes of honour, and garlands of flowers were given in return, until any one glancing at the bishop would no longer have recognised him. A long red robe, wrought with gold embroidery, enveloped his person. A brilliant shawl was wrapt around his breast. Emeralds and rubies, mingled with strings of pearls, encircled his neck. The only thing which marked the bishop was the old square college cap, deliberately worn and determinately retained. None of the party could smile at the other, for all were disguised after a similar, though less gorgeous, fashion. Much of all this was mere show; and, whatever might have been the intrinsic value of the jewels and dresses, as well as of the horse and elephants at the gate which for a time called the bishop master, nothing was carried out of the palace. Government had paid the gold mohurs, and now claimed the presents; and in the next court, after making their salaams, and leaving the King, the borrowed plumes were all stripped off, and the party entered the carriages precisely as they had left them."—*Life of Bishop Wilson.*

price. The woman, on the other hand, sells to the best advantage; and, when the King perseveres in offering what she considers too little money, high words frequently ensue, and she fearlessly tells him that he is a worthless trader, a person ignorant of the value of merchandise; that her articles are too good for him and that he had better go where he can suit himself better, and similar jocular expressions. The *Begums* betray, if possible, a still greater anxiety to be served cheaply; high words are heard on every side, and the loud and scurrilous quarrels of the sellers and buyers create a complete farce. But sooner or later they agree upon the price, the princesses, as well as the King, buy right and left, pay in ready money, and often slip out of their hands, as if by accident, a few gold instead of silver rupees, intended as a compliment to the fair merchant or her pretty daughter. The present is received in the same unconscious manner, and the whole ends amidst witty jests and good humour."

A Newspaper often quoted in England, the *Delhi Gazette*,* is published here. A Newspaper, or Court Circular, is also published in the Palace, which, however, contains no intelligence more interesting than the visits of the members of the royal family to each other, the topics of their conversation, and the demands of creditors (for, like some other royal personages, of Europe, the Emperor seems afflicted by *duns* †), with other domestic details very like those communicated in the familiar lines:—

"Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard
To get her poor dog a bone;
When she came there
The cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog had none."

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* "On the outbreak of the Mutiny of 1857 many of the people employed in the offices of the *Delhi Gazette* were slain. The building itself was gutted, and the types which had just been used to announce the impending danger were carried off for conversion into hostile bullets."—*Trotter.*

† This will scarcely be believed; but we cite an example from another writer. "The Sultan's wife A. owed the laundress B. three rupees, and the laundress came yesterday to ask for her money; and the lady sent to her imperial husband to ask for the sum. The Emperor referred her to the treasurer, who assured her that, as it was near the end of the month, he could not command a penny. The laundress was therefore put off until the next month."—*Pfeiffer.*

Worse than this, however, are the *ukhbars*, or *manuscript* Newspapers in the vernacular, which circulate only among the natives. These appear to deal wholly in scandal, especially noticing and criticising the habits of the Europeans, of whom we hear that they speak with the utmost freedom, severity, contempt, and even in some cases (as might be expected from a Mahommedan community) with disgust.

The broad and noble thoroughfare into which the Palace opens—the CHANDNI CHOUK, or *Street of Silver*, reaching from the Palace to the Delhi Gate, a distance of nearly three-quarters of a mile—though of stately length and breadth, and shaded with beautiful avenues of trees, is occupied by mean shops as well as by lofty mansions (with balconies, Grecian piazzas, porticoes, and pediments), formerly the abodes of nobles ; the aqueduct is narrow, almost dry, and decaying. Here, at the entrance to the street, are the money-changers, sitting, as we have seen them elsewhere, with piles of coin and cowry shells before them ; while many around have none. Among the multitudes with whom we mix are the gay, the warlike, and the studious ; the prince, the priest, the merchant, and the beggar. The people, as a rule, have a fine, well-developed appearance, superior to that of the inhabitants of the Lower Provinces, and many have a proud and defiant aspect. But there are numerous strangers in the city. Ethnography may here be studied to advantage. Here is a tall and brawny Afghan, here a fierce Sikh, here a little hardy Puharee, and here a lithe Bengalee. Here, too, are swarms from the various districts of the Doab, some arrayed in robes and turbans of many bright hues (the latter stuck jauntily on one side of the head), with embroidery of gold and silver ; while others, carelessly attired, are armed with huge swords, and shields studded with brass. With these intermingle strolling parties of our soldiers off duty ; dragoons, whose bright helmets, waving plumes, and broidered coats—and infantry, whose red jackets and breastplates—lend additional brilliancy and colour to the scene. Here and there vendors of wild animals, birds, foreign dogs, and Persian cats are met with. The British Resident—the master, be it remembered, of the once GREAT MOGUL—passes on an elephant, seated under an umbrella, with his forerunners and attendants

clearing the way and bringing up the rear. Anon a party of English ladies and gentlemen go by in an English carriage drawn by English horses. Umbrellas are plentiful. Here also, in another English carriage drawn by eight horses—an umbrella held over him—is one of the King's many sons,* as announced by his van-couriers, *wearing an English general's uniform*, a strange mixture, apparent elsewhere, of European and Oriental fashion. Now an Eastern cavalcade passes, some in glittering armour, some in poor and dirty attire. Here is a wedding procession in long array; the child bridegroom (riding on an elephant) clad in gold, and attended by servants with peacock feathers; followed by elephants with painted faces, and led horses also painted, and gaily-dressed folk of all ages, including many children; and people bearing trays of brilliant flowers and presents of all kinds; and bands of noisy and discordant music; and nautch girls dancing on elevated platforms; and endless "tag-rag and bob-tail." From these child-marriages comes a vast proportion of the evils pervading Indian society. Here is a procession in which some grandee is borne along by men in scarlet, some running before him, proclaiming his titles as LIGHT OF THE NATIONS, GIVER OF BREAD TO THE HUNGRY, REWARDER OF MERIT, and ASYLUM OF THE POOR; while others attend with *chouvries* † to keep the flies off. More elephants pass by, decked out in the most costly manner with rich cloths, lace, and fringe; while their howdahs, some of which are shaded by great crimson umbrellas, are covered with shawls of Cashmere, and filled with princes and nobles returning, no doubt, from a visit to the Governor-General. Other such princes are riding on Arabian horses with gay and golden trappings. Here and there may be seen a palanquin and its bearers, conveying, we may suppose, some lady of rank; and here, on the other hand, some poor woman

* We did not, unfortunately, see the King himself. We learn that at Delhi and at Lucknow the approach of the King is announced by kettle-drums, which warn all other passengers to get out of the way. All umbrellas are closed, and the people who are unable to effect a retreat are obliged to descend from their carriages and stand on foot with folded hands while the royal personage passes. His Majesty on such occasions rides on an elephant, and is attended by a rabble of retainers, who shout his name and titles before him, while he distributes gifts to the crowd.

† *Whisks*, made of the tail of the yak (the ox of Thibet).

on foot, wrapped around with a sheet which conceals all but her eyes. Now a string of camels with merchandise occupies the way on one side the road, and a train of bullock-carts on the other. Here is a little flock of goats going along the edge of the highway. Here, now, is a little group of snake-charmers, and there some conjurers and fire-eaters, who attract crowds of idlers around them. Flocks of pigeons—very handsome birds—are now flying around us, guided, as it seems, by little red flags which men are waving on the housetops. Here is a preacher of the gospel proclaiming his message and distributing tracts. Now another and yet another wedding procession pass; and now some native carriages, draped with scarlet and drawn by milk-white oxen, from the curtains of which peep forth fair but frail occupants. Here, on the other hand, are some women mixing mortar, and others carrying bricks to a building just by in course of erection. We turn aside and look at the shops, many of which, as we have said, are mean and unattractive. Here, however, is a goldsmith's; he is making a necklace. The goldsmiths of Delhi excel, perhaps, all others; and the champac necklaces made here (which derive their name from the flower they resemble) are masterpieces of art. So also are the specimens of engravers' work here to be seen.* Here are dealers in precious stones, who will show you rare and

* Some specimens of seal engraving—peculiarly a Mahommedan art—which were sent from Delhi to Her Majesty and the Prince Consort, and shown in the Great Exhibition of 1851, were thus noticed at the time: "They are the production of Budr-oo-deen Ulee Khan, the well-known chief of seal-cutters in Delhi, who has supplied all the highest authorities for years, has been raised to the rank of a noble by the King, and has now exhausted his skill in producing these *chefs d'œuvre.* The seal for Her Majesty is a cornelian, with the corners neatly cut off, the size about one inch square. On it is cut what, translated, runs thus:—

"Just Monarch of the World, as Solomon in magnificence, with a court like Saturn. Empress of the Age. Sovereign of the Seas. The Source of Beneficence. By the grace of God Queen of England and Ireland. Ruler of the kingdoms of Hindostan. Defender of the Faith of Christ, the great Queen Victoria."

A seal for Prince Albert is of the same size, but cut on bloodstone, to the following effect:—

"The Distinguished, by the aid of God. The noblest of the family of Brunswick. The honoured companion of the Queen. Prince, highest in rank, great in dignity, the chief in excellence of the English Court, Albert Francis Augustus Charles Emanuel."

The artist has prepared two beautiful emeralds for seal rings to be presented by himself as specimens of his art; one for the Queen, three-eighths

almost priceless jewels, and gold work set with gems after a style peculiar to Delhi.* Here are ivory-carvers and painters on ivory. The Delhi painters are the best in India,† are all Mahommedans, and are said to be descendants of those formerly attached to the court of the Great Mogul. Of the art of painting in general in India much cannot be said in commendation. Yet, as Mukharji says, "it was in an advanced state two thousand years ago, and portraits were then executed with care and minuteness. It was even so

of an inch in length by two-eighths in breadth, on which is beautifully cut, when rendered into English from the Hindostanee:—

"Sovereign of the sea and land. The just, by the favour of God. Governor of the world (or the several climates). Queen Victoria."

The other, for Prince Albert, is of the same size, but has simply the Christian name.

"A native is very fond of wearing a plain silver ring on the little finger, with a stone on the top, on which is engraved his own name, and sometimes that of the god he particularly worships, if the man be a Hindoo. They usually stamp any petition they may have to send to any gentleman with it, by putting Hindostan ink on the seal, wetting the paper, and pressing the seal down upon it."—*Fanny Parks.*

* "The principal stones used are diamonds, rubies, onyxes, cornelians, emeralds, turquoise, jadestone, serpentines, agates, jaspers, marbles, etc. After the goldsmith has finished his work the article goes to the enameller to be enamelled on the back, and then it comes to the setter of jewels. Delhi is the headquarters of this industry, and Mr. Kipling makes the following remarks on the subject: 'Another speciality of Delhi is the incrustation of jade with patterns of which the stem work is in gold, and the leaves and flowers in garnets, rubies, diamonds, etc. The mouthpieces of *hukkas*, the hilts of swords and daggers, the heads of walking-canes, and the curious crutch-like handle of the *Gosain's* or Bairagi's (religious ascetic) staff, also called a Bairagi, are, with lockets and brooches for English wear, the usual application of this costly and beautiful work. Each individual splinter of ruby or diamond may not be intrinsically worth very much, but the effect of such work as a whole is often very rich. The jewel-setter was formerly often called upon to set stones so that they could be set into jewelled cloths. For this purpose, as when the stone was to be encrusted upon another, as with minute diamonds or pearls on large garnets—a common Delhi form—or on jade, he works with gold foil and a series of small chisel-like tools and fine agate burnishers. The open work claw settings, which leave the underside of a stone clear, have been copied from European work. There is no dodge of the European jeweller, such as tinted foil backing for inferior stones, or fitting two splints of stone to form one, that is not known to the Delhi workmen.'"—*Mukharji.*

† A strange tale is told by Sleeman about the Emperor of Delhi and Rajah Jewin Ram, an excellent portrait painter, and a very honest and agreeable person, who had been engaged to take the Emperor's portrait. After the first few sittings the picture was taken into the seraglio to the ladies. The next time the painter came the Emperor requested him to remove *the great blotch from under the nose.* "May it please your Majesty, it is impossible to draw any person without *a shadow*; and I hope many millions will long continue to repose under that of your Majesty." "True,

before this time, when the Buddhist religion was supreme in India. At this period there was a School of Painters in the middle country, then one in the west, in Rajputana. Subsequently the Eastern School was founded in Bengal, and the Northern Schools in Nepal and Kashmir, while South India was proud in the fame of its master-painters Jaya, Parájaya, and Vijaya. As a matter of fact, not a vestige of the ancient painters of India exists at the present day except that executed by the Buddhists on the walls of the Ajanta cave temples. With her other glories that of painting has departed from India." Here are some beautiful specimens of glazed pottery ware. This, too, is exclusively Mahommedan work. Some shops are brilliant with the shining brass and copper vessels so much used by the natives in domestic life, and the brass and copper smiths of Delhi seem particularly skilful. Armour and chain mail, swords, shields, battle-axes, maces, spike clubs of steel inlaid with brass, and such-like curios, are here.* Delhi is the most famous mart for the shawls of Cashmere and superb embroidery of India.† It is also the great depôt of the crafts of gold lace-weaving, spangle-making, and all the trades connected with silver-gilt wire-weaving and gilt thread; and here you have specimens of all these. Here are toys in abundance for children *of all ages*; ivory carvings, lac ornaments, and bracelets. Here is a variety of carved woodwork.‡

rajah," said the Emperor; "men must have shadows, but there is surely no necessity for placing them immediately under their noses. The ladies will not allow mine to be put there. They say it looks as if I had been taking snuff all my life, and it certainly has a most filthy appearance; besides, it is all awry, as I told you when you began upon it." The rajah was obliged to remove from under the imperial and certainly very noble nose the shadow which he had thought worth all the rest of the picture.

"The introduction of photography," says Mr. Kipling, "is gradually bringing about a change in Delhi miniatures. The artists are ready to reproduce in colour any portrait that may be given them; and although sometimes the hardness of definition and a certain inky quality of the shadows of some photographs are intensified, much of their work in this line is admirable."

* "The manufacture of arms in India is dying out. Its days are past. Bows and arrows, swords and daggers, matchlocks and pistols, are no longer of any use, with the universal peace now reigning in India."—*Mukharji.*

† It will be remembered that the courts of Imperial Rome glittered with the gold and silver brocades of Delhi.

‡ "Delhi has its speciality in carved sandal wood and ebony boxes set with oval Delhi miniatures, and bound with silver or plated brass. These sell according to size and number of paintings, from Rs.2·8 to Rs.25 each."—*Mukharji.*

There is a capmaker, who sells those light and gay coverings for the head, of coloured muslins, silk, and tinsel, which the fops all around us are wearing. Here is a tailor's ; and in this street, now we think of it, must have lived the very *durzee* whose presumption and punishment are recorded in illustration of the sagacity of the elephant ; for being, as will be remembered, in the habit of treating one of that species that passed his shop daily to some little indulgence, he one day in a fit of ill-humour thrust his needle into its trunk, and bade it be gone, in compliance with which the creature went its way; but on returning some time after filled its trunk from a pool of dirty water, and discharged the whole over the offender and his surroundings. Here is a shoemaker's, where slippers of gay colours, turned up at the toes, and some for ladies, with gay and embroidered * toe-pieces, may be purchased. Here are corn-dealers, sitting among their grain, which is heaped all around them. Here, under a tree, is a writer, who is inditing a letter for a passer-by. Fruit and sweetmeat shops abound. Now and then we may see a *bheestie* passing us, carrying his goat-skin full of water, which he conveys to the neighbouring houses, or allows those who ask him to drink from with their joined hands. And here is the shop of a native doctor, who may be seen amid his shelves, drawers, and bottles, serving out medicines to his customers. Here are dyers dipping cloths in pots of clay or brass containing the wished-for colouring, and calico printers stamping their

* Delhi is celebrated for its trade in embroidered shoes. "The variety of patterns and shapes," says Mr. Kipling, "is remarkable, even in a country where fantasy runs riot. Nothing could be prettier or more dainty than some of the slippers made for native ladies' wear, embroidered with seed pearls, usually false, with spangles and every variety of gold and silver thread, and inlaid with red, black, or emerald-green leather in decorative patterns. Gilded and silvered leather are also used. Sometimes gold and silver embroidery is worked on cloth over a basis of leather. Men's shoes are often no less elaborate." In 1864, according to Mr. H. Baden-Powell, Delhi exported shoes to the value of four lakhs of rupees yearly. It is probable that the trade has greatly increased since that time, for the railway has opened new markets, and shapes unknown in the Punjaub are now made, *e.g.*, the Mahratta shoe, with a heavy cleft-wood toe, much turned up. English forms are creeping into use. *No sumptuary regulation to restrain extravagance in gilded shoes, and enforce the use of plain black leather, could be half so potent as the unwritten ordinance which permits an Oriental to retain a pair of patent leather boots on stockinged feet, and requires him to doff shoes of native make when in the presence of a superior.*

goods with little cloth patterns. Some shops have English signs, and sell English beer, cheese, and confectionery, English broadcloths, and English *cottons*! These are chiefly for the use of Europeans, but most of the shops are entirely for the natives; and, as those who are wealthy among the people appear to desire little more than to deck themselves in luxurious apparel and revel in the indulgence of the senses, the "establishments" employed in preparing and providing for *their* requirements are by far the more numerous.

But we pass on. The balconies and roofs of the houses, shaded by curtains and draperies, appear alive with occupants engaged in conversation, lounging at their ease, or surveying, while they inhale the perfumed hookah, the animated scene beneath them. All this is of course accompanied by a din and bustle indescribable. The ear is not less confused than the eye. The ceaseless hum of traffic and talk, the cries of the strolling or stationary street-sellers, the drumming of tom-toms, the tink-a-tink of wandering minstrels, the jingling and chanting of dancing-girls, the loud laughter of the gay, the clamour of the beggar for alms, the trumpeting of elephants, the roaring and groaning of camels, the passing every now and then of noisy bands of music, the calls of the muezzins on the minarets of the mosques to prayer,—all unite together in one deafening racket, hubbub, and hullabaloo.* Mingled

* How different from this was the scene after the siege in 1857 (when the inhabitants were driven out) as depicted by a visitor: "My curiosity led me to take my lantern, and go down the Chandni Chouk. All was as still as death; indeed the silence was dreadful. Not a ray of light anywhere except the solitary one I carried. Not a human being to be seen. Every door, whether of shop or private house, lying open or prostrate on the pavement. I entered five or six shops. No words could describe the wreck—benches knocked to destruction, the remnants of the wares in utter confusion on the ground, the halls and floors poked open by the 'loot' seekers. One was a native doctor's shop; there were his drawers all out to see what they contained—half the bottles still on the shelves, and the rest overturned and smashed. Everything valuable in each case had been carried off, and there lay the worthless remnants, boxes, wares, shelves, books, and papers, all torn to pieces on the floors, where in some cases a heavy fermentation was going on, causing an insupportable smell. Even the flags in front were occasionally torn up. The wretched cats were silently moping about, and the poor dogs howled mournfully in the desolate houses, *and this was Delhi—'the bloody city!'—and this was her recompense!*"

"Far rather would I see a city knocked down and covered in its own ruins than behold a scene like this. A tomb or Herculaneum can be contemplated with interest; but Delhi is now like *an open grave* rifled of its

with this are the strong smell of tobacco, rancid oil, garlic, and odours innumerable and indescribable. And then the *dust* which this great concourse raises in the air (and to *storms* of which Delhi seems as liable as Cawnpore), and the flies, the *flies*! * Delhi is said to be also a very hot place in the summer;† it is warm even now!

Strangest, it seems to us, of all the strange features of this unparalleled scene is the sight of the pale sons of the distant West mingling in the mighty throng. The Roman legions looked not less at home in the cities of Thrace, of Macedonia, or Greece. The burgesses of old Delhi knew nothing of our race, and would have searched in vain their streets, their bazaars, their serais, the houses of their nobles, the palaces of their princes, for a single "Feringhee." What would be their wonder could they now awake, and meet them in all, not as strangers attracted by the reputation and wealth of their capital, sojourning among them on sufferance, but as the lords of the land!

The fame of our countrymen, we may remind the reader,

ornaments, and in its dishonoured condition lying bare to the gaze of day. No wonder that its excluded Mahommedan population, as they prowl around its vicinity, say, 'This is a worse punishment than even that of Nadir Shah. He gave up the city to massacre and pillage for a few days, and then all was over, and the surviving inhabitants returned to their homes and employments, and everything went on as before. The English took no such vengeance; but they drove us out, and month after month they keep us excluded, and will not let us return.' I have no doubt such language correctly represents their feelings. This decided exclusion of them, this calm, quiet, and continued investigation of the civil and military authorities; this searching out and bringing to justice the perpetrators of the outrages of May and June; this discrimination, this justice, even to the most suspected wretches in its power, to whom it gives every opportunity of proving their innocence (one trial alone having lasted ten days), and then their prompt execution when proved guilty; this manifest anxiety to separate friends from enemies, and to take care that only the guilty shall suffer—all this, together with the disposition of the Government to acknowledge and reward fidelity, is producing an immense impression. It is all so contrary to the rash and indiscriminate mode of Oriental despotism, and argues in their estimation resources and justice and calm resolve that are invincible, and which it is therefore folly and madness to resist. We have seen, I presume, *the last* rising against British authority that India will ever witness."

* It would not, perhaps, be altogether astonishing if the same fate were to befall Delhi that happened to Myus in Ionia and to Atarnæ; which the inhabitants were obliged to quit on account of the flies and gnats they were pestered with.

† We are told that some people live under ground, in what are called *ty-kanehs*, a kind of artificial caves very comfortably furnished, and which are of course cooler than their ordinary dwelling-houses.

had reached Delhi as early as the sixteenth century. Yet it was but as the sighing of the distant breeze, faintly heard and forgotten. After a while more distinct and frequent intelligence of their achievements arrived in the Imperial City, and some of them were said to have crossed the mighty waters and to have been seen in the Archipelago. Years, however, rolled on, but none approached the capital; and they were again almost forgotten, when it was reported that certain foreign merchants from Aleppo and Bagdad had passed down the Tigris to Ormus, and thence on to Goa, whence they had made their way to Agra and Lahore. Still they came not to Delhi. After the close of another half-century (during which they were several times heard of as trading in the Indian seas and engaged in contests with other foreigners) it was known in the city that the Emperor had issued a firman permitting them to establish factories in his dominions. In a few years more an ambassador was announced as being on his way to the metropolis; the Emperor, however, was at Ajmere, and thither the envoy turned to meet him, and had a most favourable reception. His object was to obtain redress for some alleged grievances suffered by the English traders at Surat and Ahmedabad, and he was promised full satisfaction. Time again rolled on, and for another seventy years little was known, save by rumour, in Delhi of the English. It was understood, however, that they were employed in perpetual struggles with other Europeans, and even with the people of the Provinces, and a decree was issued that they should be expelled from Hindostan. But they were soon allowed to come back, and a commercial mission from Calcutta by-and-by reached the capital; it would have returned with its purpose unaccomplished, however, had not the Emperor, as it was on the point of leaving, been seized with a dangerous illness, which baffled the skill of the native physicians. The advice of a surgeon attached to the embassy was solicited and given; the Emperor recovered, and conceded in gratitude the objects of the mission. From this time, we may presume, the people of Delhi became better acquainted with our countrymen, of whom, nevertheless, they saw but little till within the last fifty or sixty years. They now know them somewhat more intimately, and have been obliged to resign themselves into their hands.

The commerce of this city is considerable. Its situation, indeed, qualifies it to become a great inland mart for the interchange of the various productions of peninsular India, and the countries to the north and west. A regular trade is carried on between Delhi and Cashmere, whence immense quantities of shawls are brought to Delhi. A shawl factory with weavers from Cashmere was a few years ago established here. There has also been a considerable traffic with Cabul, whence horses, ponies, furs, shawls, chintzes, tobacco, fruit, madder, and assafœtida have been imported. Precious stones, too, form a considerable branch of trade.

But we have passed through the Chandni Chouk, and have now before us the JUMMA MUSJID, "the largest and handsomest place of Mahommedan worship," says Bishop Heber, "in all India, and far exceeding anything of the kind in Moscow." A perfect specimen of the Byzantine-Arabic style, it occupied Shah Jehan six years in building, is said to have cost £100,000, and will accommodate at once 12,000 worshippers. Standing on a rocky eminence forming a square terrace of 1400 yards, paved with red stone inlaid with marble, it has a large marble tank or reservoir with fountains, in the centre, filled with clear water, in which the people bathe their heads, feet, and hands before prayer; the whole is enclosed on three sides by an open-arched colonnade of fine red stone, with octagonal pavilions at convenient distances. It is entered by three lofty arched gateways, ascent to which is gained by three magnificent pyramidal stone staircases of many broad and easy steps: the finest of these gateways looks towards Mecca. The quadrangle is grand in the extreme; and when filled with its thousands of worshippers—as it is every Friday—listening, as they sit, each on his separate slab of the pavement, to the Moulvee who addresses them from his marble pulpit; or silently following his guidance in their devotions, as he directs or signals to them to rise, bow, kneel, or fall prostrate,—must afford an impressive spectacle,*

* Mr. M. E. Grant Duff says: "It brought to my memory the sad and famous lines of Alfred de Musset;—

'O Christ! je ne suis pas de ceux que la prière,
Dans tes temples muets amène à pas tremblants;
Je ne suis pas de ceux qui vont à ton Calvaire,
En de frappant le cœur, baiser tes pieds sanglants;

as indeed do the thousands hurrying to and from the mosque, and the elephants, camels, horses, and carriages gathered in the street below. *Sometimes the dead, wrapped in white linen, and laid upon their biers—waiting their funeral service and interment—form a part of the congregation.* Women, however, are not permitted to be present; they have to perform their devotions at home; or, if they enter the mosque, it must be when the men are not there. ("*Practically women, according to the Mahominedans, have no souls: they are the chattels of men.*") The MOSQUE itself—which enjoys the envied privilege of preserving a hair of the head of the Prophet, and several articles of his apparel, together with some valuable manuscripts; and presents on the western side a front of fine red sandstone relieved by a pure transparent white marble embroidered with arabesques, with cornices extending along the whole building inscribed with passages from the Koran in black marble (including altogether, it is said, the whole book)—stands at the back of this splendid court, is 261 feet long, and is entered by three noble archways,* surmounted by three magnificent domes of white marble intersected by black stripes, and crowned with richly-gilt ornaments; while at each end of the mosque rises a lofty minaret of alternate red stone and black marble, with projecting galleries of white

> Et je reste debout, sous tes sacrés portiques,
> Quand ton peuple fidèle, autour des noirs arceaux,
> Se courbe en murmurant sous le vent de cantiques,
> Comme au souffle du Nord un peuple de roseaux.
> Je ne crois pas, O Christ, à ta parole sainte,
> Je suis venu trop tard dans un monde trop vieux,
> D'un siècle sans espoir, nait un siècle sans crainte,
> Les comètes du nôtre ont dépeuplé les cieux.'"

Mr. Duff adds: "On the last Friday in Ramazan, when from thirty to forty thousand people assemble, and the whole mighty enclosure is filled, it must be one of the great spectacles of the world; but sound is wanting. There is no 'vent de cantiques.' Probably the voices of a vast multitude repeating the responses would give something of the same effect, but a few thousand are lost in the vast space."

* The *pointed* arch is very observable. "If not its inventors," says Mr. Fergusson, in his valuable "Handbook of Architecture," "the Saracens were the first to make known the pointed arch to the architects of Europe, and the builders of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries benefited, like their predecessors, by the hints derived from those of other people, which were adapted and made their own, without derogating from the excellence of the new style, and without their builders thinking themselves degraded by adopting what was beautiful and suited to their wants."

marble, and light octagonal pavilions of the same; it is paved within with slabs of white marble; the roof, walls, and pulpit are also of white marble. We have here, indeed, a dream in marble and stone, a triumphant achievement of splendid genius! Altogether the Jumma Musjid at Delhi is the proudest edifice of Indo-Mahommedanism: solemn, grand, and beautiful, a perfect contrast to the pagodas of Hindooism at Benares. Majestically soaring above all the other great edifices in this peerless city, it testifies that GOD IS ONE and that MAHOMMED IS HIS PROPHET. It will be remembered that this is the faith (initiated by Mahommed) which in the seventh century of our era, rejecting Judaism on the one hand and Christianity on the other, declared its own supremacy and its authority to compel universal submission to its standard; that, associating prayer, fasting, almsgiving, and a pilgrimage to Mecca (the birthplace of the Prophet) with polygamy, legalised slavery, and the promise of a sensuous paradise, it easily won the hearts of the impressionable and valorous sons of Ishmael, who, springing up sword in hand, and giving only the alternative of acquiescence or extermination, swept through Arabia, and led out thence its thousands of enthusiastic proselytes to the conquest of the world; that in the course of a century it extended its victories over Syria, Asia Minor, Persia, and Egypt, and subsequently from the highlands of Thibet and from the Ganges to the Atlantic; and that this self-appointed avenger of Heaven on idolatry at the same time exercised by the genius of its earliest disciples the most favourable influence on human culture, and exhibited its powers in mathematics and astronomy, in chemistry and the arts, in medicine, in music, in a wondrous literature, and in a splendid and unique architecture. Nevertheless, it is a stereotyped and non-elastic religion; the same from age to age, without the power or possibility of adaptation or expansion; standing ever, as it were, with unsheathed sword ready to cut down every worshipper of images, and to impose its creed on every unbeliever in its doctrines; and only restrained from violence in India by the presence of a stronger arm than its own. Here, in Delhi, it has crushed Hindooism beneath its heel. "It is by shedding their own blood," said the Emperor

Akbar, himself a Mahommedan, "that the Christians have propagated their truths all over the world; and it is by shedding the blood of others that Mahommedanism has prevailed in the East."* It is a proud and cruel and remorseless religion. The Mahommedans hate the Christians, and few of them become converted to our faith. Yet we have some converts, and there is every reason to believe that we shall have many more.

We are told that the BUCKRA EADE, or DAY OF SACRIFICE, in commemoration of Abraham's offering up his son, is observed annually at Delhi (on the tenth day of the last month of the Mahommedan year) with great solemnity. A fine camel is provided, and conducted to the Eade Gate. Thither the King in his royal robes, accompanied by his Court and guards, repairs, in grand procession, on elephants and horses magnificently decorated, going through the old city. On arriving at their destination, all dismount; prayers are offered; and the King then proceeds to the spot where the camel has been placed and secured to a stake in a kneeling posture, with its head also fastened, so that it can offer no resistance. A sharp spear is handed to the King, with which he advances to the camel and pierces it to the heart. His Majesty then retires to his royal tent; the Court assemble round him; and a piece of the flesh of the camel—which has meanwhile been dressed—is presented by the King to each guest, and eaten in solemn silence in memory of the offering referred to.

Our camp is visited by great numbers of natives, who come out to see it. Many *box-wallahs*, too, favour us with their presence, bringing, for sale among the officers and their ladies, bracelets, earrings, necklaces, brooches, rings, ivory medallions set in gold with portraits of the Great Moguls, paintings of buildings, etc., in Delhi, Agra, and other Mahommedan cities; together with caskets, bronzes, etc., to the value of thousands of rupees; and shawls, brocades, and stuffs in great variety.

* By the testimony of Golam Hosayn, a Mahommedan historian, "prisoners of war were murdered, all suspected persons were put to the torture; the punishments were impaling, hanging; the people in certain provinces were hunted with dogs like wild beasts, and shot for sport; the property of any one who possessed anything was confiscated, and themselves strangled; and no one was allowed to invite another to his house without permission from the vizier or rajah of the place where he lived."

Again and again we stroll through the city and its suburbs. It is to Shah Jehan (son of Jehanghire and grandson of Akbar) that modern Delhi owes its origin and its splendour. Founded in 1631, it rose rapidly into magnificence. The history of its predecessor, however, had been deeply stained with blood; its own speedily became so. The ambition of Aurungzebe, son of Shah Jehan, led him to imprison his father, and to secure the empire of the Moguls for himself *in the usual way* by the murder of his brothers. The assassination of his brother Dara was attended with circumstances of the most brutal atrocity. He had matched his power with that of Aurungzebe in a struggle for the crown, and treachery had made him a prisoner. He was brought to the gates of Delhi, secured on a miserable, worn-out elephant, in a state of abominable filth, divested of his ornaments, arrayed in coarse and dirty apparel, and thus, with his son placed beside him, led through the bazaars and every quarter of the city, amid the tears and shrieks of the people, by whom he was loved, and who were filled with compassion for the sufferer and indignation and disgust at the barbarity of his enemies. The poor prisoner was then shut up in one of his own gardens to await the decision of his fate, which was accelerated by the enmity of his sister Rochinara, who prompted and excited Aurungzebe to his murder. This a slave named Nazir, who had been educated by Shah Jehan, but owed Dara a grudge, was commissioned to execute. Accompanied by four other ruffians he repaired to the place where the prince and his son were then staying, and, while one secured the latter, the rest fell upon Dara and threw him down. He was then *decapitated* by Nazir. The head was carried and placed on a dish before Aurungzebe, who commanded that it should be buried in the sepulchre of Humaioon. By Aurungzebe the Mogul Empire was elevated to its proudest magnificence; with his death, in 1707, began its fall. Shah Allum, his successor, reigned but five years; a struggle for the throne took place on his decease between the sons of that prince; one emperor succeeded another, rebellious underlings ruled the country; patriotism, if it ever existed, became extinct; the industry of the people was devoured by oppression; Sikhs and Rohillas ravaged the

provinces; the empire was wasted to a shadow, and then, in 1739, appeared Nadir, the Terrible.

An insatiable appetite for plunder and a ferocious and unsparing cruelty characterised the Persian invader. He levied a tribute on the city the immensity of which made the people murmur: their complaints were followed by their slaughter. They made little or no attempt to defend themselves; by hundreds and by thousands they fell; their wives and daughters were shut up in their apartments, and, these being set on fire, were left to perish in the flames, into which, and into the wells of the city, the men also threw themselves, while Nadir sat on the red mosque in the Chandni Chouk and witnessed the havoc. At the intercession of the Emperor Muhammed, the slaughter was at last stayed; and "this destructive comet," says a Persian writer, "rolled back from the meridian of Delhi, burnt all the towns and villages, and marked his route with devastation and death." He carried with him, as we have already seen, the celebrated Peacock Throne, and other plunder to the value of £62,000,000 sterling. He seems described in the personification of War by Sackville:—

> "With visage grim, stern look, and blackly hued,
> In his right hand a naked sword he had,
> That to the hilt was all with blood imbrued,
> And in his left (that kings and kingdoms rued)
> Famine and fire he held, and therewithal
> He razèd towns, and threw down towers and all.
> Cities he sacked, and realms (that whilom flowered
> In honour, glory, and rule above the rest)
> He overwhelm'd and all their fame devour'd,
> Consum'd, destroy'd, wasted, and never ceas'd
> Till he their wealth, their name, and all oppress'd."

In 1760 the Shah was murdered by his vizier; and in 1761 Delhi again became the scene of general massacre and rapine. The horrors perpetrated on this occasion exceeded, if possible, those inflicted by Nadir, and remind us of the calamities of Jerusalem and Tyre. A contribution was again laid upon the city, which was so heavy in amount, and so rigidly and cruelly enforced, that the people were led to resist it. The command was given for a general massacre of the inhabitants, which, without any interruption, continued a whole week, and

was then only terminated by the stench of the dead driving the soldiers of the conqueror from the city. Fire and famine at the same time desolated the streets, and thousands who had escaped the fury of the sword died by starvation on the smoking ruins of their dwellings. Yet this was only the beginning of sorrows. The Mahrattas with an army of 200,000 cavalry now advanced, while the perpetrators of these first atrocities fled, and left their successors to complete the work of butchery, shame, and rapine. The miserable survivors were robbed of whatever remained to them, and all, women and men alike, flogged through the streets. The famine, too, increased in severity; people fled from each other as from cannibals; women devoured their own children, and the voice of wailing and despair was only hushed in death.

But the city again rose like the phœnix from its ashes. Not so the Mogul power. In 1793 the Emperor became a prisoner to Scindiah, by whom His Majesty was committed to the custody of the once poor and lowly Perron, a French adventurer in his service. In 1796 the capital was menaced by the Afghans, but circumstances occurred which interrupted the design of the invader, and it escaped the calamity. The King was still, however, as it seems, a prisoner in the hands of the Mahrattas, whose power had become truly formidable, and whose ambition soon threatened to convulse the empire. But the British authority had by this time become established in Bengal, and in 1802 our countrymen, whose protection had long before been invited by the Royal captive, determined on advancing. On September 11th, 1803, the forces of Lake encamped about six miles from Delhi. The Mahrattas, under the command of a Frenchman named Bourquien, immediately attacked them. Lake had less than five thousand men, Bourquien some nineteen thousand. The main body of the latter were posted on an eminence, defended in front by a line of entrenchments and a great number of guns, and flanked on either side by swamps. The strength of this position prevented Lake with so small a force from attacking it; he therefore, by some ingenious movements, tempted the body so posted into the plain; and when fairly there stopped his supposed retreat, and, after

giving them a volley, charged with the bayonet. They flew back to their guns, which they had brought down with them, and opened on our columns a tremendous fire. It was, however, vain; a second volley was returned, and the British again advanced to the charge. The Mahrattas resumed their flight, the cavalry and artillery of Lake completed their defeat, and the English presently found themselves possessors of the field, with three or four thousand of the enemy dead, wounded, and prisoners; their guns, their ammunition, and their treasure.* On the following day the fort of Delhi was evacuated by the Mahrattas; Lake encamped opposite the city (which was then virtually under his protection), and two days after paid a visit to the Emperor, who rewarded him for delivering His Majesty from the captivity to which he had so long been subject by giving him *some distinguished titles.*

Once more, however, the capital was attacked. In 1804 Holkar with a brigade of infantry and a large train of artillery besieged it, in the hope of obtaining possession of the Emperor's person. It was bravely defended by Ochterlony, Burn, and the few officers and troops they had with them; and when Lake again made his appearance the Mahrattas fled. Since then it has remained under British protection, and appears to have enjoyed a serenity before unknown. But we know not, even now, what is before it. As a great and wealthy city, and the capital of Mahommedanism in India, it must always be a critical and important position; and many deposed Rajahs and Princes live in Delhi and its neighbourhood, which may almost be called a nest of conspiracy.

The more retired streets of the town are similar to those of other native cities. Numerous old palaces are to be seen, but they no longer retain their ancient splendour. Among them

* The Marquis Wellesley thus expressed himself in General Orders on this occasion: "The decisive victory gained on the 11th" (September) "in the battle of Delhi justifies the firm confidence I reposed in the bravery, perseverance, and discipline of the army, and in the skill, judgment, and intrepidity of their illustrious commander. THE GLORY OF THAT DAY IS NOT SURPASSED BY ANY RECORDED TRIUMPH OF THE BRITISH ARMS IN INDIA, AND IS ATTENDED BY EVERY CIRCUMSTANCE CALCULATED TO ELEVATE THE FAME OF BRITISH VALOUR, TO ILLUSTRATE THE CHARACTER OF BRITISH HUMANITY, AND TO SECURE THE STABILITY OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE IN THE EAST."

is that of the Begum Sumroo, who married a European adventurer of that name, and afterwards became a Roman Catholic, and built a church at Sardanah, near Meerut. The city has seven gates,—the Ajmere, Cabul, Cashmere, Delhi, Lahore, Mohur, and Turkoman. We see here and there some of those glories of Indo-Saracenic architecture which remind the visitor of the works of the Moors in Spain. It has been said that the Moguls "designed like giants, and finished like jewellers."* We observe, however, that there are no monuments to statesmen, patriots, warriors, and philanthropists to awaken emulation; no great fountains to refresh the weary traveller; no public clocks† to tell us how time is going on; no city bells, no libraries, picture galleries,‡ club houses, etc., such as are familiar to us in European cities, though some of these are represented in forms other than those to which we are accustomed. Associated, as elsewhere, with the grand and the noble is a great deal that is commonplace. Here is another letter-writer sitting on the ground, penning an epistle for a man who sits behind him. Here is a school in which the boys are reading aloud in a kind of discordant chorus, swaying themselves at the same time to and fro, the master presiding over them rod in hand, like a king with his sceptre. Here are an Irish soldier and his wife, who have found their way into the "back settlements" of the city, and are haggling in a rich brogue with a native dealer who speaks broken English, but cannot *quite* understand them. Here again are sweetmeat shops, grain shops, and all sorts of small stores. Hard by is another old palace; and here and there, as we pass on, we see a serai in which the native wayfarer and his beasts may rest. As we approach the English quarter we see the beautiful

* Heber.

† We do not remember to have seen in Delhi any shops for the sale of clocks or watches, or of any scientific instruments familiar to Europeans.

‡ We are happy to say that since the Mutiny an Institute and a Museum, of highly ornate character, with Public Library, Lecture Room, Theatre, and Picture Gallery (containing portraits of Indian celebrities by eminent artists), together with a handsome Clock Tower with four-faced dial, have been placed in the Chandni Chouk; and a "Queen's Garden" laid out, with which a menagerie has been associated, in the immediate neighbourhood. More important still, modern Delhi has now two railways, "the East India," and the "Scinde, Punjaub, and Delhi," with a large serai (built in commemoration of Commissioner Hamilton, and named after him), for the accommodation of poor travellers of all creeds and classes.

English Church * erected by Colonel Skinner, *the first to lift the* CROSS *amid the Spires, Domes, and Minarets of* DELHI, and "beyond all question the most splendid in India"; and observe within its grounds a Monumental Pillar † which commemorates

* Of this church and its consecration very interesting mention is made in the "Life of Bishop Wilson," of Calcutta. "The Bishop's arrival was notified to Colonel Skinner, who at once drove down to the chaplain's house. This Colonel Skinner was a man of much celebrity, and the commander of a famous body of Light Horse called by his name. His father held a command in the Mahratta army, and introduced his son into it at a very early age. He soon saw hard service, and, to use his own words, was engaged in fighting every morning before breakfast for months together. He entered our service about the year 1806, and distinguished himself greatly by his sagacity and personal bravery. He raised and commanded a body of Irregular Cavalry, and was made a full Colonel of the English army by George IV., who himself put his name at the head of the list, and over-ruled all questions of etiquette in his favour. Entering into Delhi with a conquering army twenty years ago, and gazing on its countless domes and minarets, *he made a vow that if ever he was able he would erect an English Church which should rear the Cross amongst them.* The time came when he was enabled to commence the work; and he persevered, though the cost far surpassed the estimate, and he lost the bulk of his fortune by the failure of Calcutta agency houses. The church rose slowly, notwithstanding Government offered to relieve him and complete the work; but he declined the offer. His vow might be delayed, but must still be kept. And now he stood before the Bishop, a tall, stout, dark man of fifty-six, clad in a military dress of blue, silver and steel, with a heavy helmet on his head, a broad sword at his side, and a red ribbon on his breast, to say that the church was finished, and to beg that it might be consecrated. The Bishop instantly drove with him down to the church. It was a beautiful Grecian building in the form of a cross, with handsome porticoes at each extremity, three of them forming entrances with flights of steps; the fourth closed in, and appropriated for the chancel. The body of the building was circular, and surmounted by an ornamented dome, cupola, and cross. The flooring was marble. The whole effect was very chaste and beautiful. The Bishop was delighted, and mindful of the founder, called it St. James, and fixed November 22nd, 1836, for the consecration." (It was so consecrated accordingly). "A confirmation followed, and the Colonel with his three sons knelt at the altar, to dedicate himself, as he had previously dedicated his church, to the service of God. The scene was very impressive, and the Bishop's address moved all to tears. At the conclusion the Colonel himself attempted to express his acknowledgments, but words failed, and he wept silently, whilst the Bishop prayed that the kindness shewn to the house of his God might be returned sevenfold into his own bosom. Alas!" (it is added, in allusion to the Mutiny of 1857), "Alas! that a church so beautiful in its design, and so interesting in its early annals, should, before many years had passed, have been riddled with balls, filled with dying men, and made a magazine for shot and shells!" It is interesting, however, to know that though the cross on its dome was frequently fired at by the rebel Sepoys, and the copper dome itself struck, while the orb upon it, as well as itself, was riddled with holes, *the cross stood throughout the siege uninjured.*

† We find that this monument, as well as the church, was erected by Colonel Skinner. The pillar is of white marble, in compartments, inlaid with green stones representing the weeping willow; and it is said that it cost 10,000 rupees.

the murder of Mr. William Fraser, Commissioner of Delhi,* by Shumshoodeen, Prince of Ferozepore, afterwards executed for the crime.† On one side the pillar is an inscription which tells us that beneath it

> "A kindred *spirit* to our own
> Sleeps in death's profound repose,"

which seems to us a somewhat more than poetic licence.

We now pass the Government College, a noble institution, which we should have liked to visit.‡ Moving on and leaving the city by the Cashmere Gate we reach a high ridge about a mile from the walls, where we have a fine view of Delhi and its surroundings.§ Hard by is the house of Hindoo Rao, the Gwalior Chieftain (which was formerly inhabited by Mr. Fraser). It is related of this gentleman by a lady who met him at the house of one of our officers that he called to pay a visit. After some conversation he rose to depart, shook hands with the lady, and said, "How do you do?" thinking he was bidding her "good-night." This being all the English he has acquired, he is very fond of displaying it.‖

Here, we believe, is the BRITISH RESIDENCY.¶ From this

* We find in the "Travels and Adventures of Dr. Wolff," that, "having reached Delhi, Wolff called on Major Fraser, an extraordinary and excellent man, and a great friend to the natives, both Mussulmans and Hindoos. These natives were seated upon the floor in Fraser's house, looking upon him as their father."

† See p. 246, note.

‡ It was founded in 1792, and in 1829 the sum of 170,000 rupees was bequeathed to it by a minister of the King of Oude. The interest of this sum, with grants from Government, raises its annual income to 40,580 rupees. There is a separate department for Sanscrit, for Persian, for Arabic, and for English.

§ This ridge was destined to become historic. There it was that the British army was encamped during the siege that followed the Mutiny of 1857; and thence at last that our warriors descended to take the city; there that the Memorial Column is now erected; there also that on January 1st, 1877, at a durbar of unequalled magnificence, Queen Victoria was proclaimed EMPRESS OF INDIA.

‖ See an interesting account of Hindoo Rao in *Household Words*, xvii. 112.

¶ The name of Sir Charles Metcalfe, formerly Resident of Delhi (of whom we have already spoken as the liberator of the Indian Press, and of whom we may be justly proud as an example of the capacity of our countrymen), will always be associated with the history of this Imperial City. His most remarkable career is worth our notice. Commencing his Indian life on January 1st, 1801, he occupied first of all (after spending nearly a year in the College of Fort William) the post of Assistant to the Resident at Scindiah's Court; was afterwards removed (for "training") to the Chief

lofty height the representative of England may look down on the Imperial City, which is virtually under his rule, and on the Great Mogul, with all his Court; and though he may himself be quiet and unassuming, having all the might of the British Empire behind him, may control them with irresistible force; all being but puppets, as it were, in his hands, who move as the strings he pulls may impel them.

One day we called on Mr. Thompson, the Baptist* Missionary of Delhi. He is, if we mistake not, the senior missionary but one in this Presidency, having commenced his labours in 1812 at Patna, whence in 1817 he was removed to Delhi, where he has ever since laboured, making it also the centre of extensive journeys in various directions. He is, perhaps,

Secretary's office in Government House at Calcutta; in 1804 was sent as Political Assistant to General Lake, Commander-in-chief of the army then in the field in the Upper Provinces (when, as a volunteer in the siege of Deeg, he was one of the first to enter the breach, and received honourable mention in the dispatches); was then dispatched on a mission to Holkar, the Mahratta chieftain, and was afterwards appointed Assistant to the Resident at Delhi. He was subsequently sent on a mission to Runjeet Singh at Lahore; and having by his skilful management of this and the other difficult and delicate negotiations alluded to won for himself a place in the foremost rank of Civil Servants, he received from Lord Minto, *at the early age of twenty-six*, the high, important, and lucrative appointment of Resident at Delhi. His experienced hand, however, was yet again needed in negotiation with the great Pathan Chief, Ameer Khan, to whom he was dispatched, and on whom he prevailed to disband his levies, and restore the territories he had taken from the Rajpoots; he also brought all the great Rajpoot chieftains into our friendly alliance; and having concluded these important tasks was invited to accept the office of Political Secretary at Calcutta. He was subsequently appointed Resident at Hyderabad, which State he saved, amid tremendous difficulties, from financial, and indeed from general, ruin. Being afterwards invited to resume his post as Resident at Delhi, he was entrusted with the political business connected with the siege of Bhurtpore, under Lord Combermere (at which he was present, and where he narrowly escaped death from the bursting of a mine); and subsequently was appointed to a seat in the Supreme Council at Calcutta. Eight years later he received the appointment of Lieutenant-Governor of Agra, but on his way thither was recalled to take the office of Provisional Governor-General, during the occupancy of which, as we have seen, he gave freedom to the Indian Press. On the appointment of Lord Auckland he returned to his post at Agra, but soon after (in 1838) sent in his resignation, and was thus lost to India. We should notice here another British Resident at Delhi, Mr. Edward Thomas, whose works on numismatics are of the highest historical value, and who has edited a collection of Prinsep's "Essays on Indian Antiquities."

* But little appears to have been done in Delhi by any other *Society*. We find, however, in the life of Mrs. Sherwood, this observation: "We had been the first to bring the strawberry plant up the country; but we were far more highly blest in being permitted to bring the translated and printed Word of God, before all others, into the province of Delhi."

the most perfect master of Hindee in all the country, and the author, we believe, of two valuable Hindostanee dictionaries —a large royal 8vo, said to be equal, if not superior, to Shakespeare's—and a small but very useful school book. He has also translated the New Testament into one of the simplest and most idiomatic (and therefore most serviceable) versions in use, and given to the world many other publications which have had an extensive circulation.

The announcement of our name at the door of the Mission House was followed by an immediate invitation to enter. We were ushered into a large room looking out upon the river, where, amid piles of books, and in front of one larger than the rest, sat the venerable Baptist. Apologising for our call, we acquaint him with our desire to learn what progress has been made in Delhi towards the conversion of the natives to Christianity. He tells us that there have been but few actual conversions, but that the necessity of a long preparatory work might have been fairly anticipated from the beginning, especially in Delhi, where the means to be employed were so small (being limited to one European Missionary and two native assistants), and the opposition to be encountered was so great; that at the present there are twenty-one communicants and twenty-one scholars; that the Missionary and his assistants go out daily among the people preaching, and have many attentive hearers; that of those whose attention has been arrested, numbers are in the habit of reading the Gospels, the Pentateuch, or the entire Bible in Oordoo, Persian, Hindee, and Sanscrit; that applications are made for the Scriptures and for particular tracts; that there is reason to believe that the Gospel has penetrated even to the Court of the Emperor; while, on the other hand, the Nawab Hamide Ali Khan has laid out several thousand rupees in lithographing the Koran, and distributing it gratuitously among the followers of his faith, accompanying the Arabic text with an Oordoo interlineary translation, and a copious commentary in the margin; and the same nobleman has also incurred a monthly expense of thirty rupees for a Moulvee, and fifteen rupees for a transcriber for three whole years to ensure the accuracy and neatness of the work. He adds that they have much besides to dishearten them, but that on the whole there is great promise in the

future. The Gospel has been preached to multitudes at Hurdwar and other places of great popular resort, discussions have been held, and inquiries answered; thousands of copies of the Scriptures and of tracts have been circulated; the evangelists have learned how to work most successfully; they have broken down, as they hope, the outworks of superstition, and have to some extent surmounted the prejudices and conciliated the goodwill of the people; grammars, vocabularies, and dictionaries have been compiled; printing presses have been established; schools and other auxiliary institutions have been organised; slavery has been abolished; native teachers have been sent forth, and others are in training; Christian churches and communities have been formed; many even of the priests have thrown off paganism and infidelity; many native converts who have died have left their testimony behind them; and *Englishmen are setting a better example than formerly.* Above all, the Scriptures are circulating by thousands and tens of thousands through the land; and the people themselves admit that the reading of these is capable of changing the heart. Mr. Thompson concluded by observing that in all India his society had but about forty European missionaries, a number less than that of its ministers in London; and that these occupied a territory the extreme limits of which were as distant from each other as Gibraltar and the Shetland Isles, as Lisbon and Perth. When the missionary is sick, operations are often unavoidably suspended; when absent from his station on tours of duty, or matters of necessity, his people suffer, and his opponents exult; and when he happens to die, his post remains unoccupied for a year or more before a successor can be sent out; and in the meantime the congregation is broken up, and a long period of labour is required to regain what has been lost.*

Some further conversation followed, and we took our leave.†

* The Baptist Missionary Society commenced operations in Delhi with the advent of Mr. Thompson in 1817. The Church Missionary Society has few stations above Benares; and the only mission in the Upper Provinces of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel is, we believe, that at Cawnpore.

† We subsequently visited Mr. Thompson on several other occasions. Some years after my return from India, I heard of the veteran missionary's death, which took place in the city of Delhi, where he had so long lived

The example of a Christian home in this Mahommedan and Hindoo city presents a striking contrast to native life, and must win the notice, and perhaps the admiration, of many; and it is one of the benefits resulting from the employment of married missionaries.

We know not at what time Delhi was originally founded, for North India has no authentic history prior to the Mahommedan conquest. It is the Indrapasthra of the Mahâbhârata, which gives it at least a venerable antiquity. Tradition carries

and laboured. "Thirty-eight years of his life," observes the "Report of the Baptist Missionary Society," "were spent in missionary service. Next to that fine example of an evangelist, Chamberlain, he was pre-eminently the pioneer of missions in the north-west provinces of India, and laboured zealously for thirty years at Delhi and the surrounding district. From his hands many copies of God's Word have found their way into the Punjaub, and large numbers of its inhabitants have learnt the Gospel from his lips at the fairs of Hurdwar and others, which he was accustomed annually to visit, and at a time when the power of Runjeet Singh precluded the thought of establishing missionaries in his dominions." His vocabulary was so rich, accurate, and tasteful that he was always able to command a most attentive audience. Some five hundred natives of Delhi attended, among others, his funeral.

The widow and two daughters of Mr. Thompson were murdered at Delhi in the revolt of 1857. The bungalow in which the deceased missionary had lived, and his very valuable library, were also destroyed. The mission, however, was reopened in 1859 by the Rev. James Smith, and appears to have been exceedingly successful. The late Rev. Dr. Norman Macleod spoke very highly of Mr. Smith, who conducted him over the city on his visit to Delhi (see *Good Words*, 1870, p. 429). We have subsequently read of the baptism, in 1862, of Mirza Feroze Shah, "a nephew of the ex-King of Delhi, and the only remaining member of the great house of Timour in Delhi who can lay claim to pure royal blood. He is a man of studious habits, and has for years been engaged in comparing the Koran with the Bible. He used to sit for hours together at the feet of Mr. Thompson, and was more than once threatened with his uncle's royal displeasure for introducing Christian topics into his conversation at the Court of Delhi." He had formerly an allowance of 500 rupees a month from the King.

A later visitor says: "It was refreshing on the Sunday to attend the Christian services and to note the progress of mission work. The Cambridge mission is accomplishing much. The Rev. E. H. Bickersteth, with five coadjutors, has made several converts among different classes of the people. There is a square of houses in the north-east of the city occupied almost entirely by native Christians, and several weekly Bible-classes are held among the Hindoos. The high schools, too, have many Christian masters. Mr. Winter's name, also, is well known in connection with the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. Neither the Wesleyan nor the London Society has any agency in Delhi, but the Baptists have an extensive field of operations. Their *Ragged Schools*, which receive, like most mission schools in India, Government aid, are doing a very good work amongst the poorest classes, teaching the pupils to read the Gospels. Their *Basti* meetings in the open air, amid the dwellings of the poor, after the day's

it back to 1500 years before Christ. Buddhism probably had a footing here; but later on, and up to A.D. 1011, it appears to have been governed by Hindoo Rajahs. Mahmood of Ghuzni was the earliest Moslem invader of Hindostan whose conquests were of any considerable importance.

"He comes, and India's diadems
Lie scatter'd in his ruinous path.
His bloodhounds he adorns with gems,
Torn from the violated necks
Of many a young and lov'd Sultana;
Maidens, within their pure zenana,
Priests, in the very fane, he slaughters,
And chokes up with the glittering wrecks
Of golden shrines the sacred waters."*

To him Delhi fell; but in less than two hundred years the dynasty he founded was subverted by the conquerors of Khorassan, and the Patan or Afghan dynasty founded by Kuttub, who, having completed the subjugation of the rajahs that endeavoured to restore the independence and ancient religion of their race, made this city his capital. Kuttub was assassinated, but his successors held here in splendour their court. Then came the Moguls, who enriched themselves with the spoils the Afghans had torn from the Hindoos. Time passed on; Moguls and Afghans contested hotly; the latter became weak and degenerate; and TIMOUR approached the gates of Delhi. These were thrown open to him; and his soldiers here satiated themselves with plunder and blood.

"The smell of death
Came reeking from those spicy bowers,†
And man, the sacrifice of man,
Mingled his taint with every breath
Upwafted from the innocent flowers." ‡

Hundreds of the people were led away captive; and the fall

work is done, are attended by from fifty to a hundred heathens or Mahommedans. At these there is much singing and earnest preaching. The tunes are native. There are five-and-twenty places where these meetings are held three or four evenings a week. I attended the central chapel in the morning, and found a good congregation. After the early school there is first a native service, and this is followed by one in English."

* "Paradise and the Peri."

† In the time of its glory, groves and gardens spread their luxuriant foliage over the scene, which is now parched and desolate.

‡ Moore.

of Mahmood, who then reigned, terminated for the time the Patan dynasty. Chizer, a Seid, succeeded him; and his posterity enjoyed the imperial dignity till it was again seized by the Afghans. But political revolutions and civil discord invited fresh invasion, and led Baber, a descendant of Timour, and perhaps the greatest of all the Mahommedan conquerors, to follow the steps of that terrible destroyer. After five attempts he became triumphant, slew the sovereign of Delhi, and proclaimed himself Emperor. He conquered, however, but the monarchy, and, dying soon after, left his descendants to struggle with a host of enemies. The successor of Baber was defeated; an Afghan again wielded the imperial sceptre; and it was not till many years had elapsed that the son of Baber recovered it. Then followed Akbar, who consolidated the empire, made Agra his capital (as Baber, who died there, intended to do), and transmitted the throne to Shah Jehan. Up to the time of Akbar the city whose ruins lie around us had maintained its reputation as the first in India; but the removal of the imperial court eclipsed its lustre, and Shah Jehan transferred its remaining nobles and its wealth to the city founded by him which *we* call Delhi, and the Mahommedans SHAHJEHANABAD.

And now let us pass without the walls.

TWENTY MILES OF RUINS! City upon city, and again city upon city, and yet thrice more city upon city. Far as the eye can reach, mosques, temples, palaces, forts, baths, serais, wells, reservoirs, broken columns, half-demolished towers (Hindoo and Mahommedan, but chiefly the latter), arrest our notice, and lie, in scores and hundreds, crumbling together. The sepulchres of 180,000 saints and martyrs are said to be here. Originally the Hindoo city of Indraput (*the abode of Indra, chief of the gods*)—the capital, thousands of years ago, of King Yudhisthira of the Mahâbhârata—some five or six Mahommedan cities have been successively erected on its ruins. Everywhere we tread on overthrown walls and remains of humble as well as of princely dwellings, and see here and there gilded and painted domes and enamelled minarets. Patans, Moguls, Kuzzilbashes, Jauts, Mahrattas,* Rohillas,

* During the Mahratta war the people took refuge in these old buildings, and many mosques and tombs thus became dwelling-places.

have here devoured and laid waste. Panthers, cheetahs, wolves, and other wild beasts have their lairs in the palaces, tombs, and temples; reptiles abound; birds of prey hover in the air or sit aloft among the buildings. Great monkeys, too, which *appear* to be the satyrs of Scripture, now and then startle the visitor; and the present state of old Delhi might have been well predicted in the language of the prophet: "The wild beasts of the desert shall lie there; and their houses shall be full of doleful creatures; and owls shall dwell there, and satyrs shall dance there."* And the very river, which it might have been thought would enwrap the ruins in a mantle of green, has increased the desolation; for, unlike the Ganges, which deposits, like the Nile, a fertilising mud, the Jumna adds but an unproductive sand to a soil already impregnated with the elements of barrenness; and the once fruitful and flowery plains have become a generally treeless and bloomless waste, in which, however, pools and swamps are to be found among the sunken foundations of the prostrate edifices. Yet here flourished, in the Court of King Vikrama, the "Nine Gems of Vikrama's Crown," Poets and Philosophers; "the most brilliant galaxy of genius possessed by any nation at one and the same time," † including the Indian Shakespeare, and father of the Sanscrit drama; Kálidása, author of "Sakuntala," etc.; Varaha-Mihira, the astronomer; Amara Sinha, author of "Umar Kosi"; and their companions.

We can only glance at a few of the innumerable objects scattered over the plain which merit our notice. No repairs seem ever to have been made; when a building fell into decay another was built upon its ruins.

The little city and fortress of Togluckabad present to us singularly Titanic remains of palaces, baths, etc., built of enormous square blocks of red granite (as the long-deserted cities of Bashan are of similar huge slabs of black basalt), in excellent preservation, which appear to have been generally put together without any cement, and to have been thrown down, and in some cases buried, by an earthquake. The very roofs of the edifices are formed of immense stones, which still support one another in place. On the brow of a

* Isa. xiii. 21. † Garrick.

precipice, formed by the hills which run north and south of Delhi, and rise to the height of some two hundred feet, stands a fort erected by the Emperor Togluck, the founder of the city (one of the Afghan invaders, who was assassinated in 1324); and, on the opposite side, a similar fort called Mahommedabad, built by the Emperor's son, Mahommed; while a third fort (constructed, it is averred, by the imperial *barber* in honour of his master) stands at some distance off. Of this Mahommed it is said that he was, perhaps, "the most detestable tyrant that ever filled a throne. He would take his armies out over the most populous and peaceful districts, hunt down the innocent and unoffending people like wild beasts, and bring home their heads by thousands to hang them on the city gates for his mere amusement. He twice made the whole people of the city of Delhi emigrate with him to Dowlutabad, in Southern India, which he wished to make the capital, from some foolish fancy; and during the whole of his reign gave evident signs of being in an unsound state of mind."* The tomb of Togluck, his wife and son, which is of red sandstone adorned by a dome of white marble, stands on an isolated rock on the plain (once a lake) beneath.†

Another Titanic structure is the great stone Observatory;‡ which we have already alluded to as one of five erected by Jey Singh at Delhi and other places, mentioned in our notice of a similar one at Benares. This Observatory (which is now very dilapidated, but should be of much interest to scientific travellers) is stated to have been formerly supplied with magnificent instruments of pure gold; but these, if they ever existed, have been "removed." The almanacs of Delhi, and all astronomical calculations, are still, it would seem, made up from the tables constructed by Jey Singh, and presented by him to the emperor of his day, who stamped them with his approbation.§

* Sleeman.

† "The most passionate admirer of Gustavus or Cromwell would never have wished them a nobler resting-place."—*Grant Duff.*

‡ A view of this Observatory appeared in the *Penny Magazine* of June 6th, 1840.

§ "Rajah Jey Singh left us, as a monument of his skill, lists of stars collated by himself, known as the Tij Muhammed Shah, or Tables of Muhammed Shah, the Emperor of Delhi, by whose command he undertook the reformation of the Indian calendar. His huge astronomical structures

Very remarkable, too, for the gigantic size of its ruins, is the old Patan palace (at first a fortress) of Feroze Shah, the site originally of a Hindoo temple, in front of which was reared an ancient, lofty, and mysterious pillar, similar to that we noticed at Allahabad; to which was attached a tradition that while it stood the children of Brahma should rule in Indraput. The audacious and irrepressible Afghan came, and in 1220 threw down the temple, erected a mosque (which still stands) on its site,* placed the pillar in front of it as a trophy of his victory and that of his faith, and strewed the broken idols of Hindoo idolatry all around it. The pillar itself has been thought an emblem of Siva; it bears inscriptions in ancient and remarkable characters, to which other inscriptions were subsequently added † in remote times, and is now known as "Feroze's Walking-stick." Feroze Shah was the great architect of his time;‡ for while the Hindoo's great object has been to plant groves and make reservoirs, that of the Mahommedans has been to erect splendid edifices.

Five miles from the Agra Gate stands—pre-eminent in massy grandeur—the magnificent tomb of Humaioon,§ the

testify by their ruins to the ambitious character of his observations. Nevertheless, Hindoo astronomy steadily declined. From Vedic times it had linked omens and portents with the study of the heavens. Under the Mahommedan dynasties, it degenerated into a tool of trade in the hands of almanac-makers, genealogists, astrologers, and charlatans. It is doubtful how far even Rajah Singh's observations were conducted by native astronomers. It is certain that the Catholic missionaries contributed greatly to his reputation, and that since the sixteenth century the astronomy of the Hindoos is deeply indebted to the science of the Jesuits."—*Hunter.*

We have here, as elsewhere, reason to lament the neglect of science by our countrymen in India. We have not heard of a single telescope in private use, nor come across a single public observatory.

* From one of the windows of this mosque the body of the Emperor Allumgeer was thrown after his assassination, by command of his vizier. The body lay two days on the sands of the Jumna, and was then buried in the tomb of Humaioon.

† These characters have, after many years of labour, been deciphered, but afford no clue to the date at which they were written; nor is anything known of Samudragupta, or Yaisovarman, two personages whose names are inscribed thereon. So futile are the efforts of men to obtain an earthly immortality!

‡ He is recorded to have built "fifty dams across rivers for irrigation, and thirty reservoirs, forty mosques, thirty colleges, one hundred caravanserais, one hundred hospitals, one hundred public baths, and one hundred and fifty bridges."

§ It will be remembered that it was in this tomb that the late King and the three Princes of Delhi took refuge on the fall of the city to our forces

heroic emperor, astronomer, geographer, and poet (and, as Fergusson remarks, the first of the Moguls who was buried in India), who, after being driven from his throne, succeeded in re-establishing himself thereon. In accordance with the practice of his people, he, after his restoration, began this mausoleum; leaving it, when he died in 1556, to be completed

after the Mutiny of 1857. The transactions affecting them which immediately followed, are too dramatic to be here omitted. And first of the King:—"The Prince's retreat was soon known to the English Intelligence Department, and Rajah Ali (an ignoble member of the royal family, in the pay of the English police) caused overtures to be made to the Sultana Zinat Mahal, in order to induce the unfortunate couple to constitute themselves prisoners. After some hesitation, the fugitives consented to do so, on condition that their lives, and that of a son who was with them, should be spared. Major Hodson, the intrepid commander of a band of Irregular Horse, who had managed the negotiations, was commissioned by the Commander-in-Chief to be present at the fulfilment of the treaty. Accompanied by Rajah Ali and two hundred and ninety troopers, this bold officer, leaving camp on the morning of September 22nd, passed through the ruins where the population of Delhi had sought refuge, and arrived at the tomb of the Emperor Humaioon, in the recesses of which were concealed the royal fugitive and his suite. It was a vast building, which might easily have been defended. A numerous escort of armed adherents still surrounded the fallen sovereign. Rajah Ali got off his horse and entered the mosque, to try and induce the Prince to fulfil his engagements. He was obliged to have recourse to both entreaty and threats before he could convince his listeners; but at last he carried the day, and two palanquins appeared, borne down the steps of the ruined staircase. In the first were old Mahommed Shah Bahadour and Jamna Baksch, his son; in the other the Begum, Zinat Mahal. Timour's descendants placed their sabres in the hands of the English officer, and the march began. A strange and sad procession it was, worthy of the chronicles of former days. Two palanquins, surrounded by dark-visaged horsemen, with bright-coloured turbans and drawn sabres; behind them a pale-faced man, with a perfectly impassible countenance, and a few steps farther an immense crowd convulsed with passion, and expressing its grief by the wild cries and frenzied gestures peculiar to Orientals. The palanquin which advanced first along the dusty road, borne by its bearers in measured tread, contained within its gilded frame the legitimate heir of the highest earthly dignities. His glorious ancestors had enjoyed and deserved the titles of 'King of Kings' and 'Sun of the Universe.' The most renowned poets had sung their glory, and the most precious jewels had shone in their diadem; their palaces, the tombs where now they rest, to-day are the wonders of the earth, and travellers stop before these marvels of art, filled with admiration and respect. For Mahommed Shah—a wretched captive, overwhelmed by age and misfortunes—the present, frightful as it was, paled before the anticipation of the future. What could await him but the anguish and agony of a shameful death—or, worse still, a process of slow dissolution within the damp walls of some remote citadel! Then only would fortune cease to persecute the dethroned descendant of the great Akbar. A man of foreign race, a simple cavalry major, was presiding over this species of entombment; but he represented all the living forces of modern civilisation, Christian faith, military discipline, political intelligence, science, and industry. Hodson, as the instrument of destiny, was merely executing the decrees of that

by his son Akbar. It is a fine building of red granite, inlaid with white marble, surrounded by a large garden ; which was itself originally enclosed by an embattled wall, flanked by towers, and having four gateways. The tomb stands on a terrace of red stone, two hundred feet square, raised upon

irresistible law of progress which condemned the decrepit monarchies of Asia to pass under the sway of free and happy England.

"No attempt was made on the road to rescue the prisoners, and they were brought safely to the General-in-chief's presence. As some sort of reward, Hodson was allowed to retain the two sabres that had been given up to him. One bore the seal of Nadir Shah ; the name of Jahanghir was engraved on the other."

And now as regards the princes yet remaining:—"On September 23rd the little column set off at eight o'clock in the morning, and took the direction of the tomb of Humaioon, where there were still three important members of the imperial family—Abou Bekr, son and presumptive heir of the King, and his two cousins, Mirza Mogul and Mirza Kischer Sultanet, at the head of a number of armed men. At the distance of a mile Hodson stopped his troops"—consisting of one hundred sowars, Rajah Ali, and Lieut. MacDowell, his friend and faithful companion, whose narrative we shall presently quote—"and sent an emissary to the princes demanding their immediate surrender. After a long parley, the messenger returned to ask, in the princes' name, that their lives should be spared. 'No conditions,' was the answer given, and the emissary went back. A strange noise, a tempest of human voices, apparently issuing from the depths of the earth, followed his return. It was known afterwards that the soldiers and court officials, who numbered three or four thousand, had demanded, with cries of rage and despair, that their masters should give them the signal of resistance. The negotiation succeeded, however. Dejected by their recent reverses, and having learnt that the King's life had been spared, the princes decided to give themselves up without conditions. The emissary came to Hodson to announce their speedy arrival. Ten men were sent to meet them, and the rest of his troop was placed across the road. The three cousins soon appeared, huddled together in a small country cart drawn by oxen. The ten horsemen closed round the vehicle, whilst a few steps behind them a furious crowd followed, brandishing arms of all sorts with frenzied gestures and cries. The two English officers advanced towards the captives, whose humble greeting they received with haughtiness; and the squadron, at the command of its chief, quickly formed behind the cart and moved towards Delhi. It was an all-important movement: the crowd undulated like a wave before breaking on the prow of a ship. Hodson advanced alone on horseback towards the serried ranks, and waved them backwards with a gesture of command. Incredible as the fact may appear, this mass of human beings wavered before his determined glance, and in a few seconds the last man had disappeared into the dark recesses of the tomb of Humaioon. 'Leaving the men outside,' says Lieut. MacDowell, who tells the rest of the story as follows, 'Hodson and myself (I stuck to him throughout), with four men, rode up the steps into the arch, when he called out to them to lay down their arms. There was a murmur. He reiterated the command, and they commenced doing so. Now, you see, we did not want their arms, and, under ordinary circumstances, would not have risked our lives in so rash a way ; but what we wanted was to gain time to get the princes away, for we could have done nothing had they attacked us but cut our way back, and very little

arcades (each of which serves as a receptacle for one or more other tombs), with a wide flight of steps on each side; the central building is also square, and contains one large circular hall, highly decorated with mosaic work of gold and enamel, with smaller apartments at the angles. In the centre of the hall is a white and perfectly simple marble sarcophagus, which marks the position of the emperor's remains; while in the smaller apartments similar sarcophagi denote the resting-places of members of the imperial family. The whole is

chance of doing even this successfully. Well, there we stood for two hours, collecting their arms; and I assure you, I thought every moment they would rush upon us. I said nothing, but smoked all the time, to show I was unconcerned; but at last, when it was all done, and all the arms collected, put in a cart, and started, Hodson turned to me and said, "We'll go now." Very slowly we mounted, formed up the troop, and cautiously departed, followed by the crowd. We rode along quietly. You will say, why did we not charge them? I merely say, we were one hundred men, and they were fully six thousand. I am not exaggerating; the official reports will show you it is all true. As we got about a mile off, Hodson turned to me and said, "Well, man, we've got them at last," and we both gave a sigh of relief. Never in my life, under the heaviest fire, have I been in such imminent danger. Everybody says it is the most dashing and daring thing that has been done for years (not on my part, for I merely obeyed orders, but on Hodson's, who planned and carried it out). Well, I must finish my story. We came up to the princes, now about five miles from where we had taken them, and close to Delhi. The increasing crowd pressed close on the horses of the sowars, and assumed every moment a more hostile appearance. "What shall we do with them?" said Hodson to me. "I think we had better shoot them here: we shall never get them in." We had identified them by means of a nephew of the king, whom we had with us, and who turned Queen's evidence. Besides, they acknowledged themselves to be the men. Their names were Mirza Mogul, the King's nephew, and head of the whole business; Mirza Kischard Sultanet, who was also one of the principal rebels, and had made himself notorious by murdering women and children; and Abou Bek, the nominal commander-in-chief and heir-apparent to the throne. This was the young fiend who had stripped our women in the open street, and, cutting off little children's arms and legs, poured their blood into their mothers' mouths. This is literally the case.' (This, however, though at first reported, was not on the trial of the emperor confirmed.) 'There was no time to be lost. We halted the troop, put five troopers across the road behind and in front. Hodson ordered the princes to strip and get again into the cart. He then shot them with his own hand. So ended the career of the chiefs of the revolt, and of the greatest villains that ever shamed humanity. Before they were shot Hodson addressed our men, explaining who they were and why they were to suffer death. The effect was marvellous. The Mussulmans seemed struck with a wholesome idea of retribution, and the Sikhs shouted with delight, while the mass moved off slowly and silently. The deed, however, cannot be justified. The princes should have been formally tried, condemned, and executed. Yet who can help admiring Hodson's dauntless daring? The people were afterwards excluded for awhile from the city.'" (See note on p. 275.) The KING was tried, and banished.

crowned with a noble dome, and the pediments of four handsome gateways. The terrace affords a fine view of the surrounding country, showing what it might have been had it been protected and cultivated.

Under a marble slab in the tomb of Humaioon lies the head of Dara, a brave and accomplished prince, eldest son of the Emperor Shah Jehan, and brother of Aurungzebe; whom the latter, having him in his power, put to death, as already stated,* in 1659 (as he afterwards did his remaining brothers, Murad and Shuja), so securing to himself the throne. Alas! by what miserable crimes has the sceptre of Delhi again and again been won!

Near the tomb of Humaioon is that of Nizam-ood-Deen, a saint whose name is greatly venerated, and whose mausoleum is an object of pilgrimage from all parts of India. Though a *small* tomb, it is yet a perfect gem, a most beautiful miniature of art; built entirely of white marble, standing in a circular court of white marble. Within, it presents a cluster of shrines, the principal of which—the saint's—is surrounded by a screen of lattice work like lace in its fretted delicacy (which has nevertheless remained for centuries uninjured), with four small doors admitting to the sarcophagus, which doors, with the pillars and arches, are adorned with the most delicate representations of birds, flowers, etc., while the covering of the canopy—which is of large slabs of white marble—is richly and elaborately enamelled and gilded. A desk for the Koran stands at the head, and a staff of readers paid by the Imperial Family is maintained, who also educate the young in the knowledge of that book.† There are several square lattice-work enclosures, containing tombs of members of the Imperial

* *Vide* p. 282.

† "Every handsome mausoleum among the Mahommedans was provided with its mosque, and endowed by the founder with the means of maintaining men of learning, to read their Koran over the grave of the deceased, and in his chapel; and as long as the endowment lasted, the tomb continued to be at the same time a college. They read the Koran morning and evening, over the grave; and prayers in the chapel at stated periods; and the rest of their time is commonly devoted to the instruction of the youths of their neighbourhood, either gratis or for a small consideration. Apartments in the tomb were usually set aside for the purpose; and these tombs did ten times more for education in Hindostan than all the colleges formed especially for the purpose."—*Sleeman.*

Family, to which, however, little respect is paid, though that of the saint is so much revered. Close at hand is the well of Nizam-ood-Deen, an immense, deep, shadowy reservoir, into which a number of men and boys are seen leaping from the dome—a height of fifty feet—whence it is said they sometimes do not emerge till the waters have resumed their stillness, when they rise, as it were, from the abyss. By the side of the tomb of Nizam-ood-Deen is that of the poet Khusroo, favourite of the Emperor Togluck, "whom Togluck himself visited for the sake of his 'Majerum and Leila,'" * and whose songs, composed five hundred years ago, are still loved and sung by the millions. It is a singular structure of sixty-four pillars of white marble in groups of four each, supporting a flat roof of the same material, the whole surmounted by a delicate polished fretwork. We might well envy Khusroo his fame, and the tomb in which he reposes. "Let who will make the laws of a people, if I may but make their songs." Near this also is the tomb of the Princess Jehanhira, the amiable daughter of Shah Jehan (who shared the captivity of her father when imprisoned by his son Aurungzebe, and remained with him till his death), and the favourite sister of poor Dara. It stands within a high and beautiful marble railing, but is itself a simple oblong slab of white marble, hollow at the top, *filled with earth covered with green grass*, and *open to the sky*: at the head is a marble screen bearing the inscription (the first two sentences of which are understood to have been written by herself):—

> "Let no rich canopy cover my grave. This grass is the best covering for the tombs of the poor in spirit. The humble, the transitory. Jehanhira; the disciple of the holy men of Chist,† the daughter of the Emperor Shah Jehan." ‡

(How simple! how beautiful! how surprising! The epitaph is like a star, shining out suddenly from the midnight heavens, while all around is darkness!) And yet we understand that Jehanhira was the unhappy relation of Prince Mirza

* Sir Edwin Arnold.

† Probably meant for CHRIST, as it seems not unlikely that Jehanhira was acquainted with Christianity through the Mission at Agra (see p. 332).

‡ Hunter states that she died, unmarried, at the age of sixty-seven. He adds, the magnificent mosque of Agra is the public memorial of the lady who lies in that modest grass-covered grave.

Jehangeer, who was banished to Allahabad,* *drank himself to death with Cherry Brandy*, and lies in a beautiful tomb hard by.

On each side in the same enclosure is the tomb of another member of the Imperial Family. Another enclosure contains the princely tomb of Muhammed Shah, who reigned when Nadir entered Delhi. The tomb of the Emperor Altamsh —the oldest tomb known, and one of the richest examples of Hindoo art applied to Mahommedan purposes †—that of Mouzzin, the most learned, most pious, and most amiable of the crowned descendants of Akbar, and some others, were built (like that of Jehanhira) without cupolas, directions having, it is stated, been left by the occupants that *nothing should intervene between heaven and themselves to intercept their flight in the day of resurrection.* The tomb of Kootub-ood-deen, a Moslem saint; of Imam Mushudee; of Soudja Daolet, of Munsoor Alee Khan (said to be built after the model of the Taj at Agra); and of Zutchi Junge, the founder of the Lucknow dynasty (which alone covers more ground than St. Paul's Cathedral in London, and of which any country might be proud), may also be mentioned as well worthy attention; together with the very beautiful Mosque Zeemut-Ali-Musjid, and the Arab Serai.

Amid all these remains of mosques, tombs, palaces, forts, and serais, there rises, in inexpressible majesty and beauty, at twelve miles by direct road from New Delhi, the KOOTUB MINAR, that famous structure erected more than 600 years since,‡ which, if not the loftiest, is certainly THE MOST BEAUTIFUL TOWER IN THE WORLD,§ and at once stamps itself on the mind and memory as an object never to be forgotten.

* See page 182.

† "A yet more beautiful example is that of Ala-ud-din Khilji, dated 1310. This marks the culminating point of the Pathan style in Delhi. Nothing so complete had been done before; nothing so ornate was attempted by them afterwards."—*Fergusson.*

‡ The exact date seems to be unknown; indeed, it would appear that *the lower part* is of very ancient and possibly of remote design.

§ "The single majesty of this Meenar," says Colonel Sleeman, "so grandly conceived, so beautifully proportioned, so chastely embellished, and so exquisitely finished, fills the mind of the spectator with emotions of wonder and delight: he feels that it is among the towers of the earth what the 'Taj is among the tombs—something unique of its kind, that must ever stand alone in his recollections.' . . . There is no other Hindoo building in India at all like, or of the same kind, as this."

It is a tower of five stories, the lower three of red granite, the upper two of snow-white marble; is 242 feet high, 106 feet in circumference, and 60 feet in diameter at the base; is fluted to the third story inclusive, in circular and angula divisions (the fluting varying in each compartment); and is carved in the most exquisite manner, and richly embellished with bands of Arabic inscriptions from the Koran, a foot broad in relief. Four balconies, surrounded with battlements of finely-cut stonework, are seen from without; and access to them is obtained by a spiral staircase within; while the view afforded to those who climb the galleries is impressive in the extreme, standing, as the pillar does, on the gentle slope of a hill overlooking the surrounding plain and the Jumna. There is one little objection to going up; tigers, hyænas, and other such creatures are said sometimes to hide there, while innumerable bats fill the upper stories. Still, we venture. And the ravages of the sword and of time are here indeed plainly seen—cities, which once were filled with multitudes of inhabitants, converted into a silent waste; palaces ruined and deserted; temples without a single worshipper, and around which the broken images of their idol deities lie buried in the dust; tombs erected to perpetuate the memories of their founders, which are themselves falling to decay; serais which are no longer capable of affording shelter to the wayworn traveller.

Here, again, we have romance. The *traditional* founder of the Kootub, Kootub-ud-Deen (whom we have already met with at Paneeput), was originally a slave,—rose to be a general,* became the first of the Pathan (or Afghan) sovereigns, subdued Delhi, and, it is said, erected this pillar to commemorate his victories.† The Sultan Altamsh—also originally a slave—became in like manner a great general, married a daughter

* It is said that Kootub killed the Rajah of Benares in battle, and that the body of that prince was only recognised among the multitude of the slain *by the false teeth he had worn, which were kept in place with gold wedges and wires.*

† There is, however, a Hindoo legend that a Rajpoot chief erected it, to enable his daughter, who was accustomed to go daily to the Jumna to worship, but was in some danger of being carried off while so doing, to see the river by ascending the tower, and so to pay to it her devotions. There may possibly be some foundation for this, as it is thought that the tower part was probably of Hindoo architecture. Later inquiries assign to it an *Assyrian* origin!

of Kootub-ud-Deen, succeeded to the throne of Delhi, and, as we have seen, lies buried near the Tower of Victory, which proudly asserts the supremacy of Mahommedanism over Hindooism, some of whose very ancient temples lie immediately beneath it. There, too, is seen part of an unfinished but superb mosque,* founded by Altmush, consisting of three magnificent arches, and other remains, some of which are most richly and elaborately carved. Here also is a noble dome—that of a college established by Akbar.

In the forecourt of the mosque stands another of those remarkable columns, one of which we met with at Allahabad, a pillar of pure wrought iron, twenty-two feet in height, very notable in itself as the production of an age so remote,† and continuing after so many centuries *unrusted* and uninjured,

* "The history of this mosque, as told in its construction, is as curious as anything about it. It seems that the Afghan conquerors had a tolerably distinct idea that pointed arches were the true form for architectural openings; but, being without science sufficient to construct them, they left the Hindoo architects and builders whom they employed to follow their own devices as to the mode of carrying out that form. The Hindoos, up to this time, had never built arches,—nor, indeed, did they for centuries after. Accordingly they proceeded to make the pointed openings on the same principle upon which they built their domes. They carried them up in horizontal courses as far as they could, and then closed them by long slabs meeting at the top. . . . The same architects were employed by their masters to ornament the faces of these arches; and this they did by copying and repeating the ornaments on the pillars and friezes on the opposite sides of the court, covering the whole with a lace-work of intricate and delicate carving, such as no other mosque except that at Ajmere ever received before or since; and which—though perhaps in a great measure thrown away when used on such a scale—is, without exception, the most exquisite specimen of its class known to exist anywhere! The stone being particularly hard and good, the carving retains its freshness to the present day, and is only destroyed above the arches, where the faulty Hindoo construction has superinduced premature decay.

* * * * * *

"These two mosques of Altmush at Delhi and Ajmere are probably unrivalled. Nothing in Cairo or in Persia is so exquisite in detail, and nothing in Spain or Syria can approach them for beauty of surface decoration. Besides this, they are unique. Nowhere else would it be possible to find Mahommedan largeness of conception with Hindoo delicacy of ornamentation carried out to the same extent, and in the same manner. If to this we add their historical value as *the first mosques erected in India*, and their ethnographic importance as bringing out the leading characteristics of the two races in so distinct and marked a manner, there are certainly no two buildings in India that better deserve the protecting care of Government."—*Fergusson.*

† "It has not yet been correctly ascertained what its age really is. . . . Taking A.D. 400 as a mean date—and it certainly is not far from the truth —it opens our eyes to an unsuspected state of affairs to find the Hindoos

save by violence. It bears a Sanscrit inscription recording the history of Rajah Dhara, who erected it A.D. 317, and "who obtained by his own arm an undivided sovereignty on earth for a long period"; and it also bears other inscriptions.

It is said that the aspect of the Kootub on a clear starlit night is exceedingly beautiful. It has then a weird, unearthly appearance, its white top shining out, as it seems, in the sky; while the shadows in the mass of buildings around it, and especially in the court of the great arches, add to its impressiveness.

But we have here in this vast waste, extending over forty-five square miles, a monument of oft-repeated spoliation and reckless cruelty which makes us ashamed of human nature, and which is especially calculated to give us a horror of aggressive warfare. These ruins show that it has no respect for the highest productions of genius, for the tenderest associations of inheritance and home, for the rights of industry, or for the common brotherhood of mankind; that all must perish before an insatiable ambition, which, after all, when a few generations have passed, leave but the empty shadow of a name!

But we return to Camp.

* * * * * *

WE ARE ORDERED TO MARCH TO MEERUT!

at that age capable of forging a bar of iron larger than any that have been forged even in Europe up to a very late date, and not frequently even now. As we find them, however, a few centuries afterwards, using bars as long as this bât in roofing the porch of the temple at Kanaruc, we must now believe that they were much more familiar with the use of this metal than they afterwards became. It is almost equally startling to find that, after an exposure to wind and rain for fourteen centuries, it is unrusted, and the capital and inscription are as clear and as sharp now as when put up fourteen centuries ago.

"As the inscription informs us, the pillar was dedicated to Vishnu; there is little doubt that it originally supported a figure of Garuda on the summit, which the Mahommedans of course removed; but the real object of its erection was as a pillar of victory to record the 'defeat of the Balinkas, near the seven mouths of the Sindhu,' or Indus. It is, to say the least of it, a curious coincidence, that eight centuries afterwards men from that same Bactrian country should have erected a Jaya Stambha ten times as tall as this one, in the same courtyard, to celebrate their victory over the descendants of those Hindoos who so long before had expelled their ancestors from the country. 'To my mind,' says Mr. V. Balls, 'the most wonderful sight there is the great iron pillar of the Kuttub.'"—*Fergusson.*

CHAPTER XII.

MEERUT.

TO MEERUT! The country between Delhi and Meerut is rich and well cultivated, but the people appear to be generally poor, owing to the prevailing system of land tenure, whereby (it would seem) the proprietors take about a third of the gross produce for themselves, and the Government two-ninths, leaving only four-ninths for the cultivator. Of old it appears to have abounded with groves; now, not a grove or an avenue is to be seen anywhere, and but a few fine isolated trees. "I asked the people of the cause," says Sleeman, "and was told by the old men of the village that they remembered well when the Sikh chiefs who now bask under the sunshine of our protection used to come over in bodies of ten or twelve thousand horse each, and plunder and lay waste with fire and sword, at every returning harvest, the fine country which I now saw covered with rich sheets of cultivation, and which they had rendered a desolate waste."

As it was but thirty miles from Delhi to Meerut, we soon reached it.

MEERUT, which is situated in the centre of the Doab (between the Ganges and the Jumna) is a very ancient place, dating as far back as the time of the Buddhist Emperor Asoka* (250 years B.C.). In A.D. 1193 it was taken by Kootub-ud-Deen, the builder of the Kootub-Minar at Delhi. It was a fortified town when Tamerlane invaded India, and after he had subdued Delhi came hither (1399 A.D.). That cruel tyrant was told that the people had determined to

* Here formerly stood one of those metal pillars erected by King Asoka, which it is said was removed hence to Delhi by the Emperor Feroze Shah.

defend themselves, saying that Turmachurn Khan, who invaded India at the head of a similar body of Tartars a century before, had been unable to take the place; which so incensed him that he resolved himself to do so, and, having succeeded, skinned alive the Hindoo men found in it, and distributed their wives and children as slaves among his soldiers. Meerut was regarded as a depopulated and ruined town in 1805, about which time it was selected as a site for a great military station required near Delhi (the centre of Mahommedan power in India), yet not in its immediate neighbourhood, as we were under treaty not to have European troops *there*. The military establishment consists of a major-general commanding the division, a brigadier commanding the station, one or two regiments of European cavalry, and one or two of European infantry, some artillery (horse and foot), and a large body of native soldiers.* The Station is the largest, healthiest, and most social, and by consequence is considered the most agreeable Station on the Bengal side of India.† The

* It will be remembered that it was at Meerut that, after various symptoms of disaffection at Barrackpore, Umballa, Lucknow, and elsewhere, the spirit of rebellion broke into a desolating flame on May 10th, 1857. The troopers of the 3rd Native Cavalry, some men of which corps had the previous day been sentenced to imprisonment for insubordination, rose in mutiny, burst open the gaol, set free their comrades, shot down their officers when they came forth to see the cause of the uproar, and, joined by the Sepoys and all the rabble and scum of the populace, murdered every European they could lay hands on, set fire to the barracks and bungalows, and, after spreading destruction far and wide, were allowed, by lamentable incompetence on the part of the aged and feeble-minded officer in command of the Station, to proceed to Delhi, to stir up there the smouldering fires of Mahommedan hatred and rebellion, and aid the conspiracy already hatched there under the discrowned Mogul emperor. To this lamentable incompetence, *and our general want of preparedness*, all our subsequent calamities may be traced. The news of the outbreak was telegraphed to Delhi, and nothing more was done that night. The mutinous Sepoys reached Delhi. The next morning the Mahommedans of Delhi rose, and the Great Rebellion was in full swing.

† "The author of "Four Years' Service in India," who followed our steps in 1846, found even Meerut, however, hard to bear *for the multitude of insects*. "When the hot season set in, we were tormented to death (as it were) with bugs: they were in our cots by thousands. Very seldom could we sleep upon our cots at night. We would take our bed, and lay it upon the ground in the open air. This was the only way we could get a bit of rest." He adds, with apparently great exasperation:—

"When the day approached, the heat would be so excessive, that no one dared venture out for fear of being struck by the sun. We had several killed by it, and in the barracks we were so hot that it was complete torture to be there. The sweat would come through everything we had

barracks—which are a series of long thatched buildings, with verandahs—and the white bungalows of the officers, stand on a wide plain, four or five miles in extent, one of the principal features of which is a noble Church, with a lofty and handsome spire. The cemetery—for, alas! everywhere in India the graveyard is close at hand—is a large one. Here lie the remains of General Gillespie,* distinguished by a lofty pillar, which bears a brief record of his deeds. It was Gillespie who suppressed the Mutiny at Vellore, which, originating in the rashness of certain martinets who interfered unnecessarily with the habits of the sepoys, threatened to shake to its very basis our Indian dominion. It was he who battled with the Dutch at Java (when died the memorable JOHN LEYDEN,—

> "A distant and a deadly shore
> Has Leyden's cold remains"),—

and, after fighting his way into the heart of Nepaul, fell in the assault of Kalunga.†

Let us pause to drop a tear on this tomb. What thousands

upon us; in fact, we could have nothing on but a thin pair of drawers, with no shirt; and the millions of fleas that would be continually tormenting us would be sufficient to drive men mad. When getting our victuals our plates were black all over with the flies. We were obliged to eat with one hand and buffet them away with the other. I have often heard our men curse their God; and they would get as much money as they could, and then go and get so drunk they could not speak. They would often say that was the only way they could have peace: but I could not see any pleasure in such a way. I have seen men die in this state, and others drown themselves or shoot themselves, whilst a number lose their senses and die raving mad."

This is very dreadful, and far beyond our own experience or observation, which, after all, has shown life in India to be *tolerable*, though *trying, to the sober man.* DRINK IS THE SOLDIERS' CURSE.

* "I do not know that a greater compliment has ever been paid to the British character," says Mr. Knighton, "than was paid by the Ghoorkas of Nepaul when we were fighting against them at Kalunga. They showed their perfect trust in British honour by soliciting and obtaining medical aid for their wounded, even when the batteries were playing on both sides. One poor fellow whose jaw had been shattered by a shell came into the British lines, waving his hands as a signal that he had something to say. He was received kindly, and it soon appeared that he gave himself up to his enemies, knowing that they would give him medical assistance in his great need; and he was not deceived. *It was by moral victories of this kind that the Indian Empire was won, rather than by force of arms.*"

† "A famous regimental pet in days gone by was 'Black Bob,' a horse which belonged to the 8th King's Royal Irish Light Dragoons—now Hussars. Black Bob was foaled at the Cape, and he became the favourite charger of Rollo Gillespie, Colonel of the 'Royal Irish.' The heroic Gillespie fell at Kalunga (1814), and after that affair Black Bob was put up for auction,

of the brave have fallen in laying the foundation of our glorious Empire! Yet, though they have fallen, they live.

"They fell devoted, but undying;
The very gales their names seem sighing;
The waters murmur of their name;
The woods are peopled with their fame;
The silent pillar, lone and grey,
Claims kindred with their sacred clay;
Their spirits wrap the dusty mountain,
Their memory sparkles o'er the fountain;
The meanest rill, the mightiest river,
Rolls, mingled with their fame, for ever."

It would appear, however, that Meerut is occasionally subject to the same violent storms that visit Cawnpore. Mrs. Sherwood, whose husband was stationed here, says: "I first observed the appearance of a heavy squall rising in the north-west, and being acquainted with its portents I ran to the house, and saw that every window, door, and shutter was closed. This being done, I held the principal door in my hand to admit some air; but prepared to close it should the wind come on with fury. The appearance of the approaching

'with his saddle and housings still spotted with the blood of his gallant master.' Gillespie was greatly beloved by the Royal Irish, and they determined not to let his charger go out of the regiment. The upset price was three hundred guineas, and an officer of the 25th Light Dragoons bid four hundred guineas; but the Irish troopers subscribed five hundred guineas amongst themselves, and so Black Bob became their property. Black Bob always marched at the head of the regiment, and could distinguish the trumpets of the 8th from those of any other corps. It is said that he was particularly partial to the air 'Garryowen,' always pricking his ears when the band struck up the national tune. At length, when the 8th were ordered home, circumstances rendered it imperative that their 'pet' should be sold, and Black Bob was bought by a civilian at Cawnpore, to whom the Irish troopers returned half the purchase-money on his solemnly undertaking that the old horse should pass the remainder of his days in comfort. But poor Bob had only been three days in his new quarters when he heard the trumpets of the 8th as the regiment marched off at daybreak to embark for Calcutta. At the well-known sound the old horse became frantic, and made every effort to escape from his stable; until, worn out with his exertions and well-nigh strangled, he sank down exhausted. As days passed by, and Bob saw no more the familiar uniforms and heard no more the trumpets nor the voices of his old comrades, he began to pine away, refusing his corn and any other food that was offered him; so his owner had him turned out into a paddock. But the moment he was free, Black Bob jumped the bamboo fence, and galloped off to the cantonments of the European cavalry. Making for the parade-ground, the old horse trotted up whinnying to the saluting point, and on the spot where he had so often taken post with Rollo Gillespie on his back, watching the squadrons of the Royal Irish defile past, Black Bob fell down and died."—*Art Journal.*

storm some minutes before it reached us was that of a dense wall rising from the plain to the mid-heavens, advancing steadily forward, whilst the light of day fled before it, and the breath of every living thing was affected with a sense of suffocation. Its march was silent, and every one experienced a solemn awe as he felt its approach. Presently the whole air became like to one immense cloud of dust, but without wind of any consequence. Whilst I still held the door, it suddenly became dark: I never saw a night so dark; it was so deep a darkness that even the situations of the windows could not be seen. When the door was closed we could not tell its position. In about a minute the light again appeared; but its appearance through the floating sand was like that of an intense flame, a lurid and fearful glare. One would have thought that the whole surrounding country was in flames. After this awful scene we can well understand the stories of whole armies being buried in clouds of sand in the desert; for the sand storm which came over us had come from a great distance, and had of course lost much of its denseness in every yard of cultivated country which it had passed over, where it could gather nothing, but only lost in matter; and if it could occasion such total darkness when we saw it, what must it have been in its fulness? There was not an article in the house which was not covered with some inches of sand when the storm was past."

It is said that in bright weather the Landour range of the Himalaya may be seen from Meerut.

A weekly newspaper, the *Meerut Observer*, the first newspaper published in the Upper Provinces, was established here in 1832;* and more recently, the *Meerut Universal Magazine*, commonly called "M.U.M." from its initials, though not at

* An amusing narrative of the starting of an English newspaper at Meerut—which we doubt not was the *Meerut Observer*—is given in *Household Words*, vii., 94-96. The trouble experienced in getting presses and type, and conveying these to their destination, together with that given by the native compositors, is vividly portrayed. It is stated in vol. xvii., p. 113, that several members of each branch of the service were on the staff of the paper. An account, too, is given of a newspaper in the Oordoo language, published surreptitiously by the Brahmin head pressman, who had access to all the sources of intelligence in the office, and took advantage of them for his own benefit and the depreciation of our countrymen and government. For a whole year and a half this newspaper—the *Jam-i-Jumsheed*—was carried on, until at length a discovery was made which led to its abrupt extinction.

all *mum* in its character. The publication of these periodicals, together with that of the *Delhi Gazette* (which we have already mentioned), and the *Mofussil Akbar* (of which we may have something to say hereafter), is considered by Dr. Spry, the author of "Modern India," to be "a circumstance of no trivial import. It forms," says he, "the commencement of a new but proud era in the annals of British literature in the East; and is the germ whence will spring a mighty plant, either of good or evil, according to the hand that shall cultivate and train its early shoots." We rejoice that in the North-Western Provinces of India, the Fourth Estate of the Realm is at all events not unrepresented.

There is a theatre in Meerut,* erected a few years ago by subscription. The performances are fortnightly, and the actors (all amateur) chiefly officers of the army; the scene painters, scene shifters, and other subordinates being soldiers of the various European corps at the station who have had something to do with theatricals at home (as was the case at Hazareebaugh). Some odd incidents, as may be expected, occur occasionally, especially when female characters have to be taken by individuals of the sterner sex; a Juliet, for instance, by some tall scion of the cavalry. There are also other strange occurrences. Some short time since one of the sons of the Emperor of Delhi came to Meerut on a visit to a rajah who lives here. "His tents," says Colonel Sleeman, who relates the story, "were pitched upon the plain, not far from the theatre: he arrived in the evening; and there happened to be a play that night. Several times during the night he got a message from the prince to say that the ground near his tents was haunted by all manner of devils. The rajah sent to assure him that this could not possibly be the case. At last a man came about midnight to say that the prince could stand it no longer, and had given orders to prepare for his immediate return to Delhi, for the devils were increasing so rapidly that they must all be inevitably devoured before daybreak if they remained. The rajah now went to the prince's camp, where he found him and his followers in a state

*Alas! it was in this theatre that on May 11th, 1857, "the bodies of the murdered men, women, and children were gathered up and laid out before burial; "*there*, where a mimic tragedy would have been presented that very evening, but for the real tragedies of the past night."

of utter consternation, looking towards the theatre. The last carriages were leaving the theatre, and these silly people had taken them all for devils."

The native town consists chiefly of little shops, like those of many other Indian towns. Near the gate is the ruined tomb of a saint, the dome of which has been raised only two feet and then left, so that the sunshine and dews of heaven may fall on the marble sarcophagus (as in the case of the Princess Jehanhira, at Delhi). Several graves of the saint's disciples (as we may suppose them) surround the tomb. There is another fine tomb near the prison.

About a mile from the city is a large, deep, oblong reservoir—the Suraj-Kand, erected by the Jat chief of Deeg, in obedience to the mandate of a Hindoo saint, who more than three hundred years since buried himself (as those that believe themselves incurably diseased frequently do), and whose spirit is said to have appeared to that chieftain. The "tank" (as it is called) is regularly visited by a large number of native amateur vocalists, who assemble on its banks every Sunday afternoon in honour of the saint, and sing to the people—Hindoo and Moslem *—who gather to hear them. In the same neighbourhood is the tomb of a Mahommedan saint, the friend of the former, and *it is said* that the pair used to ride out together on two enormous tigers that came to them every morning at an appointed hour from the distant jungle. At this tomb a party of professional singers and dancers assemble in like manner every Thursday afternoon, and sing, play, and dance to the people who come to seek the prayers of the saint on their behalf. Yet another tomb is to be found there, at which professional singers and dancers assemble every Friday for the same purpose. Any sums given by the multitude on these occasions are distributed among the poor. (*Troops of monkeys frequent such localities, and subsist on the offerings of the devout.*) The ground around these tombs of the saints is becoming crowded with the graves of the Mahommedan poor who desire to be buried near them.

* "I was surprised at beholding a Hindoo sircar salaaming to the tomb of a Mussulman saint. Mentioning my surprise to him, he said, 'Oh, Sahib, it is good to keep friends with him, for he was a terrible rascal when alive, and we do not know what he may do yet.'"—*Statham's Indian Recollections.*

Missions were commenced at Meerut about 1814 by the Rev. Mr. Bowley, of the Church Missionary Society, who, however, was afterwards removed to Agra. In the absence, as it would seem, of any clergyman, Captain and Mrs. Sherwood, whom we have already had occasion to mention, did "what they could" (Mark xiv. 8). They had a school and chapel in their own garden; no Church had then been erected. "At home or abroad—amongst the native population, their own poor soldiers, or the magnates of the land,* they never lost sight of that great object which lay so near their heart—the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom." The Sherwoods left India for England in 1815; this was their last station in the East. They were succeeded by a native teacher, in whose charge the little Christian community remained till the Rev. H. Fisher, being appointed Chaplain of Meerut, took it under his superintendence, or, rather, assisted in its oversight.

By-and-by an event occurred which we must not pass over in silence.

Many Hindoo and Mahommedan inquirers habitually visited Mr. Fisher. Among these came a Brahmin sepoy, Prabhu Din, who had been stationed in the Mauritius, had long been weary of idolatry, and desired instruction in the Christian religion, but had had no opportunity of obtaining it until the return of his regiment to Bengal. Soon after, the corps was ordered to Meerut. Immediately on his arrival here he inquired for the chaplain, requested and underwent a course of instruction, and eventually announced his intention to become a Christian; and notwithstanding the remonstrances and dissuasions of his fellow-soldiers, who, moreover, assured him that he would be dismissed from the Army, and thus lose all his living if he did so, maintained his resolution. His comrades then tried to bribe him with a promise of a regular money allowance for life; but he refused, saying that Jesus Christ would provide much better for him, and that for ever. And now they raised scandalous charges,

* "Mrs. Sherwood, finding on one occasion that she, with a few other English ladies, would be permitted an interview with a native princess, the Begum Somoor (Sumroo), had a Persian Gospel, splendidly bound and decorated, to present, taking care to place it herself in the hands of the royal lady, who received the gift most graciously" (see p. 319).

which necessitated a Regimental Court of Inquiry, but he was fully and honourably acquitted. At length he requested to be baptised, and was baptised accordingly by the chaplain (October 10th, 1819). Hereon his fellow-soldiers ceased to trouble him ; but their *rôle* was assumed, as had been foretold, by the Government. A Special Court of Inquiry was ordered to investigate the circumstances attending his conversion.

The commanding officer, on being questioned, stated that he did not know of any improprieties in Prabhu Din's conduct since his baptism, which, however, his comrades regretted, as he was a man of very high caste and much respected in the corps. The issue of all was that Prabhu Din, though a particularly smart, active, and intelligent soldier, and shown to be a man of exemplary conduct, was placed on the Pension List (for such pension, it may be assumed, as he was entitled to by length of service), and was not afterwards allowed to rejoin his regiment, though he repeatedly expressed his wish to do so. Sir Edward Paget, indeed, the Commander-in-Chief, authorised an offer to be made him of a higher appointment in some other corps, but Prabhu Din respectfully declined it, saying, "I have done nothing that should involve dismissal from my own corps, in which I am now a degraded man. Send me back to my regiment, and I shall have the disgrace washed out; and I will thankfully go back." But this was not allowed. Thus not only was a man punished for embracing our faith, but a check was placed on what might have become a great movement towards Christianity, and a barrier raised against any further advance. The regiment, which in course of time left this station, some years after passed through Meerut, when the non-commissioned officers and some men of his company came to see their old comrade, and treated him with kindness and cordiality ; and several expressly told him they were heartily disposed to embrace his Religion, but could not encounter the punishment he had suffered.

In 1825, however, Bishop Heber, coming to Meerut to consecrate the church, confirmed therein 255 persons, between forty and fifty of whom were natives converted "from Hindoo idolatries and Mahommedan infidelity." In 1832 Mr. Fisher was appointed Presidency Chaplain at Calcutta, and the native church was again left under native charge, in which it

still remains.* In 1836 Bishop Wilson visited the station, and on that occasion "seventy natives were baptised and confirmed."

My Poem—"THE SOLDIER"—had now been some time published, and had brought me a not inconsiderable profit. I determined to leave the Army, and to seek employment on the staff of one of the Newspapers (to which I had sent several contributions), or in some other suitable and available sphere. I accordingly sent in an application for the purchase of my discharge.

On March 5th (1843) the great COMET of that year †—one of the largest and most brilliant ever observed, as a portion of the tail, which extended many degrees across the heavens (as well as the nucleus), was visible in full day—made its *début* at Meerut. It excited no little commotion among some folks, who thought that the world was about to be turned upside down, or that a new empire was about to be established in Hindostan, and our own, as a matter of course, demolished; or that a fresh war was about to break out; or that a famine was about to desolate the land; or that something or other was going to happen of which they could form no conception at all. However, the stranger had so pleasant a countenance, and kept himself so quiet, that after a few days the fears of the most superstitious were dissipated; and saying to themselves, "A cat may look at a king," they stared him out of countenance, so that, after a short stay of ten days, the illustrious visitor took himself off.

It is surprising, by the way, that the appearance of a comet, which Sir G. F. W. Herschell calls "one of the most imposing of all natural phenomena," should have so seldom awakened the enthusiasm, or even attracted the notice of our poets.

* We learn that in 1847 the Rev. R. M. Lamb arrived at Meerut, and took charge of the Mission, as the first European missionary appointed thereto. We hear nothing more of the native Church (but may suppose that it went on quietly growing) until after the Mutiny, during which it was of course disorganised. When order and quiet were restored the veteran Hoerule, of Agra, took charge of the Mission, and it seems since then to have been doing exceedingly well. It has become important as the great missionary centre of the district, which contains a population of one million (the city itself boasting of some eighty thousand inhabitants), besides being in the immediate neighbourhood of Hurdwar and Gurhmaktesur, places which are each attended by half a million pilgrims annually from all parts of India.

† It seems to have been not unlike the Great Comet of 1811.

Even Shakespeare but very occasionally refers to these bodies, and has not more, indeed, than about half a dozen allusions to them. He reminds us (in Julius Cæsar) that,

"When beggars die there are no *comets* seen";

adding,

"The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes."

In Henry VI. Bedford cries:

"Hung be the heavens with black, yield day to night!
Comets, importing change of times and states,
Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky;
And with them scourge the bad revolting stars,
That have consented unto Henry's death!"

while Charles of Orleans exclaims,

"Now shine it like a *comet* of revenge,
A prophet to the fall of all our foes!"

King Henry IV. observes,

"——— being seldom seen I could not stir,
But, like a *comet*, I was wonder'd at."

Marina says (in Pericles),

"I am a maid,
My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,
But have been gaz'd on, *comet*-like."

And in the *Taming of the Shrew*, Petruchio asks,

"— wherefore gaze this goodly company
As if they saw some wondrous monument,
Some *comet* or unusual prodigy?"

Young, in his "Night Thoughts," cries,

"Hast thou ne'er seen the comet's flaming flight?
Th' illustrious stranger passing terror sheds
On gazing nations; from his fiery train
Of length enormous takes his ample round
Through depths of ether; coasts unnumber'd worlds,
Of more than solar glory; doubles wide
Heaven's mighty cape; and then revisits earth,
From the long travel of a thousand years."

Hogg, in an address to the Comet of 1811, exclaims,

"O! on thy rapid prow to glide!
To sail the boundless skies with thee,
And plough the twinkling stars aside,
Like foam-bells on a tranquil sea!
To brush the embers from the sun,
The icicles from off the pole,
Then far to other systems run,
Where other moons and planets roll!"

Oliver Wendell Holmes has a humorous poem about "The Comet," beginning,

"The COMET! He is on his way,
And singing as he flies;
The whizzing planets shrink before
The spectre of the skies.
Ah! well may regal orbs turn blue,
And satellites turn pale,
Ten million cubic miles of head,
Ten billion leagues of tail!"

And Beranger has a pathetic song, also addressed to "THE COMET," ending,

"Now I am grey with years, and beauties frown,
My songs are mute, my heart is dull and cold;
Comet implacable, then speed thee down,
And end the matter—for the world is old."

And there ends my capability of citation.

Stop! I am mistaken. The *Calcutta Literary Gleaner* gives us a poetical composition of three octavo pages, beginning,

"Majestic wand'rer of the pathless sky!
Thou glorious banner of th' Almighty's war!
* * * * * *
Whence is thy mighty march? Is thy lone track
That all illimitable ocean far,
The shoreless sea of Time and Ether back;
When dawn'd creation, and the kingly star
Round which thou rollest as a flaming guard,
Keeping with thy compeers wide watch and ward? *
* * * * * *
Angel of Light or Death! what is thy name?
Avenger or Ambassador?"

And so on.

Towards the end of March the star *Eta*, of Argo (an ordinary star of the second magnitude), appeared as a brilliant star of the first order, and might be seen blazing with a lustre equal to that of Canopus, or rather of Arcturus,

* Since my return to England I have seen the *Illustrated London News*, of March 25th, 1843, in which the Comet is figured and described, and in which appears also a "Hymn" to that visitor wherein these lines occur:—

"Art thou some watch-angel on his rounds
To see if drowsy guards
Neglect the camp of Heav'n,
And leave an outpost for the Fiend to pass
As once of old he did?"

which it resembled in colour and brightness. An observer writes: "It is not marked as a variable star, and I cannot discover any trace of its being double. It is, at all events, a strange and interesting sight. To those who have telescopes I may add that, not far from it, to the east, appearing to the naked eye as a nebula, is one of the most glorious clusters in the heavens."

While at Meerut I had the curiosity to visit the neighbouring state of Sardanah, formerly governed by the Begum Sombre (pronounced *Sumroo*), whose palace at Delhi we have already noticed,* and who had risen from a nautch girl to be a princess. It has been said of the Begum that "no woman has attained so much celebrity in the modern history of Hindostan," and Shah Alum gave her the flattering title of "THE ORNAMENT OF HER SEX."

The Begum, who, after a long and romantic career†—not

* P. 285.

† The history of this lady is indeed a most extraordinary one. She was by birth a Squadanee, a lineal descendant of the prophet Mahommed. When very young she had married Walter Reynaud, a native of Salzburg, who had previously wedded a Moslem woman, by whom he had a son, Zuffer Yab Khan,[1] who bears a subsequent part in our story. Reynaud had been a private in the French army, where he obtained the *sobriquet* of "Sombre" from his gloomy countenance and temper; had come to India, entered the service of the East India Company, risen to the rank of sergeant, gone over to Cossim Ali, Nabob of Bengal, and, while in the employment of the latter, had in 1763 assassinated his English prisoners of war; he had afterwards entered the service of the Vizier of Oude, and subsequently that of Rhemut Khan, chief of Rohilcund. In 1772 he raised two battalions of soldiers, which he afterwards increased to four: these were officered by low Europeans, and were let out to every Prince or Chief who would hire them. In some way he managed to possess himself of the little principality of Sardanah, which was about twenty miles in length and four in breadth. Sombre died at Agra in 1778, and as his son, Zuffer Yab Khan, was known to be of weak intellect, the Begum at the request of her little army, and with the consent of the Emperor, who installed her, took personal command of the battalions, now increased to six. She had several Generals next in command successively under her, including, as we have seen, the famous George Thomas, and at last a French gentleman named Le Vassoult took that office, whom by-and-by she secretly married, still using the name of Sombre. Eventually, in consequence of the misconduct of the subordinate European officers, the Begum determined on resigning her battalions to the Emperor (who undertook to pay Zuffer Yab Khan two thousand rupees a

[1] The daughter of Zuffer Yab Khan married a Colonel Dyce (for some time the manager of the Begum's affairs). His son took the name of Dyce Sombre, became the Begum's heir, and afterwards went to England, entered Parliament for the borough of Sudbury, married the daughter of Lord St. Vincent, and died in Paris in 1851.

unmarked, while she reigned, by Oriental cruelty—had embraced Christianity, was indeed a very generous and liberal-minded member of the Roman Catholic Church. She built a Roman Catholic church at Sardanah, after the model of St. Peter's at Rome; and on her decease, which occurred January 27th, 1835, she left three thousand pounds to the Propaganda Chapel at Agra for the purpose of forming a college for young men to serve on the Apostolic Mission of Thibet. *She also erected a Protestant Missionary Chapel for the Church of England in Meerut at a cost of ten thousand rupees*, and it is said built, in addition, at her own expense, both a Hindoo temple and a Mahommedan mosque!

Having arrived at Sardanah, I examined the church with some interest. It is a small but elegant building, having an altar beautifully adorned with mosaic work, and decked with

month for life), and to seek an asylum with her husband elsewhere; and it was arranged with the consent of our Government that they should reside at the French settlement of Chandernagore. Meanwhile, however, the forces at Sardanah had compelled Zuffer Yab Khan to declare himself their legitimate chief, and demanded that he should at once seize the Begum and Le Vassoult (whom they did not know to be her husband); these, when they heard of his approach, fled towards Anoopshehur, agreeing with each other that they would both die rather than be taken. On their way they found that the recreant forces were near them. Both attempted to do as they agreed, and Le Vassoult seeing his wife bleeding, and as he thought dying, killed himself; but the dagger the Begum had employed struck against one of the bones of her chest, and she had not the courage to repeat the blow. She was taken prisoner, and carried back to Sardanah. After a few days, however, she was released, restored to power, and an oath of allegiance to her throne given by her officers. The arrangement with the Emperor was cancelled at her request, and the command of the little army of Sardanah given to an officer named Saleur, who had taken no part in the mutiny. The Begum after a time entered into alliance with the British Government; and seems to have spent the remainder of her days in peace. "She had a good arsenal well stored, and a foundry for cannon, both within the walls of a small fortress, built near her dwelling at Sardanah. The whole cost her about four lacs of rupees a year; her civil establishments eighty thousand, her pensioners sixty, and her household establishments and expenses about the same. The revenues of Sardanah, and the other lands assigned at different times for the payment of this force, had been at no time more than sufficient to cover these expenses; but, under the protection of our government, they improved with the extension of tillage, and the improvements of the surrounding markets for produce; and she was enabled to give largely to the support of religious and charitable institutions, and to provide handsomely for the support of her family and pensioners after her death."[1]

The Begum did not always, however, bear the excellent character which Major Sleeman has given her. Bishop Heber, writing from Meerut in 1824, says, "She is a very little, queer-looking old woman, with brilliant but

[1] Sleeman.

six magnificent silver candlesticks, which, at the time of my visit, had just arrived from France, where they had been made to order. The Begum herself lies under a splendid tomb of marble, standing in one of the aisles, and enclosed by an iron palisading. An Italian priest is attached to the church; and a clerk, who acts as Latin master to a school in connection with it. Priest, clerk, and school are alike supported by a fund left by the Begum for that purpose.

Dyce Sombre's estate lies near the church. It is a large one. A little "oil of palm" induced the old man in charge to admit me to an inspection of the dwelling-house. This is very spacious, handsomely though scantily furnished, and decorated with a number of excellent paintings, among which are several of Dyce himself, which he has sent out from Italy, where he had them executed. The museum of the late general of the Begum's troops was also shown me: a pretty collection.

After having walked through several suites of apartments, I left the estate, and strolled through the town of Sardanah. Here, however, I saw nothing particularly noticeable, except one or two old natives * with rosaries and crosses round their necks, indicating their profession of the Roman Catholic faith. There were also some native boys, to whom I heard

wicked eyes, and the remains of beauty in her features. She is possessed of considerable talent, and readiness in conversation, but only speaks Hindostanee. Her soldiers and people, and the generality of the inhabitants of this neighbourhood, pay her much respect on account both of her supposed wisdom and her courage; she having during the Mahratta wars led, after her husband's death, his regiment very gallantly into action, herself riding at their head into a heavy fire of the enemy. She is, however, a sad tyranness, and, having the power of life and death within her own little territory, several stories are told of her cruelty, and the noses and ears which she orders to be cut off. One relation of this kind according to native reports, on which reliance, however, can rarely be placed, is very horrid. One of her dancing girls had offended her, how I have not heard. The Begum ordered the poor creature to be immured alive in a small vault prepared for the purpose, under the pavement of the saloon where the nâtch was then celebrating, and, being aware that her fate excited much sympathy and horror in the minds of the servants and soldiers of her palace, and apprehensive that they would open the tomb and rescue the victim as soon as her back was turned, she saw the vault bricked up before her own eyes, then ordered her bed to be placed directly over it, and lay there for several nights, till the last faint moans had ceased to be heard, and she was convinced that hunger and despair had done their work."

* Sleeman mentions the remarkable fact that "a good many of the Europeans that lie buried in the Sirdhana cemetery had lived above a hundred years."

the schoolmaster teaching Latin. I remember nothing more of Sardanah, save that I found it an awkward matter to get back thence to Meerut, as it was about twenty miles distant, and evening had set in before I set out, and there was not a glimpse of light in the heavens, and the road was dirty and rough. However, I arrived safely at my quarters.

A visitor to Meerut, going with a companion to call on a family in an outlying district, tells us of a strange encounter with monkeys. He says: "We overtook a tribe of large monkeys. I should say there were as many as four hundred; and each carried a stick of uniform length and shape. They moved along in ranks or companies, just, in short, as though they were imitating a wing of a regiment of infantry. At the head of this tribe was an old and very powerful monkey, who was, no doubt, the chief. It was a very odd sight, and I became greatly interested in the movements of the creatures. There could be no question that they had either some business or some pleasure on hand; and the fact of each carrying a stick led us to conclude that it was the former upon which they were bent. Their destination was, like ours, evidently Deobund, where there are some hundreds of monkeys fed by a number of Brahmins, who live near a Hindoo temple there, and perform religious ceremonies. This monkey regiment would not get out of the road on our account, nor disturb themselves in any way; and my friend was afraid to drive through their ranks or over any of them, for when assailed they are most ferocious brutes, and armed as they were, and in such numbers, they could have annihilated us with the greatest ease. There was no help for us, therefore, but to let the mare proceed at a walk in the rear of the tribe, the members of which, now that we were nearing Deobund, began to chatter frightfully. Just before we came to the bungalow, they left the road, and took the direction of the temple." The travellers learned from one of the servants of their host that "about every five years that tribe comes up the country to pay a visit to this place; and another tribe comes about the same time from the up-country—the hills. They meet in a jungle behind the old Hindoo temple, and there embrace each other as though they were human beings

and old friends who had been parted for a length of time. I have seen in that jungle as many as four or five thousand. The Brahmins say that one large tribe comes all the way from Ajmere, and another from the southern side of the country, and from Nepaul and Tirhoot. There were hundreds of monkeys here this morning, but now I do not see one. I suppose they have gone to welcome their friends." And so it proved, for the travellers went to see them. "There could not have been fewer than eight thousand, and some of them of enormous size. I could scarcely have believed that there were so many monkeys in the world, if I had not visited Benares, and heard of the tribes at Gibraltar. Their sticks, which were thrown together in a heap, formed a very large stack of wood. 'What is this?' my friend said to one of the Brahmins. 'It is a festival of theirs, sahib,' was the reply. 'Just as Hindoos, at stated times, go to Hurdwar, Hagipore, and other places, so do these monkeys come to this holy place.' 'And how long do they stay?' 'Two or three days; then they go away to their homes in different parts of the country; then, attend to their business for four or five years; then, come again, and do festival; and so on, sir, to the end of all time. You see that very tall monkey there, with the smaller ones on either side of him?' 'Yes.' 'Well, sir, that is a very old monkey. His age is more than twenty years, I think. I first saw him fifteen years ago. He was then full grown. His native place is Meerut. He lives with the Brahmins at the Soorj Khan, near Meerut. The smaller ones are his sons, sir. They have never been here before; and you see he is showing them all about the place, like a very good father.'"

CHAPTER XIII.

THE RIDE TO AGRA.

THE CITY OF AKBAR AND THE TAJ.

AND now, having received an offer of an appointment on the clerical staff of the Lieutenant-Governor of the North-Western Provinces at Agra, I was allowed to anticipate the arrival of my discharge from the Army, and to proceed to that city. Resolving to make it an equestrian journey, I bought myself a horse, and, taking leave of all my old comrades, and bidding farewell to all other friends, on May 14th set out on the road. My heart was filled with joy and with pleasurable anticipation.

I rode that day to Haupper, a distance of twenty-five miles. Soon after my arrival I found my horse lame, and was obliged to seek a veterinary surgeon. Happily one of the Government Studs was at Haupper, and on my consulting the Officer in charge he most kindly undertook the care of my steed, invited me to his house, and insisted on my remaining with him till the animal had recovered. I was glad under the circumstances to accept his generous hospitality.

My friend introduced me to his brother Officers, and I was for some days, I suppose, quite the lion of that little community. And now, as I had nothing else to do, *I fell in love*! Yes, strange to say, Cupid, who had hitherto spared me, now levelled his arrows at my heart. A young lady, the daughter of a gentleman of Haupper, was my captor. Within a few days I addressed her in

SONG

Maiden, I'll love thee
For ever and ever,
Never forsake thee,
Never, oh, never!

Not e'en though misfortune and sorrow be mine;
For how, blest with thee, can I ever repine?
Nor yet though soft pleasures should tempt me away,
For what, without thee and thy smile, were they?
Never, oh, never
Will I resign thee,
If thou, sweet maiden,
Only wilt mine be!

Come, let me teach thee
While we are roving,
Maid, I beseech thee,
How I am loving!
Not with an infant and feeble affection,
Nor with a love that age fills with dejection;
But with a spirit whose vigour doth cherish
In hope an affection which never can perish!
Nought under heaven
Esteem I above thee;
Thus, pretty maiden,
Thus, do I love thee!

Sweetly respond, then,
Fondest and dearest,
'Tis the soul's language,
Love, which thou hearest!
To me give that heart which is ever revealing
A tenderness vain to seek longer concealing;
Let thy fancy no longer continue a rover,
But come and find rest in the arms of thy lover;
Then, lovely maiden,
My rapturous kisses
Fully shall tell thee
In loving what bliss is!

I was presently told, however, that the consideration of my suit must be, for a while *at least*, deferred. And so, as my horse was now well, I sorrowfully took my leave.

On May 20th I bade adieu to Haupper. Intending to make up for lost time, I had resolved on riding that day to Allyghur (sixty miles); and to accomplish this had borrowed two horses of my host, hired a couple of native ponies, and sent on my own horse to the station nearest Allyghur, directing that the others, save one, should be also taken in advance, and placed at regular distances along the road, so that on my arrival at each stage I might find a relief awaiting me. The first thirty miles I accomplished on my friend's two

horses in about three hours, though I had some adventures with these; for the first, being a fine stallion fresh from the stud, rushed away with me, notwithstanding all my efforts to keep him in rein, till coming suddenly to an ascent at the very mouth of a *well*, he almost threw me over his head by suddenly checking himself as he viewed it, and, a little cowed with surprise, became more manageable, and fulfilled his task; the second, rearing violently immediately I touched him with the spur, dashed me on the road, *falling himself backward*; and, after my remounting, *shied* at everything we met on the way. However, I completed the second stage. At Boolundshuhur I took breakfast. Here the first "tat" was posted, and a miserable exchange I found it from the back of F.'s Arab, *though* he shied, to that of this wretched animal, and from ten miles an hour to five. There was some excuse indeed for the pony, as the road was exceedingly bad. The end of this stage, however, brought me out on the Grand Trunk Road, and now I thought to get on. But vain, alas! were my hopes and anticipations. I was worse off than ever. Yet the "chiel" carried me on to the next stage. The second "tat" was even inferior to the first; a most incorrigibly lazy fellow, and no argument would for some time prevail on him to move at a reasonable pace. Most unfortunately I had left my whip at Haupper, and I tried in vain to urge the creature on. At last I discovered a method of increasing his speed, which the reader will admit was at least original. Native travellers always carry a long bamboo on their shoulders, as a weapon of defence in case of attack on the road. I passed numbers armed in this style, to each of whom I addressed a request that he would "touch up" my Rosinante. Thus I managed to get on gallantly for several miles, but when two-thirds of the stage were accomplished, the powers of my "tat" seemed exhausted; for he suddenly came to a dead halt, and refused to move any farther. My "persuasives" and the bamboo were applied more liberally than ever, but in vain; not a step would he budge. At last, weary of my efforts to induce him to proceed, and vowing never again to mount one of his sort, I left him at a hut, and walked on to the next town, where I found my own steed. On his back I was soon seated, and, speeding along at

my regular rate of ten miles an hour, shortly reached Allyghur (for the third time); thus completing a journey of sixty miles on horseback in one day of the hottest month of the year.

It will be observed that during this journey I—a lonely and unarmed traveller—met with no hindrance or interruption on the way. When Colonel Sleeman commenced his operations against Thuggee in 1830, assassins haunted every road in India in gangs of hundreds (frequently broken up into smaller companies), without fear of punishment from any law, human or divine.*

* We may remind the reader that Thevenot noticed the existence of Thuggee so long ago as 1667, on the very route we have travelled between Delhi and Agra. He says: "One may meet with tigers, panthers, and lions upon it; and one had best also have a care of robbers, and, above all things, not suffer anybody to come near one upon the road. The cunningest robbers in the world are in that country. They use a certain rope with a running noose, which they can cast with so much sleight about a man's neck when they are within reach of him that they never fail, so that they strangle him in a trice."

Colonel Sleeman relates many of these exploits. Take one. "A stout Mogul officer of noble bearing and singularly handsome countenance, on his way from the Punjaub to Oude, crossed the Ganges at Gurmucktesur Ghat, near Meerut, to pass through Moradabad and Bareilly. He was mounted on a fine Turkee horse, and attended by his butler and groom. Soon after crossing the river, he fell in with a small party of well-dressed and modest-looking men going the same road. They accosted him in a respectful manner, and attempted to enter into conversation with him. He had heard of Thugs, and told them to be off. They smiled at his idle suspicions, and tried to remove them, but all in vain; the Mogul was determined; they saw his nostrils swelling with indignation, took their leave, and followed slowly. The next morning he overtook the same number of men, but of a different appearance, all Mussulmans. They accosted him in the same respectful manner; talked of the danger of the road, and the necessity for their keeping together, and taking advantage of the protection of any mounted gentleman that happened to be going the same way. The Mogul officer said not a word in reply, resolved to have no companions on the road. They persisted, his nostrils began again to swell, and putting his hand to his sword, he bade them all be off, or he would take their heads from their shoulders. He had a bow and quiver full of arrows over his shoulders, a brace of loaded pistols in his waist-belt, and a sword by his side, and was altogether a very formidable-looking cavalier. In the evening another party that lodged in the same serai became very intimate with the butler and groom. They were going the same road; and as the Mogul overtook them in the morning, they made their bows respectfully, and began to enter into conversation with their two friends, the groom and the butler, who were coming up behind. The Mogul's nostrils began again to swell, and he bade the strangers be off. The groom and butler interceded, for their master was a grave, sedate man, and they wanted companions. All would not do, and the strangers fell in the rear. The next day, when they had got to the middle of an extensive and uninhabited plain, the Mogul in advance, and his two servants a few hundred yards behind, he came up to a party of six poor Mussulmans,

May 21st.—Awoke about two in the morning, and, feeling cold, attempted to get up and shut the window of my room (which, as the night was very hot, I had left open when I went to bed), but found myself unable without great exertion, and then only with intense pain, to do so. I, however, went off again to sleep, but on waking at my usual hour of rising felt so ill that I was obliged to keep my bed. My face and hands appeared as if on fire from my exposure to the sun the day before, my neck seemed to have been almost dislocated, my back as if split in two, and every bone in my body ached. I could not even turn in my bed without acute suffering.

May 22nd.—Quite recovered! Ride to-day from Allyghur to Agra, a distance of fifty-four miles; leaving the former station at 5 a.m., stopping to breakfast at Hattrass,* twenty-five miles from Allyghur; and reaching AGRA in time for dinner. Thoroughly wearied with my journey, I went early to bed.

sitting weeping by the side of a dead companion. They were soldiers from Lahore on their way to Lucknow, worn down by fatigue in their anxiety to see their wives and children once more, after a long and painful service. Their companion, the hope and prop of his family, had sunk under the fatigue, and they had made a grave for him, but they were poor, unlettered men, and unable to repeat the funeral service from the holy Koran—would his highness but perform this last office for them, he would no doubt find his reward in this world and the next. The Mogul dismounted—the body had been placed in its proper position, with its head towards Mecca. A carpet was spread: the Mogul took off his bow and quiver, then his pistols and sword, and placed them on the ground near the body, called for water and washed his feet, hands, and face, that he might not pronounce the holy words in an unclean state. He then knelt down and began to repeat the funeral service in a clear, loud voice. Two of the poor soldiers knelt by him, one on each side, in silence. The other four went off a few paces, to beg that the butler and groom would not come so near as to interrupt the good Samaritan in his devotions. All being ready, one of the four, in a low undertone, gave the signal; the handkerchiefs were thrown over their necks, and in a few minutes all three—the Mogul and his servants—were dead, and lying in the grave in the usual manner, the head of one at the feet of the other below him. All the parties they had met on the road belonged to a gang of Jumaldehee Thugs, of the kingdom of Oude. In despair of being able to win the Mogul's confidence in the usual way, and determined to have the money and jewels which they knew he carried with him, they had adopted this plan of disarming him; dug the grave by the side of the road in the open plain, and made a handsome young Mussulman of the party the dead soldier. The Mogul, being a very stout man, died almost without a struggle, as is usually the case with such; and his two servants made no resistance."

* A place remarkable for its fortifications, and deemed impregnable until taken by our forces on February 23rd, 1817. The famous Lieutenant Shipp, who had won his commission by leading three out of the four desperate but unsuccessful assaults on Bhurtpore in January—February 1805, was one of those who were engaged in its capture.

May 23rd.—The bustle and noise of a great city reminded me when I awoke this morning that I was in Agra. I immediately rose, dressed, and went forth to view the famous capital of Akbar, the most illustrious of the Mogul dynasty; of the splendour of which I had heard so much, and which I was now eager to see.

The DISTRICT of Agra—the name signifies a *salt-pan*, and was probably given it on account of the brackishness of the soil—comprises an area of 1,862 square miles, and contains nearly thirteen hundred villages and hamlets. I was now in its capital, the proper name of which, though it is called Agra, is Akbarabad, from the name of the monarch who in 1566 made it the seat of his empire. (Before the time of Akbar, Biana, a town forty-four miles from the modern metropolis, was the chief city.) Agra is called by the natives, "The Key to Hindostan."

The capital is situated on the right or south-west bank of the Jumna, 130 miles south-east from Delhi, and 783 north-west from Calcutta, and is held in great veneration by the Hindoos, as the scene of the incarnation of Vishnu, under the title of Parasu Rama. Originally (early in our era) the metropolis of a Pali kingdom, it had sunk into insignificance when the Emperor Secundee, of the Pathan dynasty of the Lodis, established himself here in 1488; and in 1523 Shere Shah of Sasseram constructed a citadel round the palace of the Lodis; it rose to further importance in the beginning of the sixteenth century, and was the capital of the Mogul sovereigns from 1526 (when Baber, the founder of that dynasty, first occupied it) to 1658, when Aurungzebe made Delhi the metropolis. During the period of its prosperity, when it is said to have had 700 mosques, 800 baths, and 60 caravanserais, those edifices were raised which are still the wonder and admiration of the world, and which greet our eyes on every side as we look around,* and especially that most renowned of all edifices,

* "It is rumoured that among the ruins so lavishly margining the banks of the Jumna, untold treasures lie hid, believed by the natives to be guarded by genii; and that ghouls, those classic revellers in Moslem graveyards, prowl nightly in their sacrilegious calling. If ruined towers with crumbling foundations, and tombs in odd corners, with odd devices, and fragments of arched halls, and glittering tile-clad domes of gaudy colours, and pearly mosques, and stately minarets, can realise such monstrosities, there are few places more likely to harbour them."—*The Indian Army Surgeon.*

the TAJ MAHAL! After the battle of Paneeput, in 1761, Agra was sacked by the Jats, and fifteen years later by the Mahrattas, from the latter of whom it was taken by Lord Lake in 1803.

What shadows of the past have we lingering here—what splendid memorials of unequalled greatness! We may picture to ourselves something of the grandeur of Akbar,* —the conqueror, the statesman, the father, the educator, the protector of his people, the wise, the just, the tolerant,† the shield of the oppressed, the patron of literature ‡ and art,§ "the guardian of mankind,"—in whose reign India was united

* "I doubt if the annals of any family that ever reigned can furnish six successive monarchs comparable, in the greatness of their endowments and splendour of their rule, to Baber, Humayoon, Ukhur, Juhangeer, Shah Jehan, and Aurungzebe."—*American Writer.*

† He conciliated the Hindoos by giving them freedom of worship; while at the same time he strictly prohibited certain barbarous Brahminical practices, such as trial by ordeal, and the burning of widows against their will. He also abolished all taxes on pilgrims, as an interference with liberty of worship; and the capitation tax upon Hindoos, probably upon similar grounds.

‡ "The most interesting series of old-world books that has been seen in London recently are Colonel H. B. Hanna's manuscripts, now on view in Messrs. Doddeswell's galleries. The most important is a copy in Persian of 'Ramayana' (or 'The Story of Rama'). It was translated for the Emperor Akbar about A.D. 1582, and is embellished with 129 full-page illuminations by the leading artist of those days. It is said to have cost the Emperor between £20,000 and £30,000. Another volume is the 'Hámlai Hydri' (or 'Wars of Mahommed'), that once belonged to the Nawabs of Oudh, and was carried away from Lucknow in 1857 by the mutineers. It is illuminated with forty-five exquisite pictures in the best Indo-Persian style. Then there is the 'Shah Nama' (or 'History of the Kings'), by the poet Tirdausi, from the royal library of Bahádar Shah, the last-crowned descendant of the Mogul emperors, taken at the storming of Delhi in 1857; the Koran that belonged to the Emperor Jehángir; the 'Ajaub-ul-Makhlukal' (or 'Wonders of Creation'), with upwards of three hundred curious illustrations of men and monsters, beasts, birds, fishes, and vegetables; and the 'Surwar-Kawakib,' with fifty-six maps of the constellations and a description of the fixed stars—a fifteenth-century volume of great interest. Besides these there is a 'Treatise on Hindoo mythology,' with forty quaint miniatures. All the manuscripts exhibit beautiful work, done in a style that will interest others besides those who admire the pre-Raphaelite school."—*London Paper, May* 1890.

§ "Although the art of painting is against the rules of the Mahommedan religion, and was not, therefore, always encouraged by the Mussulman rulers of India, still pictorial art was not without its patron at a time when every nobleman had in his train a retinue of experts in other art-industries. The Mogul Emperor Akbar was one of its greatest patrons. In the celebrated Persian work called the 'Ain-i-Akbari,' which contains a historical account of his administration, and which was written by his order and under his immediate supervision, Akbar speaks pretty plainly about the unreasonable prejudice entertained by his co-religionists against the noble

under a single empire, and who was contemporary with our own Elizabeth, having succeeded to the throne in 1556. His court was the most splendid ever seen in India, and in many respects resembled that of our famous Queen; his equipage, when he marched at the head of his armies, enabled him to surround himself, even in a desert, with all the pomp and luxuries of his imperial palaces;* and his hunting establishment consisted of five thousand elephants,† and double that number of horses. His munificence was remarkable, especially on his birthdays: these were celebrated by the court on an extensive plain near the capital, which was covered with superb tents, the Emperor's, of course, surpassing all the rest in the splendour of its decorations, the carpets being of silk

art of painting. He says: 'I do not like those people who hate painting. They ought to know that a painter has greater opportunities of remembering God; for however lifelike he makes a picture, he knows that he cannot give it life, and that He and He only is capable of doing that.' Akbar had sixteen great artists at his court, a specimen of whose work has been preserved in the miniature illustrations of the '*Razm-námah Razm-námah*,' or the History of the War, an abridgment of the great Sanscrit epic, the 'Mahábhárata,' which the Emperor ordered to be made in Persian art in 1582, in order to remove the fanatical hatred prevailing between Hindoos and Mussulmans, which he thought arose mainly from their ignorance of each other. A valuable copy of this work, if not the original manuscript, exists in the Royal Library of Jaipur, containing 169 miniature illustrations, which cost more than £40,000. Akbar also collected around him the most expert MUSICIANS then existing in the country, among whom the name of Tán Sen is still a household word in all parts of India."—*Mukharji.*

* "Whenever the army encamped a vast space was enclosed by screens of red canvas, ornamented with gilt globules and spires, forming a wall, within which were erected a great number of splendid pavilions, richly furnished, some of which were used as rooms of state, some as banqueting halls, others for retirement or repose; while an inner inclosure contained the apartments of the ladies, all fitted up in the most costly and elegant manner. This enclosure, it is said, occupied an area of fully five miles in circumference.

"'And one hour before sunrise,' says Abul Fazl, 'the lively blast of the *serna* awakens those who slumber; and the *rowrekh* is beat a little. These are presently joined by the *kerna*, the *nefeer*, and all the other musical instruments excepting the *nekareh*. Then, after a short pause, the *serna* and the *nefeer* play the musical modes, after which the *nekareh* is beat, and the people with one voice pray blessings on His Majesty.' Thus was the *réveille* sounded in every camp and garrison of Hindostan and the Dakhan during the plenitude of the Mogul power in India, in the reign of the Emperor Akbar, 1556—1605; at the very moment when Queen Elizabeth was signing (December 31st, 1600) the charter of the East India Company, which was to prove its death-warrant."—*Birdwood.*

† An amphitheatre was erected in Agra by Akbar for the elephant fights, which were always among the favourite diversions of Indian princes.

and gold tissue, and the hangings of velvet, embroidered with pearls. Not only were gifts of dresses, jewels, horses, elephants,* etc., bestowed by the Emperor on such occasions on his nobles, and showers of gold and silver nuts and other fruits scrambled for among his courtiers, but he caused himself to be thrice weighed in golden scales, when the first balance used was of gold pieces,† the second of silver, and the third of costly perfumes, all of which he distributed among the spectators. It is recorded of him, moreover, that he was accustomed to ring a bell, the rope of which was suspended in his chamber, to announce to his people that he was prepared to receive their petitions and complaints.

* "One hundred and one elephants were kept by Akbar for his own riding, and we are told he gave presents of elephants daily. It was customary with the Moguls to have these animals daily paraded in their presence; and some, 'being lord elephants, had their chains, belts, and furniture of gold and silver, were attended with gilt banners and flags, and had eight or ten other elephants waiting on each of them, clothed in gold, silk, and silver.'"—*Purchas.*

Hunter says, "Akbar kept 5,000 of these huge animals for war, in strength like a mountain, in courage and ferocity lions." They cost from £10,000 each downwards; £500 to £1,000 being a common price. Experienced generals reckoned one good elephant equal to a regiment of 500 cavalry; or, if properly supported by matchlock men, at double that number.

† A most interesting and full account of Akbar's mintage is given by the historian Abul Fazl. In the beginning of his reign gold coins were struck in many parts of his kingdom, but later on only at Agra, Bengal, Ahmedabad, and Cabul. Silver and copper were coined at these and ten other cities, and copper only at twenty-eight other places. "Amongst the more interesting coins are the heavy gold ones, which were elaborated with inscriptions, and of which the following is chosen as affording a good example. It is a circular coin, equal in value to one hundred *round* mohurs (probably about £86), and on the border of one side is the following tetrastich:—

"The sun from whom the seven seas obtain pearls:
The black stone from its rays obtains a jewel.
The mine from the correcting influence of its beams obtains gold,
And that gold is ennobled by the impression of Shah Akbar."

On the field is—

"God is greatest—mighty is His glory."

On the border of the reverse is another tetrastich:—

"This coin, which is the garment of hope,
Carries an everlasting impression and immortal name.
Its fortunate front bears this, sufficient for ages,
That the sun has cast a glimpse upon it."

And on the field is written the date of the month and year.

There was another coin, named *sehenseh*, similarly inscribed, and equal in value to one hundred *square* mohurs. As these mohurs were of a value one-third higher than the round variety, the *sehenseh* must have been worth

To this day no name is more frequently on the lips of the Mussulmans of India than that of the great AKBAR,* who died in 1605. He it was, it will be remembered, who erected the fine citadel of Allahabad, and completed the magnificent tomb of his father Humaioon at Delhi; he, too, built the stately FORTRESS OF AGRA.

"His Majesty," says the renowned historian Faizi, "has erected a fort of red stone, the like of which no traveller has ever beheld."† It stands on a rocky eminence, eighty feet above the level of the river; and is an imposing structure, built of enormous blocks of red stone obtained in abundance from the neighbouring hills to the south; with great circular bastions and lofty castellated walls rising in triple grandeur, "frowning one above the other."‡ Crossing by a drawbridge

£115. There were also coins made of half this value, a fourth, fifth, eighth, tenth, twentieth, twenty-fifth, and a fiftieth; but very little trade was supposed to be done with these, especially the heavier coins, which were scarce, and used probably more for ornamental purposes. The smallest gold coin struck was . . . equal to twelve rupees. It was impressed on each side with a wild rose, and would be nominally equal to about ninepence.

"The largest silver coin mentioned is the rupee, and the smallest is one which is the twentieth part of its value. These coins were round, but there was also a series of square coins, identical in weight and value to the rupee and its divisions, which was first prepared during Akbar's reign. The smallest copper coin would be equal to about 0·072 of a penny, or a little less than one-third of a farthing."—"THE MINT OF HINDOSTAN IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY"; *a Lecture by Mr. Arthur Wingham, before the Society of Arts, founded on a translation by Francis Gladwin, of the Ain-i-Akbari.*

* He is commemorated by Tennyson in his *Dream of* AKBAR.

† Sir Charles Dilke aptly terms it the MAHOMMEDAN CREED IN STONE: without, the frown that a hill fanatic wears before he strikes the infidel; within, the serene paradise of the believing emperor of the world.

‡ A gigantic gun, weighing 96,000 lb., 23 in. calibre, 11½ in. metal at the muzzle, 14 ft. 2 in. long, and throwing cast-iron shot of 1,800 lb. each, was captured by Lord Lake at the siege of that fortress (whose walls bear many scars and mutilations from the British batteries). His lordship desired to preserve it as a trophy, and had a raft made for its conveyance by water to Calcutta; but it broke through the planks, and sank in the river, where it remained neglected and forgotten until, in 1883, it was experimented on by our artillery officers, who wantonly reduced it to fragments by blasting. With reference to this and other huge pieces of ancient ordnance discovered in various parts of India, Dr. Spry ("Modern India") remarks (after reminding us of the expedition to India of Bacchus and Hercules, who were "beaten back from the assault of the people living between the Indus and Ganges *with thunder and lightning*") that "there is every reason to believe that cannon was known in Asia long before it was invented in Europe, for the rude construction of the ancient Hindoo guns in Callinge and Ajeegurh, two hill forts of Bundelkund, and Gwalior, formed of bars compressed with iron hoops, and the large unwieldy mass

the deep moat which surrounds the fort, the visitor proceeds through a colossal two-domed gateway to the interior; and, just catching sight of three pearly domes with golden spires, which, "like silvery bubbles," arrest the eye, follows on till he views the richly-chiselled red-stone palace of Akbar; and the numerous magnificent buildings of white marble * attached thereto, built by Shah Jehan, the architect, as we have seen, of modern Delhi, and the most truly royal builder of all the sovereigns of India.† (*Shah Jehan was imprisoned by his son Aurungzebe in this fort, where he died, after seven years' captivity, shared by his daughter Jehanhira.*) He sees the Dewan-i-Khas, or Hall of Nobles, a stately and splendid edifice, most richly adorned with precious stones, carvings, and mosaics; and innumerable other halls and chambers, jewelled and adorned in the same sumptuous manner; and the ZENANA, also of white marble (with a most beautiful balcony, commanding, like the terraced roof of the palace—ascended by marble staircases—extensive and lovely views of the city, river, and neighbourhood), in whose central room is a fountain which fell into a snowy basin inlaid with jewelled flowers in exquisite designs; the ZENANA MUSJID, a gem of white marble, sacred to the ladies of the harem; the SHISHA-MAHAL, or Palace of Glass, a ladies' bath-house, whose interior walls are covered with thousands of tiny convex mirrors, arranged in geometrical patterns, and all embossed with flowers in gold, silver, and colours; where, too, was

of metal termed the great gun at Agra, convey an idea of the most remote antiquity, and afford a strong supposition that they were made in the zenith of the sovereignty of the Hindoos." He thinks, from the date which he gives, that "it must be 2,168 years since these guns were made; and that, consequently, the period of their formation is lost in antiquity." "Why," he adds, "should we be disposed, in the blindness of our ignorance, to suppose that Asia was not before us in the invention of gunpowder and artillery?"

* The white marble used by Shah Jehan in these buildings and the Taj appears to have been brought from Kandahar, a distance of 600 miles.

† "The reign of Shah Jehan," says Elphinstone, "was perhaps the most prosperous ever known in India. Though sometimes engaged in foreign wars, his own dominions enjoyed almost uninterrupted tranquillity, together with a larger share of good government than often falls to the lot of Asiatic nations. Khán Khán, the best historian of those times, gives his opinion that though Akbar was pre-eminent as a conqueror and a lawgiver, yet, for the order and arrangement of his territory and finances, and the good administration of every department of the state, no prince ever reigned in India that could be compared to Shah Jehan."

formerly a beautiful cascade, behind which, in niches, lights used to be placed, and whose waters fell into a bath beneath; thence by a second cascade, similarly illumined, into another bath below; and thence flowed on, forming a third cascade, which poured its stream over a marble causeway into another marble basin, from whose centre yet another fountain sprang, and was perhaps followed by yet another and another. Underneath this are vaulted apartments, which were occupied by the court during the hot winds; and near to these one now inhabited only by bats, but formerly appropriated to ladies of the harem who had incurred the imperial displeasure, and where they were *hanged* (as a black beam across the ceiling with a hole and great hook therein has for a long time borne witness), and dropped through a well beneath (still open) into the Jumna.* The DEWAN-I-AM, or Hall of Justice, one hundred and eighty feet long, the roof supported by three ranges of arcades of exquisite beauty, is now the Armoury, and the place of deposit of the Throne of Akbar—an immense block of black marble inlaid with precious stones, and surmounted by a graceful marble canopy—and the famous Gates of Somnauth, brought by our armies from Ghuznee.† But the most beautiful of all the buildings in the fort is the MOOTEE MUSJID, or *Pearl Mosque*,‡ erected by Aurungzebe, an exquisite temple—a domed, golden-spired, and many-kiosked gem of white marble, surrounded by colonnades with deeply scalloped and extremely elegant arches, enriched by flowers elaborately cut in bas-relief, and standing

"Quiet as a nun, breathless with adoration,"§

in an immense quadrangle cloistered on three sides with a

* Three skeletons—those of a young man and a young and an old woman—were found in the above-mentioned place some years ago, and, together with one or more discovered in the well itself, afford evidence in point.

† The so-called Gates of Somnauth have, after all, turned out not to be the original sandal-wood gates, for on being microscopically examined, they were found to be of Deodar pine—a pair of factitious gates indeed, which at some time or other had been substituted for them. Fergusson observes: "There is nothing in this style of ornamentation that at all resembles anything found in any Hindoo temple, either of this age or at any other time. There is indeed no reason for doubting that these gates were *made for the place where they were found.*"

‡ "The most elegant mosque of this age, perhaps, indeed, of any period of Moslem art."—*Fergusson.*

§ Wordsworth (aptly quoted by Keene).

fine arcade, and having a noble basin, with a fountain, in its centre: in this mosque the Mahommedan priest used to read and expound the Koran while the Emperor and his court sat on the floor, and the ladies of the harem listened unseen behind the marble lattices at either end. It is simply *perfection*; "a fairy structure got up by Aladdin's breath; a temple of enchantment"; a building "to which an angel architect could not add a stone, nor snatch one from it without spoiling all."* Amid all these edifices, and the numerous quadrangles, each with its parterre, marble basins, or fountains, flocks of many-coloured pigeons fly to and fro, and give added interest and beauty to the scene, which a cloudless sky fills with light, shaded by umbrageous and fruitful trees, and reflected in the sparkling waters of the river and garden fountains. From the river, on the other hand, not only must the general structure be seen to fine advantage, but the marble pavilions—all lustrous with mosaic work—which overhang the stream (70 feet below) must appear like precious caskets glittering with gems; while the marble balustrades, which extend along the edge of the battlements, resemble fringes of lace.†

And now we leave the fort, little imagining the tragic scenes which within a few years it would witness.‡ None,

* Dilke. "This spotless sanctuary," says Bishop Heber, "showing such a pure spirit of adoration, made me, a Christian, feel humbled when I considered that no architect of our religion had ever been able to produce anything equal to this temple of Allah." Bayard Taylor expresses a similar thought.

† *Vide* Bayard Taylor.

‡ "The chief importance of Agra lay in its proximity to the great native independent states, to the dominions of Holkar and Scindia, and to Rajpootana. Being also the seat of government in the North-West, and with its fort and strategical position affording the nucleus of a strong military centre, it is difficult to imagine any position at the time involving higher responsibility or requiring more commanding powers of action than that in which the Lieutenant-Governor was placed."—LAURIE.

On the outbreak of the Mutiny at Meerut (May 10th, 1857) the garrison of Agra consisted of the 3rd European Fusiliers, a detachment of artillery, and two regiments of native infantry. Much anxiety was felt at Agra when the revolt was announced; and, when it was found that the mutineers had reached Delhi, there was great apprehension that they would soon march to this station. But the government of Agra and of the North-West Provinces was in the hands of one who, though he had proved himself an excellent ruler in times of peace, was ill qualified to deal with insurrection and revolt; who was, moreover, enfeebled by disease, and whose misplaced confidence and fancied security made him unwilling to adopt coercive measures, and induced him rather to seek to "wash out with rose-water the reek of a blood-stained rebellion." It was unwise and

however, could quit it without feeling that it is a magnificent testimony to the genius of Akbar.

Outside the fort is the JUMMA MUSJID, or cathedral mosque of Agra, built by Shah Jehan, in memory of his daughter, the Princess Jehanhira (in giving birth to whom the Empress, commemorated by the Taj, died, and whose tomb we have seen at Delhi; a majestic edifice of carved

vain. At length, however, some action was taken. At the beginning of June the two native regiments were disarmed, after which they seem to have slipped away to join the mutineers, who were ravaging neighbouring cities; and the defence of Agra devolved on the Europeans. Rebellion and disorder were now on every side: officers, accustomed to exercise authority over millions, hiding in the jungles, hunted by their own guards, or holding desperate positions against hopeless odds. At last, at the end of June, permission was given for the European women and children to be taken into the fort. *It was none too soon.* On the evening of July 4th the sepoys of the Joudpore Legion, who had just reached the station, broke into mutiny, murdered their European sergeant-major, and went off to join the rebel army. Brigadier Polwhele pursued them and engaged them, but was eventually obliged to retreat, followed by clouds of the enemy's cavalry into the fort, whence they were seen ever and anon turning, facing, and firing volleys into the masses of the foe. Bleeding, thirsty, and all but spent, they came within the walls, to whose shelter every Christian man, woman and child within one hundred miles, who had not already taken refuge, was now obliged to fly, leaving all they had behind them, and having the misery, in many cases, of helplessly witnessing its destruction. On July 5th the prisoners in the gaol got free, and set fire to the barracks, houses, and bazaars; and for two days some three or four thousand of these rejoiced in the work of robbery and murder. During the next three months between five and six thousand of all ranks, ages, and colours, men and women, sick and wounded, found their only shelter from overwhelming numbers of ferocious and remorseless enemies in the fort, whence from time to time our people made heroic sallies. "In huts *hastily* prepared amongst the galleries and gateways of the old palace of the Emperors a motley crowd was collected. Matted screens were set up along the marble corridors which in Akbar's time were hung with the silks of Persia and the brocades of Benares. Not only was every part of our British Isles represented, but we had also unwilling delegates from many parts of Europe and America: nuns from the banks of the Garonne and the Loire, priests from Sicily and Rome, missionaries from Ohio and Basle, mixed with rope-dancers from Paris and pedlars from Armenia. Besides these, there were Calcutta Baboos and Parsee merchants. The wounded, bleeding, lacerated, hurt, and contused were carried into huts in the Mootee Musjid, or Pearl Mosque. In this "marble temple," the most graceful building in Asia, rough wooden cots were laid, and covered with mattresses, pillows, and quilts prepared by the ladies. Ere long the spacious corridors were filled with sick and wounded men, over whom the ladies watched, and to whom they gently and tenderly ministered. The Lieutenant-Governor died on September 9th. On the fall of Delhi the mutineers hastened to Agra, which for a time was in imminent danger, but was relieved by the rapid and brilliant march of Colonel Greathead, who on October 10th utterly discomfited the enemy, and opened the gates of the fort for our long-imprisoned ones to go forth.

red sandstone with bands, ornaments, and inscriptions of black and white marble), surmounted by three lofty domes, and flanked by octagonal towers. It stands on a marble terrace, built on a height picturesquely wooded and interspersed with ruins, opposite the Delhi Gate of the citadel, near the river. It is reached by a broad flight of steps, eleven feet high. A noble gateway, surmounted by minarets, leads to the interior, which is lofty, chaste, and grandly simple. There are two other gateways. It appears, however, to be disused, and is falling into decay.

But now we bend our steps towards the TAJ, the world-famed and unrivalled mausoleum of the Queen of Beauty, the Empress Mumtâza Zumani,* and her lord, Shah Jehan.† To "see the Taj, and die," seems the ambition of many. It stands about a mile from the fort, to which it was formerly united by a succession of noble palaces and beautiful gardens. As we approach it we see its high embattled quadrangular walls of red sandstone (like the walls of the Palace at Delhi), with a pavilion at each corner; and a magnificent Gateway, itself a proud building, also of red sandstone, decorated with bands of white marble inlaid with jewels, having a monumental pointed arch crowned with kiosks, and subordinate arches, the tympani of the central arch adorned with mosaics of agate and onyx. On either side the Gateway are apartments, for the accommodation of travellers and visitors. An inscription over the front invites the pure of heart "to enter the garden of Paradise." Passing accordingly within this glorious portal, through a magnificent pair of brass gates, we see in the distance, some quarter of a mile before us,‡ a vision of dazzling beauty,—an edifice of pearly whiteness and matchless grace, "a dream in marble, with

* "The Most Exalted of the Age," a title conferred on her by the Emperor, her husband. Her original name was Arzamund Bānoo, and she was the niece of Noor Mahal (the wife of Jehanghire), who was celebrated by Moore in "Lalla Rookh," and whose name is often erroneously given her. See Elphinstone's "History of India."

† The reader need hardly be reminded that this and all other Indian tombs are Mahommedan: there are no Hindoo tombs.

‡ "The enclosure, including garden and outer court, is a parallelogram of 1860 feet by more than 1000 feet."—FERGUSSON.

its cupolas floating upwards like silver bubbles into the sky,"*—

> "A palace lifting to eternal summer
> Its marble halls, from out a glossy bower
> Of coolest foliage,"†

and an avenue thereto of cypresses and other evergreens, divided by a stream of water with fountains, a central reservoir, and, on each side the stream, a marble pathway.

We pass on, as it were in a dream, through the cypress shade, and the song of birds and the odour of flowers, which bloom, as we learn, in perpetual succession; and amid umbrageous and fruitful trees, some of which, we are told, are ever in fruit. At length we reach the foot of the Taj. A terrace of red sandstone, whereto the visitor ascends by steps from the garden, and the pavement of which is inlaid with black and white marble, is occupied centrally by a magnificent square platform of white marble rising eighteen feet above that of stone, in the midst of which, as on a pedestal, stands the MAUSOLEUM, the gem of the world's architecture, altogether unearthly in its purity, majesty, and loveliness. Of polished marble, as fresh as though only yesterday finished, though nearly two hundred years have passed since its completion, it rises like a temple of frozen snow reared by some God-like architect—an irregular octagon, with a terraced roof, having a pavilion at four corners and lofty gateways, and over all an exquisite egg-shaped dome (which, it appears, was formerly surmounted by a golden spire thirty feet high, lifting to the skies a gleaming crescent of gold); while a tall and beautiful minaret, like a shaft of light, soaring to the skies, and crowned by an elegant cupola, occupies each corner of the pedestal. On either side, at a lower elevation, and at a little distance (in accordance with the rule requiring a place of worship

* Hunter.

† Bulwer. (Most appositely applied by Dr. Norman Macleod to the Taj.)

"Did you ever build a castle in the air? Here is one brought down to earth and fixed for the wonder of ages; yet so light it seems, so airy, and, when seen from a distance, so like a fabric of mist and sunbeams, with its great dome soaring up, a silvery bubble, about to burst in the sun, that . . . you almost doubt its reality."

to be attached to every mausoleum), stands a mosque * of red sandstone and white marble, each of which has its face towards the TAJ, and if it stood alone would be considered a masterpiece.

Need we dwell for a moment on the lessons which here suggest themselves of the utter incapacity of human grandeur to avert the stroke of death? It is, indeed, unnecessary. Yet we cannot but feel that they have tenfold weight where supreme power and exhaustless wealth have lavished their treasures, together with the resources of genius, in the endeavour to perpetuate the memory of a life they could not prolong.

We pause, however, but briefly, ere we pass within. It is said that Shah Jehan endowed a monastery of fakirs, whose sole duty it was to attend the tomb. In the days of Mahommedan supremacy no one was allowed to enter without a bandage being first placed over his eyes, which was taken off when he made his customary offering. The great entrance gates were once of silver,† but these, with the inner door—which, it is said, was of a single agate—together with the golden spire and crescent, were long since carried off.

A soft, subdued light, almost amounting to gloom, and a profound silence, seem to prevail within, as compared with the brightness and stir without; but gradually the obscurity lessens, and we perceive the several features of the scene. All is of white marble, whose "mild lustre" is enchanting. A noble hall ‡ (which Bishop Heber compared in size to the interior of the Radcliffe Library)—"a white marble cavern"—has its exact centre occupied by a beautiful cenotaph, that of the Empress. A second cenotaph—the Emperor Shah Jehan's—stands, as if placed there by an afterthought, beside it;§ slightly elevated above its fellow, and bearing the

* One of these only—that on the left of the Taj—can be used for Mahommedan worship, as the other does not look towards Mecca, and *was only erected to complete the symmetry of the group*, is termed the RESPONSE, and is appropriated to the use of visitors.

† These doors are said to have been studded with 1,100 silver nails, each having a head made of a sonat rupee, and to have cost 1,270,000 rupees. They were taken away and melted down by the Jats when they sacked Agra.

‡ This is sometimes lit up with blue lights, with fine effect.

§ The original idea of the Emperor Shah Jehan himself was to build a corresponding tomb on the other side of the river for his own interment,

Kallamdan, or pen-case (which seems generally to distinguish the tombs of men, as the slate or tablet does those of women), to indicate, we suppose, that the former were of *the educated sex*. The cenotaphs—the real tombs are in a vault below—are narrow raised parallelograms of pearly whiteness, that of the Empress bearing a long inscription consisting of her name, epitaph, and date of death, with a quotation from the Koran in Arabic writing, finely wrought in black marble; that of Shah Jehan the name and date of death only, similarly inscribed, together with, in both cases, exquisite decorations of inlaid flowers* of the natural size—of *flowers* beautiful in themselves, and emblems alike of frailty, of resurrection, and of immortality—many of which consist severally of hundreds of precious stones, most accurately and delicately representing every shade and tint of the flower. Both cenotaphs, moreover, are enclosed by a lofty octagonal marble screen† of astonishing and inexpressible beauty, occupying about half the diameter of the building, and panelled and pierced and chiselled into a wondrous lace, "a web woven by Nereids from the spume of the sea," exquisitely bordered and adorned with wreaths of flowers—lilies, irises, carnations, etc.—inlaid most delicately, yet most profusely, with jewels‡ (between thirty and forty varieties of red cornelian being visible in a single leaf of a carnation), and overarched by the lofty dome. The dome itself is carved and inlaid, and in the subdued light has a visionary pictorial appearance. (We are told that chandeliers of crystal, set with precious stones, were formerly suspended from the dome, also that there was one of

and connect the two by a bridge of marble; but this was prevented (though it would appear that some of the foundations were laid) by the dethronement of Shah Jehan by his son Aurungzebe, and his subsequent imprisonment till his death in the fort of Agra.

* See illustrations in Sleeman's "Rambles of an Indian Official."

† This was substituted for a screen of silver and gold when the cenotaph of Shah Jehan was placed beside that of the Empress.

‡ An old Persian manuscript still in existence contains a catalogue of the places from which the jewels used in the decoration of the Taj were brought, and their several prices. It would appear that diamonds were sent from Bundelcund, coral from Arabia, sapphires from Moldavia, onyx and amethysts from Persia, crystal from Malwa and China, turquoises from Thibet, lapis lazuli from Ceylon, jasper from the Punjaub, cornelians from Broach, agates from Yemen, chalcedonies from Asia Minor, and conglomerates from Jepulmore, Gwalior, and Sipri. Of the goldstone used in the decorations little or nothing appears to be known.

agate and another of silver; but all these have disappeared.) The walls around are panelled with bas-reliefs of flowers, fruit, leaves, and birds, adorned with arabesques in mosaic with scrolls, and with inscriptions in black marble, comprehending, it is said, the whole of the Koran. Each arch has a window within and without, most exquisitely carved in lattices of the same white marble with the rest of the building and the screen.

We walk around; the beauty of all grows upon us, moment by moment. The hall is divided into nine separate apartments. The pavements (which, we are told, were formerly covered with three beautiful carpets of the softest texture, laid over each other) consist of alternate squares of white and sienna marble.

Hark to the soft echoes of our whispers! Every breath is sonorous. Sing low, and listen! The echo is so perfect that it gives the idea of a choir of spirits in the air. It has been compared to that of the Baptistery at Pisa, which is the finest in Europe.* When many persons speak together it is said to be like thunder, and is compared by the natives to the roar of elephants.

* "Take your seat," writes one, "upon the marble pavement, beside the upper tombs. Lie at full length upon your back, and send your companion to the vault underneath, to run slowly over the notes of his flute or guitar. Was ever melody like this? It haunts the air above and around. It distils in showers from the polished marble. It condenses into the mild shadows, and sublimes into the softened, hallowed light of the dome. It rises, it falls; it swims mockingly, meltingly, around. It is the very element with which sweet dreams are builded. It is the melancholy echo of the past: it is the bright delicate harping of the future. It is the atmosphere breathed by Ariel, and playing around the fountain of Chindara. It is the spirit of the Taj, the voice of inspired love, which called into being this peerless wonder of the world, and elaborated its symmetry, and composed its harmony; and, eddying around its young minarets and domes, blended them without a line into the azure of immensity." And Dr. Henry Russell, of the *Times*, when he visited it long after ourselves, wrote: "Hark! there rolls through the obscure vault overhead a murmur like that of the sea on a pebbly beach in summer—a low sweet song of praise and peace. A white-headed moulvee—who never raises his eyes from his book as we pass—suddenly reads out a verse from the Koran. Hark again! How an invisible choir takes it up *till* the reverberated echoes swell into the full volume of the sound of many voices! It is as though some congregation of the skies were chanting their earnest hymns above our heads. The eye fills, and the lip quivers, we know not why—a sigh and a tear are the tribute which every heart that can be moved to pity, or has thrilled with love, must pay to the unknown builder of the Taj." Again, Sir Edwin Arnold writes: "This exquisite abode of death is haunted by spirits as

The crypt—the descent to which is by a flight of steps, and the door of which was formerly of solid silver—is divided (as we are told, for we do not go down, our hearts being overfilled with the beauty of the hall) into three suites of rooms, divided from each other by perforated marble screens, the walls, floors, and roofs of all the rooms being of marble. It is lighted only by the lamps that still burn above the tombs, which occupy the centre. Two slabs of marble cover the Imperial remains; on these slabs the name and date of death of each are inwrought. These, too, were inlaid with flowers in jewels, many of which have been carried away. The vault is filled with the odour of rose, jasmine, and sandal-wood, the precious attars of which are sprinkled upon the tombs.

delicate as their dwelling. They will not answer to rude noises; but if a woman's voice be gently raised in notes of hymn or song, if a chord is quietly sounded, echoes in the marble vault take up the music, repeat, diversify, and amplify it with strange combinations of melodious sounds, slowly dying away and re-arising, as if Israfil, 'who has the sweetest voice of all Allah's angels,' had set a guard of his best celestial minstrels to watch the death-couch of Arjamund." Another visitor says: "However rough the initial sounds may be, though they are raucous as those of Codrus himself, they are caught up in the vaulted ceiling, and verberated and re-verberated, till they become transformed into tones of the most exquisite sweetness, finally dying away in the distance in a note so soft that it might well be the spirit voice of the lonely Mumtaz calling from the regions of the blest." Another writer says, it "floats and soars overhead in a long delicious undulation, fading away so slowly that you hear it after it is silent, as you see, or seem to see, a lark you have been watching after it is swallowed up in the blue vault of heaven. I pictured to myself the effect of an Arabic or Persian lament for the lovely Moomtaz sung over her tomb. The responses that would come from above, in the pauses of the song, must resemble the harmonies of angels in Paradise." And yet another writes: "The least tone or note of music sounded under the dome goes sighing softly up into the arched vault above, and after wandering about it in fairy echoes, at last dies away gradually; or we may fancy that, like a soul set free, it has floated out into the blue and boundless ether. Mr. Ball says, 'I tried the echo,' 'it is so quick, and at the same time the reverberations are so prolonged, that a sequence of notes produces a somewhat jumbled effect; but by running up and down the diatonic scale, allowing each note to gently die away before the next is sounded, the effect is really marvellous. The first echo seems to intensify the original sound; then follow a series of warbling sounds which gradually and almost imperceptibly fade away in the glorious dome. Even should the original sound be in itself harsh and unmusical, under this mellowing influence soft and musical notes are produced! In this way it was that when I first entered the Taj, I heard, as I supposed, a beautiful chant going on, the original source of which I found to be the chatting and squabbling of some of the attendants.'" And once more, and lastly, it is said, "the mullah in attendance can make his voice travel several times round the dome, and the sonorous Arabic words, 'long drawn out,' of the Moslem call to prayer, are very effective, when echoed round and round the enormous marble cupola."

And now we return to the open air, and may note more particularly the external aspect of the building. It is, as we have said, an irregular octagon, having four of its opposite faces longer than the other four (the longest side measuring 120 feet); each façade is pierced with a high-arched Saracenic gate (within which is a second arch leading to the interior), surrounded by a beautiful mosaic of texts from the Koran in colossal letters of black marble, and adorned with arabesques and other elegant decorations. The gateways are flanked on each side by two rows of arches. The principal dome is 58 feet in diameter, and rises to a height of 260 feet from the garden; four smaller domes overlook the inferior faces. The minarets at the sides of the pedestal, "like snowy fingers pointing to heaven," are in three stories, and 133 feet high, and are inlaid with precious stones. The ascent to the pedestal—which is about 360 feet square—is by twenty blocks of white marble; the red stone terrace on which it stands is 960 feet long by 330 feet broad. At the back of the Taj runs a terrace overlooking the Jumna, and marble staircases lead to the roof; and both afford a charming and extensive prospect over the river and the city embosomed in trees* on the one side, and across the garden on the other. There are also four beautiful octagonal bastions, with dark red stone verandahs and elegant marble domes. The view of the Taj (like that of the fort) from the river (in whose waters its pearly domes and towers are reflected) is a very fine one. The Taj is lovely at all times. "It is between

* Miss Gordon Cumming speaks of another and less pleasing view which she saw (*looking downward*) from the terrace: "There seemed to be no end to the number of (corpses of) little children—babes—that floated past; at last one almost ceased to notice them." M. Rousselet, too, has a touching incident: "I was about to descend one of those ghats (near the Taj) when a plaintive song, interrupted by sobs, struck my ear. I approached softly, and hiding myself completely behind a tree, saw an old and poorly clad woman sobbing, with her face hidden in her hands, seated on the steps of red sandstone. At the foot of the staircase, on the brink of the water, stood two young Hindoo girls, one of them naked to the waist, standing upright with her arms raised to heaven, and singing in a strangely plaintive tone one of those cradle songs with which Indian mothers lull their infants to sleep. As she sang she took flowers from a basket, and let the bright-coloured leaves fall into the water. I could not make out the meaning of this strange ceremony until, leaning forward, I perceived a sort of small wicker raft floating on the water, on which lay the dead body of an infant. This explained the spectacle. The poor mother, some nautchni, unable to pay the expenses of a funeral pile, to consume the

dawn and sunrise," says "An Indian Army Surgeon," "that beautiful and quickly passing half-hour, that the stranger's boat should drop down the ruin-haunted river, when the haze of a delicate lilac is the ground, and the edifices are indistinct masses of purple. Then the Taj Mahal is not too bright. . . . Take the gleaming day, however, for details." On the other hand, while the view at sunset is fine, especially from the centre of the Western Mosque,* the moonlight view is considered by many to be the most effective. "Not purest marble," writes one †:—

"Not purest marble from Carrara hewn
Or Paros, not the everlasting snows
On Himalaya's primal peaks, nor those
About the cone of Fuji-yama strewn
By April storms, not summer clouds at noon
That drift across the blue, or in repose
Lie banked at even like aerial floes,
Glisten more white than thou beneath the moon!

"Thy pearly dome, and spires, and fretted walls,
Upborne upon the terraced marble seem—
So full the magic flood of moonlight falls—
To hang more lightly than the gossamer
That floats at daybreak from the dreaming fir,
Self-poised in æther o'er a crystal stream."‡

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remains of the poor little creature, had resolved to confide them to the sacred waters of the Jumna; and she was there, accompanied by her sister and mother, bidding her infant a last adieu. She was accomplishing no rite; her heart alone had inspired her with the idea of singing the usual song once more to the poor little one; and, with a not less touching inspiration, she was there throwing over the frail body leaves from those flowers which were true emblems of its brief existence; while her sister, leaning over the water, held the little raft, reluctant to abandon the tender prey to the monsters of the stream. After a short interval devoted to the contemplation of this thrilling picture, I withdrew, without letting the poor women suspect that I had been a witness of their grief."—"*India and its Native Princes.*"

* "Perhaps," however, says Mr. Grant Duff, "of all the points of view, that from the centre of the Western Mosque is the most beautiful, if one goes there just as the sunset is flushing the whole of the building, that can be seen from thence."

† Paget Toynbee.

‡ So, too, the Persian builders term it "The Palace Floating in the Air."

Another writer says—

"The Taj once seen, all other sights will bore;
So, Pilgrim, view it not till thou hast seen
Whate'er thou wouldst in India's vasty shore;
Else great sights seen before seem, after, mean;
For naught can dree comparing with this scene;
The tombs of Akbar, Tughlak, Humāyūn,
Jahangir and Sher Shah, pleasure the eyne,
Till one hath seen the Taj by silver moon,
Then all things dwarfed appear, and flee the memory soon." *

Zaffani, the Italian painter, after gazing a long time at the Taj with fixed admiration, is said to have observed that it wanted only a glass case of sufficient size to cover and protect it. It is the *chef-d'œuvre* of Shah Jehan,† and has been termed "The Wonder of the World," ‡ "The Koh-i-noor of Architecture," "A Poem in Marble," and "The Sigh of a Broken Heart." No pen, however, has done it justice; and perhaps no pen ever will. Only a Shelley or a Ruskin could successfully attempt it.

Many a fond love tale has been told here, and hallowed and long remembered by its association with the Taj. For this building has been identified with a supreme affection for one beloved object, which seems to have been pure and unwavering in life, to have survived even death itself, and to have sought by every fond device to convey the tenderest conceptions of the beloved one to all people and to the most distant generations.

"The Taj Mahal at Agra," says Fergusson, "is almost the only tomb that retains its Garden in anything like its pristine beauty; and there is not perhaps in the whole world a scene where nature and art so successfully combine to produce a perfect work of art as within the precincts of this

* H. B. W. Garrick.

† Fergusson. "Nothing was ever more in harmony with the style of Eastern feeling, which regards a white muslin tunic and an aigrette of diamonds as full dress for an emperor."—*Keene.*

‡ Bernier confirms this, saying: "I decidedly think that this monument deserves much more to be numbered among the wonders of the world than the pyramids of Egypt, those unshapen masses which, when I had seen them twice, yielded me no satisfaction, and which are nothing on the outside but heaps of large stones piled in the form of steps one upon another, while within there is very little that is creditable either to human skill or to human invention."

far-famed mausoleum."* The orange tree with its golden fruit is particularly abundant; and with palm, pomegranate, rose, peach, banyan, bamboo, and peepul trees, the vine, and blossoming shrubs, fill the garden, which is laid out in square parterres, divided by stone borders of fantastic patterns, and broad paved walks, all enclosed by the lofty walls of red sandstone, carved within and without.†

The architect of the Taj is unknown, but is believed by Colonel Sleeman to have been one Austin de Bordeux, said to have been called by the natives Oostan Eesau Nadir el Asur, "the Wonderful of the Age"; with whom, however, others from Constantinople and Bagdad appear to have been associated. Italian artists are said to have been employed in the decorations; and it is probably true, as the art of inlaying in *pietra-dura* seems to have revived in Florence (after a long sleep) in the sixteenth century.‡ The time spent in building it, and the cost, are very variously stated. The collection of the materials is said to have occupied seventeen years. One writer tells us that eleven years were occupied in its erection. Tavernier says that twenty thousand men were employed upon it for twenty-two years; and another author mentions that for twenty-five years twenty-five thousand men were engaged on it day by day.§ The expense it is impossible to estimate;‖ by several writers it is set down at £750,000; by one at

* Again, Fergusson observes, "Beautiful as it is in itself, the Taj would lose half its charm if it stood alone. *It is the combination of so many beauties, and the perfect manner in which each is subordinated to the other, that makes up a whole which the world cannot match.*"

† "Yet," says Sir Edwin Arnold, "if the Taj rose amid the sands of a dreary desert, the lovely edifice would beautify the waste, and turn it into a tender parable of the desolation of death, and the power of love, which is stronger than death."

‡ "Mosaic work appears to have had its origin in the East, the land of leisure and of luxury; and to have passed over to the Roman Empire in the times of its Eastern conquests, only to travel back to its native home in later times."—*Keene.*

Sir George Birdwood has conclusively proved that mosaic work is of Eastern origin.

§ It is said that on the completion of the work the eyes of the masons were put out with hot irons, that they might be disabled from building any similar edifice.

‖ It is probable that a large portion of the materials were given by obsequious allies, tributaries, and sub-rulers; and pretty certain that much of the labour was enforced (after the Eastern fashion), at a nominal payment.

£800,000; by another at £2,000,000; but Colonel Sleeman, on the authority (as it seems) of Tavernier, gives it as £3,174,802, which, however, includes all the buildings pertaining to it. Two lacs of rupees (£20,000) per annum, were formerly allowed to keep it in order and maintain the priests and servants attached to it. Our Government, who have taken it under their special charge, and have spent many thousand pounds upon it,* maintain a staff to attend to the tomb,† the adjoining buildings, and the garden.‡

> O thou whose great imperial mind could raise
> This splendid trophy to a woman's praise!
> If love or grief inspired the bold design,
> No mortal's joy or sorrow equals thine.
> Sleep on secure—this monument shall stand
> When desolation's wings sweep o'er the land,—
> By death again in one wide ruin hurl'd,
> The last triumphant wonder of the world.

We retire. But it is to come again and again.

Having duly taken up my appointment in the office of the Lieutenant-Governor of the North-Western Provinces,§ I had leisure from time to time to look a little more around me.

* It is said that Lord William Bentinck, from motives of public economy, proposed to *sell* the Taj, and that a wealthy native offered three lacs of rupees (£30,000) for it; but the idea (if ever entertained) was given up.

† Great care is needed to prevent injury to the tomb by vegetation. Everywhere in India birds carry the seeds of plants and trees to the roofs of buildings, where they find their way between the stones, and dislocate and tear them to pieces as they germinate and grow.

‡ The garden of the Taj is constantly open, and is resorted to by both the European community and the natives, the latter of whom regard the scene with just pride, as a relic of imperial power. Picnics and entertainments, too, are held here; and even quadrilles have been danced in front of the tomb to the music of a band posted on the marble terrace. The Taj is sometimes lit up by the electric light, with wonderful effect.

§ "At this time Sir George R. Clerk was Lieutenant-Governor. He had previously occupied numerous important offices, among the last of which were those of Agent to the Governor-General in the Punjaub, and Envoy to the Court of Maharajah Shere Singh at Lahore. Sir George was remarkable for his equestrian activity. He had frequently ridden up from Umballah (his headquarters at that time) to Mussoorie; and his "powers of locomotion on horseback proved one among many causes of his then unbounded influence with the Sikh chiefs and people under his political charge in the Cis-Sutlej States. The Sikhs used to assert that he kept a hundred horses in his stables, of which some were already posted towards every quarter, so that it was no use to attempt any disguises with him, for he was sure to be in the middle of them before they even could get tidings of his leaving his headquarters. Sir George, no doubt, kept a numerous and a rare good stud, but not quite to this extent. Some of them were

Agra abounds, as we have said, with the Ruins of the Past, with old Mosques and Tombs of the nobles of the court, some of them considered only less magnificent than those we have seen; and we learn that both Mosques and Tombs are occasionally inhabited by European families during the annual rains, when it would seem that they make very agreeable residences. Among the MOSQUES is that of Alawul Bulawal, the oldest in the neighbourhood, the founder of which established a School of Mahommedan Law, and also a monastery, that still lingers out a shadowy kind of existence. Another ancient mosque is the Nai-Kee-Mundee, which appears to have been the offspring of Pathan art. The Kalee Musjid, or Black Mosque, is also interesting, being in the earliest style of Hindostanee art, and a fine, though somewhat ruinous, specimen of the transitional period of Akbar. Among the latest known TOMBS is that of Itmad-ood-Dowlah, the father of Noor Mahal, and Prime Minister of Akbar, situated on the opposite side of the Jumna, and erected by his daughter (aunt to the lady of the Taj, and Queen of the Emperor Jehanghire), who it is said at first intended to build it of silver, but was dissuaded from doing so by more prudent advisers. It is, however, wholly of white marble, exquisitely chiselled, and covered, inside and out, with a rich mosaic; and has a special interest in being the earliest example of that style of decoration in the inlaying of precious stones, of which we have already seen such splendid illustrations. But

well known to the Sikhs of those days; and it was often quite sufficient to prevent an impending boundary fight between neighbouring villagers to hear that 'Robin' or the 'White Mare' had been sent out a stage or two to wait for the 'Umballah Wallah,' as the Agent was universally called, as neither of these animals, according to native expression, 'understood distance,' and would soon bring their master to the spot where his presence was required."—*Edwards.*

Mr. R. N. C. Hamilton, Secretary to the Government of the North-Western Provinces, was my immediate superior. He distinguished himself greatly in after years. Being in England when the Mutiny broke out, he returned at once to Calcutta, whence he was sent by the Governor-General, with full powers, to accompany the force under General Sir Hugh Rose, in every engagement and operation of which he was present, and in the field throughout the whole campaign, until tranquillity was restored in Central India, when ill health required him to leave the country. He was created a K.C.B. (Civil Division), and received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament. Sir R. N. C. Hamilton died at Avon-Cliff, Stratford-on-Avon, May 30th, 1887, having been eminently useful at home as well as distinguished in India.

its general design is not so pleasing as that of many of the tombs around, and is wanting in that symmetry and harmony which are so enchanting in the Taj; while its beautiful mosaics have been sadly disfigured by the spoliations of the Mahrattas, and it is to be feared of later visitors, who have picked out and carried off the gems. (Perhaps it may be questioned whether if a tomb so richly jewelled lay near London it would not be despoiled.) Near this are the remains of the Cheenee-ka-Roza (or "China Tomb"), a mausoleum of porcelain (built by Ufzul Khan, a literary adventurer, and an officer of the court of Jehanghire), and brilliant even in decay. Another fine tomb is that of Feroze Khan, which is considered one of the most beautiful buildings in the neighbourhood, and is of an early style. We hear also of the tomb of the Simundee Begum, built by Shah Jehan, which, however, is in ruins. A cowherd feeds his cattle on the marble pavement within the mausoleum, and sacrilegious hands have picked out all the precious stones with which the white marble sarcophagus was inlaid. There are also some delicious gardens,—the Ram Bagh, a great resort of the European residents, as well as of the native gentry during the summer; the Syud Bagh, a yet finer one; the Char Bagh, a monument of the magnificence of the Emperor Humaioon; the Jahara Bagh, etc. But more remarkable than all are the ruins of Futtehpore Sikri, a city—for it may well be called so —built by Akbar, as the country residence of himself, his court, and retinue, and which has been aptly termed "a reflex of the mind of the great man who built it more distinct than can easily be obtained from any other source"—the Versailles of that great emperor. This "romance in stone," as it is designated by Fergusson, is situated about twenty-four miles from Agra, in what was of old a desert, and is superb even in its desolation. It is surrounded by a high and elegant battlemented and turreted wall, and approached by an amazingly lofty and beautiful gateway * (one of the most imposing in the world), which admits to a splendid quadrangle, and that again to a magnificent mosque, and two fine mausolea. It would appear outside these to be a sea of ruins, extending mile after mile over a space six miles in

* See "Heber," ii. 350.

circumference; a turbulent waste of marble and stone, as if an earthquake had thrown down together palace,* mansion, cottage, and serai; mingling halls, terraces, arcades, pavilions, columns, towers, buildings covered with sculpture, fountains, cisterns, statuary, and tombs; leaving, however, many stately and most beautiful memorials of former grandeur yet erect, though often tottering and crumbling away, together with long and deserted streets, ranges of stables, paved courts, and extensive gardens, in which still flourish many fine trees amid the waste. But most magnificent of all the buildings yet standing is the great mosque we have mentioned, which has a gateway of surpassing grandeur and beauty, said to be the finest in existence.

We pay a visit to the Tomb of Akbar. This famous memorial of a yet more famous monarch (who reigned nearly

* "Among the palaces erected by Akbar at Futtehpore-Sikri was the Ibadat-Khana, or palace for the reception of men of learning, genius, and solid acquirements. The building was divided into four halls; the western to be used by Saiyi, or descendants of the prophet; the southern by the learned, men who had studied and acquired knowledge; the northern by those venerable for their wisdom and their subjection to inspiration: the eastern hall was devoted to the nobles and officers of state, whose tastes were in unison with those of one or other of the classes referred to. When the building was finished, the emperor made it a practice to repair there every Friday night, and on the nights of holy days, and spend the night in the society of the occupants of the halls, moving from one to the other, and conversing. As a rule the members of each hall used to present to him one of their number whom they considered most worthy of the notice and bounty of the emperor. The visits were always made opportunities for the distribution of largesses, and scarcely one of the guests ever went empty away."—*Malleson.*

"It is said that Akbar employed Xavier, a Jesuit missionary, to translate the four Gospels into Persian. M. Manouchi relates a whimsical experiment of Akbar's, 'to show that the love of knowledge was his predominating passion.' Having heard that Hebrew was the natural language of all that had never been taught any other tongue, he determined to put it to the proof. For this purpose he caused a dozen children at the breast to be shut up in a castle about six leagues from Agra. Each child was reared by a nurse who was dumb; the porter also was a mute, and he was forbidden, upon pain of death, ever to open the gates of the castle. When the children had attained the age of twelve years, Akbar ordered them to be brought before him. He assembled in his palace persons learned in all languages. A Jew, who then happened to be at Agra, was to tell whether the children spoke Hebrew or not. It was no difficult matter to find Arabians and Chaldeans at this capital. On the other hand, the Indian philosophers pretended that the children would speak the Sanscrit. When these children appeared before the emperor, the company was surprised to find that they could speak no language at all. They had learned from their nurses to make shift without words, and only expressed themselves by gestures!"—*Hough.*

half a century), erected to his memory by his son, Jehanghire, is situated at Secundra, five miles from Agra,—a village said to derive its name from Alexander of Macedon, with whom the natives associate it—and the way to it is lined with ruined mausolea, mosques, and pagodas. It is truly a *royal* tomb, the most spacious and splendid in Hindostan, and "one of the Wonders of India," which we see before us as we approach it; and it is pronounced by Fergusson to be "quite unlike any other tomb built in India before or since." It is entered by a massive and richly carved Gateway,* of red granite, seventy feet high, with gates of brass, bearing a poetic inscription in black marble, in praise of Akbar and the Mausoleum, and having four elegant, though now much broken, marble minarets. Passing within, we see on a raised platform four hundred feet square, and in the midst of a fine garden, in which our dragoons at one time bivouacked, and the very lattice-work of the wall of which is lovely, a gigantic pyramidal pile, also of red granite, rising in four successive quadrangular terraces one above the other, each upper terrace a diminished copy of that below it, the topmost being of white marble. All are profusely adorned with beautiful turrets, and the whole edifice rises to a height of a hundred feet. As we advance by a paved walk, and enter the building, we find that the basement terrace—three hundred and twenty feet square—has five arched entrances on each side of a vaulted hall some thirty-five feet square and thirty feet high, occupying the centre, which is richly decorated, and called the Chamber of Gold, and from which a passage leads to the sarcophagus of the monarch, over which a lamp perpetually burns; while chambers on either side the hall are occupied by the tombs of some members of Akbar's family, each decorated with carvings and inscriptions in bas-relief, and with beautiful mosaic work, which appears to have been first introduced in Agra in the gate of this tomb, and to have afterwards become "the great characteristic of Mogul architecture."† Ascending story after story, each of which has in its central chamber a marble cenotaph, placed immediately over the tomb of Akbar in the vault below—the prospect of the surrounding country

* There are three other Gateways (one on each side of the quadrangle), each seventy feet high.

† Fergusson.

extending as we rise—we at length reach the top, which is half the length of the basement terrace, has its outer wall entirely composed of marble trellis work of the most beautiful and varied pattern, the latticed windows appearing like fine lace; and within it a cloister or colonnade of the same dazzling material, the pillars and arches of which are adorned with arabesques and inscriptions in bas-relief. This upper court, which was erected by Shah Jehan (as the lower stories were by Jehanghire, and the basement by Akbar himself), is all open to the sky, and is paved with different coloured marbles. The centre is occupied by a fifth cenotaph of Akbar, standing on a raised platform, and immediately over the sarcophagus in the basement; it is of snow-white marble, brilliantly polished, exquisitely sculptured, and inlaid with the Ninety-Nine Names of the MOST HIGH, and also with the name of AKBAR, amid beautiful wreaths, flowers, and other decorations. From the summit we look over the ruins at our feet far, far away; over woods, and plains, and ravines, and cultivated fields, and dusty patches of desert; the Jumna, and the luxuriant gardens (sprinkled with ruins), and the bungalows on its banks; the city, and its mosques and pagodas; the Fort and its *Mootee Musjid*; last of all, the unrivalled Taj, like a white cloud on the edge of the horizon.

Beneath the shadow of the royal tomb stands the Christian village of Secundra; and nearly opposite the Mausoleum, at a little distance, the Native Orphan Asylum. And hereby hangs a tale. Agra is very liable to visitations of drought. In 1837 a dreadful famine depopulated the neighbourhood,*

* "On April 14th, 1838, seventeen thousand pining wretches—men, women, and children—were fed by bounty at Agra; and, between March 1st and 13th, 71,583 infirm and sightless creatures were relieved in a similar manner. So great were the ravages of death that the air for miles was tainted with effluvia from the putrefying carcasses of men and cattle; and the rivers Jumna and Ganges were choked up and poisoned by the dead bodies thrown into their channels. The water and fish of these rivers were rejected as unfit for use. The mortality was at the rate of ten thousand a month; the people were dying like dogs; mothers throwing their living children at night into the Jumna, not to have the torture of seeing them die by starvation in the morning; all commerce in Agra was suspended; the river was almost dry, and its sluggish bed choked up with putrefying carcasses; disease destroying numbers whom famine had spared; dogs and jackals actually devouring bodies in which life was not extinct; horses, asses, buffaloes, everything that had died a natural death, was eaten by the natives. Five hundred thousand natives died from the effects of this famine; had there been railroads few would have perished, as food

and thousands of starving children were cast by the death of their parents on the charity of the European residents. Three hundred and thirty of these—180 boys and 150 girls—formed the nucleus of the Orphan Institution, and were located for a time in the Civil Lines at Agra, whence early in 1839 they were removed to Secundra. Among the *traditional* wives of Akbar was a nominally Christian lady, Miriam Zamani, to whose memory a tomb had been erected. This had fallen into decay, but it was thought that it might be utilised, and could not be utilised more honourably, than by converting it into a Christian Orphanage. Application was accordingly made to the authorities; and the tomb, with the land pertaining to it, was made over to the Church Missionary Society by the Government as an Orphan Asylum, and appropriated to the boys.* Another tomb, supposed to have been that of the

was plentiful in other parts of India. That year there was exported from Calcutta alone 151,223,696 lb. of rice, and 13,722,408 lb. of paddy; but the roads were so bad that food could not be sent in time to Agra."—*Handbook of Bengal Missions.*

* In his eminently interesting work, entitled "Jungle Life in India," Mr. Ball has adduced good reasons for believing that the old classical story of the rearing of Romulus and Remus by a she-wolf may be founded on fact. This author cites the case of two lads in an orphanage at Secundra, near Agra, who had been discovered among wolves, and in many ways shared the habits of these animals. One of his stories is supported by a letter from Professor Max Müller. It says: "A trooper, sent by the native Governor of Chandaur to demand payment of some revenue, was passing along the banks of the river, about noon, when he saw a large female wolf leave her den, followed by three whelps and a little boy. The boy went on all-fours, and when the trooper tried to catch him he ran as fast as the whelps, and kept up with the old one. They all entered the den, but were dug out by the people with pickaxes, and the boy was secured. He struggled hard to rush into every hole or den they came near. He became alarmed when he saw a grown-up person, but tried to fly at children and bite them. He rejected cooked meat with disgust, but delighted in raw flesh and bones, putting them under his paws like a dog. They tried to make him speak, but could get nothing from him but an angry growl or snarl." Another instance is quoted as having occurred at Chupra. A Hindoo father and mother went out to cut their crop in March 1843. The woman had with her a little boy, who lately had been severely burned on the left knee. While the parents were at work the child was carried off by a wolf. Some years afterwards a wolf with three cubs was seen about ten miles from Chupra, followed by a boy. The boy, after much resistance, was caught, and recognised by the mark of the burn on the left knee. He could eat nothing but raw flesh, and could never be brought to speak. He used to mutter and snarl, but never articulated distinctly. The pans of his knees and the points of his elbows had become horny from going on all-fours with the wolves. In November 1850 this boy escaped again, and disappeared into the jungle. Thus the "she-wolf's litter" of Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome" may have been, after all, no myth.

famous Birbal, Akbar's prime minister, was soon after in like manner appropriated to the girls.* In both the children are educated, trained to industrial pursuits, and brought up in the Christian religion. The boys are taught several trades, and in 1840 a printing-press was set up in the tomb of the Christian princess, which is now fully employed, and appears to have a prosperous career before it. As the pupils of the two branches grow up they become acquainted; some of them marry and settle here; and thus they now constitute a Christian village, which seems likely to enlarge itself rapidly.† A Church has already been erected. "It stands," as has been said, "conspicuous among the crumbling monuments of Islamism, forming, with Akbar's mausoleum in the background, an object of peculiar interest."

Not far hence is the cemetery of the Soonnee sect, the oldest tomb in which, we are told, is that of Uboolala, a Mogul nobleman, which is kept covered with a handsome cloth, and is a rendezvous for some of "the faithful," who assemble there every Thursday (as we have seen that others do at the tomb of a Mahommedan saint near Meerut) to sing hymns, and hold also a yearly fête, when they distribute alms to the poor.

And now we return to Agra. On the road between Secundra and the city are two of the Kos Minars, or Two-Mile pillars, which Akbar caused to be erected at that distance from each other the entire way between Agra and Delhi.

Agra, the capital of our north-western provinces, and the seat of the Lieutenant-Governor, holds an important position in reference to the principal native states—to Rajpootana, the countries of the Jats, Sikhs, and Mahrattas; to Bundelkund and to Oude; it is also within moderate distance of Delhi on the one hand, and of the Lower Provinces and the Metropolis of India on the other; and, situated as it is on the Jumna,

* The superintendents of the Female Asylum are happily provided for in a once beautiful villa adjacent thereto, which yet retains many marks of its ancient elegance and grandeur.

† In 1857 the Secundra Orphanage and Christian Village (which then consisted of ninety-one families) were destroyed by the mutineers. The orphans and villagers, however, were saved, and found refuge in the Fort of Agra. In 1860 the buildings were re-erected, and a famine again occurring soon after, the Orphanage was again filled. There are now native clergymen, readers, and catechists, who have been reared in the Secundra Orphanage. When the Prince of Wales visited India, a part of his retinue went to Secundra, visited the schools, workshops, etc., and said *it was the best thing they had seen since leaving England*!"

which is navigable hence to Allahabad, whence the Ganges conducts to Calcutta, might be expected to be a great commercial emporium, as it has been the seat and centre of Imperial power. Yet, whatever it may have been in the olden time, when we are told that it was "a citie as great as London," and "a great resort of merchants," its chief trade now consists in cotton and salt, which pass down the river. Once the most splendid of Indian cities,—its ancient walls embracing an area of eleven square miles,—the portion of it now inhabited is but about four miles in length by three in breadth, a considerable extent of the remaining space being occupied with ruins. There is one fine *paved* street, with a majestic gateway at each end, wherein some of the houses (which are of red sandstone) are three or four stories high, and have porches, columns, and balconies, though it would seem that the *rooms* are very small; but most of the thoroughfares are narrow and irregular, and have little insignificant shops, which offer but poor attraction. *There seems not to be a single book store in all the place.* It is, however, remarkably clean, and is noted for its mosaic work,* to which the Taj seems to have given rise, and which is said to rival in taste and finish the famous ornamentation of the Medicean Chapel.†

* Mrs. Mackenzie, in her "Six Years in India," says: "We went to the house of Natter, the mosaic worker, and saw all the processes. The stones were first cut in exceedingly thin flakes, about the thickness of a card, by means of a wood and packthread bow, water, and sand. A portion of the flake is then held close to a little steel pattern of the required shape, and filed into its exact form. The workman showed us the tips of his fingers, bleeding from the filing. The object that is to be inlaid having been made in white marble, the intended design is drawn upon it, and then hollowed out with the utmost delicacy, and the pieces of mosaic being laid on with a kind of mastic beneath them, are covered with talc to prevent them from being injured, and the mastic being melted by the action of fire, the talc is taken off, and the work has only to be polished. The smaller specimens of this mosaic are not much worth having, but we saw some beautiful chess tables, one for four hundred rupees." Mrs. Mackenzie adds: "The house was well worth seeing as a specimen of a rich tradesman's dwelling. The rooms were exceedingly small, like those at Pompeii; with a tiny balcony, scarcely more than a foot wide, the door leading to it not being above three and a half feet high. There were a good many tiny rooms, all very clean. The staircase was so narrow that I tried to put my arms akimbo in going down, and could barely do so. It must be very difficult for a fat Baboo to thread his own house."

† At Agra is now (1888) made exquisitely fine work in marble and in alabaster, in imitation of the marble screens of the Taj; also carving in red sandstone and soapstone of a most elaborate and beautiful character. See *Journal of Indian Art.*

As the English stranger* regards the city, he may very well remember the visit of our countrymen in olden time, when, in 1608, the eccentric Thomas Coryat—having walked in his pedestrian tour from Jerusalem to Agra,—rode through the streets on an elephant, was presented to Jehanghire, and described himself as "a poor traveller and world-seer"; and when a few years later our ambassador, Sir Thomas Roe, beheld the sumptuous rétinue of the same emperor, with his "twenty royal elephants for his own ascending," his "vast cavalcades of armed horsemen," and other marvellous sights; and looked upon "the old gorgeous palaces" and other noble edifices, the remains of some of which we have seen, but with which our architects have not attempted to vie, the best of their buildings being comparatively mean and contemptible. Many of the present inhabitants of Agra are, however, very poor.†

It was at Agra in 1665 that Tavernier, that most remarkable of travellers, first saw the famous "Mountain of Light," the KOH-I-NOOR, which has since had such an eventful history.‡

* The natives have sometimes—or at least formerly had—curious ideas of our countrymen. "I remember," says the author of "From Sepoy to Subadar"—a most interesting autobiography translated by Colonel Norgate—"when I was at a mela (fair) at the Taj Mahal at Agra, hearing the opinion of some country people, who had come from afar off to see the Taj, about the Sahib *log*. An old woman said she had always been told they were born from eggs, which came on a tree in a far-off island, but that morning she had seen a sahib, with a *houri* by his side, who, she declared, was covered with feathers of the most beautiful colours; that her face was as white as milk, and that the sahib had to keep his hand on her shoulders to prevent her flying away! This she had seen with her own eyes, and it was all true. I am not so ignorant as all this now, but at the time I first came to Agra I should have believed it. I afterwards frequently saw this sahib driving his lady about, and she wore a tippet made of peacock's feathers, which the old woman thought were wings."

† "The greater or less value of the smallest coin in common use in a country is a rough test of the wealth or poverty of its inhabitants, and by the application of it to India we find that country poor indeed. At Agra I had gone to a money-changer's in the bazaars, and asked him for change, in the cowry shells which do duty as money, for an anna, or 1½*d.*-piece. He gave me handful after handful, till I cried 'Enough.' Yet when, in the afternoon of the same day, I had a performance on my threshold of 'Tasa-ba-tasa'—that singular tune which reigns from Java to the Bosphorus, with Sanscrit words in Persian, and Malay words in the Eastern Islands—the three players seemed grateful for half a dozen of the cowries, for they treated me to a native version of 'Vee vont gah ham tall mardid, vee vont gah ham tall mardid,' by way of thanks."—*Dilke.*

‡ The following appeared in an English newspaper some few years ago: "We will endeavour to piece together the scattered fragments of information which exist as to the subsequent history of the Koh-i-Nur from the time when it was seen at Agra by Tavernier, in the year 1665,

Agra was the birthplace of the two famous brothers and scholars Abul Fazl and Faizi. Abul Fazl, the younger of the pair by four years (already known to us under his honorary name Itmad-ood-Dowlah), became the Prime

until it passed into the possession of Her Majesty the Queen. In the year 1739 the Empire of India was in the hands of Muhammad Shah, the feeble descendant of the able and valiant Moguls, his ancestors. By him the diamond was delivered up to the Persian invader, Nadir Shah, who bore away with him, as the result of the loot of Delhi, treasure amounting, it is said, to £70,000,000. On first beholding the stone, Nadir applied to it the title Koh-i-Nur, or 'Mountain of Light,' a most suitable name for the stone described by Tavernier, and one which it has retained through all the vicissitudes through which it has passed during the last one hundred and fifty years. In 1747 Nadir was murdered at Kelat in Khorassan, and the diamond, according to one, and apparently the most authentic, account, passed together with the throne to his grandson Shah Rukh, who then went to reside at Meshed, where he was subsequently made a prisoner and cruelly tortured by Aga Muhammad (Mir Allum Khan), who in vain endeavoured to extort the Koh-i-Nur from him. In the year 1752 Shah Rukh gave it as a reward for his assistance to Ahmad Shah, the former commander of Nadir's cavalry, who on Nadir's death, and with the aid of the treasure which he had stolen, founded the Durani dynasty at Kabul. By him it was bequeathed to his son Taimur, who then went to reside at Kabul. From Taimur it passed by descent to his eldest son, Shah Zaman, who, when deposed by his brother Muhammad, and deprived of his eyesight, still contrived to keep possession of the diamond in his prison ; two years afterwards he gave it to his third brother Sultan Shuja. According to Elphinstone and Sleeman it had been found, secreted together with some other jewels, in the walls of the prison cell which Shah Zaman had occupied. After Shuja's accession to the throne of Kabul on the dethronement and imprisonment of Muhammad, he was visited at Peshawur in 1809 by Elphinstone, who describes how he saw the diamond in a bracelet worn by Shuja. Shuja was subsequently in his turn dethroned by his brother Muhammad, who had managed to escape from his prison where he had been confined, his eyes having been spared the usual blinding process by the intercession of his mother and his eldest brother Zaman. In 1812 the families of Zaman and of Shuja, who still retained possession of the diamond, went to Lahore, and Ranjit Singh, the ruler of the Punjab, promised the wife of the latter that he would assist her husband and confer upon him the kingdom of Kashmir, for which services, however, he expected to receive the Koh-i-Nur. When Shah Shuja reached Lahore soon afterwards, he was detained there by Ranjit, who wished to secure both his person and the diamond; but the Shah for a time evaded compliance with this demand for the stone, asserting that he had lost it, and he refused offers of moderate sums of money for it. At length 'the Maharajah visited the Shah in person, mutual friendship was declared, an exchange of turbans took place, the diamond was surrendered, and the Shah received the assignment of a *jaghir*, or estate, in the Punjab for his maintenance, and a promise of aid in recovering Kabul.' This was in the year 1813. The Shah then escaped from Lahore to Rajauri, in the hills, and from thence to Ludiana, after suffering great privations. Here he and his brother, Shah Zaman, were well received by the Honourable East India Company, and a liberal pension (£6000 each) was assigned by the Government for their support. The above statements are largely taken from Sleeman's account, which was founded on a narrative by Shah

Minister of Akbar, famous for his energetic political rule, and the author of the Magna Charta of Akbar's reign, by which conscience was set free among all his people. He wrote the famous *Akbar-Namah*, or "Annals of Akbar," * and the still more famous *Ain-i-Akbari*, or "Institutes of Akbar" (a history of the religious and political administration of the empire). He fell by the hand of an assassin †

Zaman, the blind old king himself, who communicated it to General Smith, who at that time was in command of the troops at Ludiana. Maharajah Ranjit Singh, during his lifetime, often wore the diamond on state occasions, and it is referred to by many English writers who saw it during that period; some of them extol its brilliancy, while others assert that it was deficient in lustre. Miss Eden, in her 'Portraits of the Princes and People of India,' gives a figure of the stone as it then appeared in its mounting. In 1839 Ranjit died, and on his deathbed expressed a wish that the diamond, then valued by different authorities at from £300,000 to £1,000,000, should be sent to the temple at Jagganath; but this desire, whether it was recalled, as some state, or not, was never carried out, and the stone was placed in the jewel-chamber till the infant, Rajah Dhulip Singh, was acknowledged as Ranjit's successor. When, in consequence of the mutiny of the Sikh regiments, the Punjab was annexed, in 1849, the diamond was formally handed to the new 'Board of Government' at one of its earliest meetings; and six weeks later, in consequence of instructions received from Lord Dalhousie, it was sent to Her Majesty the Queen. In 1851 the Koh-i-Nur was exhibited in the first Great Exhibition, and in 1852 the recutting of the stone was entrusted by Her Majesty to Messrs. Garrards, who employed Voorsanger, a diamond cutter from M. Coster's *atelier* at Amsterdam, for the work. The actual cutting lasted thirty-eight days, and by it the weight was reduced from 186$\frac{1}{16}$ to 106$\frac{1}{16}$ carats, thus losing 80 carats on this occasion. The cost of the cutting amounted to £8000."

* "There are two pictures of Akbar, the great Mogul, which the student will never care to dispense with. The one was drawn by old Samuel Purchas, on the authority of the merchants and missionaries who visited India in the latter half of the sixteenth century; and his account of the Asiatic Charlemagne, the monarch of deep judgment, piercing wit, and wise forecast, loved and feared of his own, terrible to his enemies, is wonderfully lifelike. The other picture is by the hand of the Sheik Abul Fazl, Akbar's friend and councillor, who has described the system of government instituted by the first of the Great Moguls, the magnificence of his court, and the new religion he invented, with an attention to detail and a literary skill which have long made his works the delight of Oriental scholars."—*Review.*

† It is interesting to note that a descendant of Abul Fazl has in these last days appeared among a remarkable gathering of Eastern poets at Lahore. "An extremely curious and interesting gathering of native poets and authors from within and beyond the Punjaub frontier has (the *Homeward Mail* says) been held under the auspices of the Lahore Oriental College. A great many of the native nobility and gentry, Viscount Hinchingbrook, Mr. W. Joest, and Dr. Leitner, who took the chair, attended. The proceedings opened with a poem in Pakhtu by a mullah, from Gabriall, a place to the west of the district of Kilia, and north of Swat. He compared Europe and Asia under four heads: bravery, justice, statesmanship,

in 1602. His brother Faizi, a poet by nature and a physician by profession, was selected by Akbar as a tutor for his sons, became the Poet Laureate of the Imperial Court, and was celebrated for his translation of the Gita, Mahabharat, and other famous Sanscrit works. He is reputed to have been the author of one hundred and one books; and had a collection of 4,300 choice manuscripts, which were afterwards added to the Imperial Library.* Truly these were

and literary genius, awarding the palm to Europe, and, *mirabile dictu*, showing that he had acquired a very correct notion, in his remote mountain home, of the main characteristics of Milton, Shakespeare, Napoleon, Wellington, Pitt, and Bismarck! He was followed by a man from Kolab, who recited some lines in Turki to the effect that his search for a literary city of refuge had been rewarded by arriving at Lahore. Both the Gabriall and the Kolabi are very high Oriental scholars. Then came a man from Tangir, who in a tri-lingual address, including his mother-tongue, Shiná, gave an account of his wanderings to India. Two other bards were also present, one from Fhilghit, who had accompanied Dr. Leitner thirteen years ago on his mission of linguistic inquiry, and who had now brought down with him the first visitor to India from Hunza, the inaccessible nest of robbers and kidnappers who used to infest the Yarkund road, and who speak a language which is said to be unlike any other known tongue. Then a Cubuli poet gave utterance to some melancholy ditties in Persian not altogether unintelligible under present circumstances. The Sanscrit series was inaugurated by some slokas by pundit Guru Parshad, showing that the noblest work of creation was a gentleman. Rikhi Kesh, another pundit, then implored the Deity for the return to India, under the present auspicious rule, of the Genius of Poetry, whose ancient possession by this country had created worlds of wealth, beauty and empire, before which the representations of those ideas on earth were altogether contemptible. *A descendant of Abul Fazl, the illustrious Minister of the Emperor Akbar*, then in words of fire, of which few could have deemed Urdu capable, described the devastations caused by beauty. Sheikh Firozuddin, Minister of the Bhawalpur State, had sent some exquisite Persian ghazals, while the recitations in Hindi showed the piquancy, *naïveté*, and directness which so eminently characterise that ignored dialect. A diversion was created by the inroad of a Punjabi strolling poet, who, hearing what was going on, came in and delivered himself of some impromptu verses in that unadorned vernacular, of how Englishmen crossed the sea, were never afraid of it, and now had come to the Punjaub as rulers, friends, and poets. The learned moulvis Faizul Hassan Abdulkadir, Aziz ud Din, and others, then sang the progress of learning, the advent of spring, and other matters in verses of the most eloquent Arabic and Persian. Contributions from Amritsar had poured in, of which one from Abdul Ghani there was only time to read. No meeting, showing such diversity of languages and such versatility among the poets, has before been held at Lahore. It was called together by a notice stating that the successful poems would be published and submitted to the Lieutenant-Governor, should he allow this to be done. The condition of success was originality of thought, if compatible with sense and propriety, couched in elegant diction."

* It may be observed with reference to this Library that the Emperor Baber left behind him a magnificent autobiography, which was translated

a noble pair of brothers! the one a witness to the brilliant achievements and marvellous events of a glorious history; the other to the exhaustless treasures of imagination, and the resistless power of music and of song.

The city of Agra is not regarded as healthy, and few, if any, Europeans live near it. The Civil Lines—that part of the Station in which the Judge, Magistrate, Collector, and other Civil Officers reside and have their courts (and many of the houses in which have been erected out of the ruins of the old city)—are separated from the Cantonments by a distance of from three to five miles (which in the case of an outbreak of the native population would be inconvenient and even dangerous); the latter, which are situated near the Taj, are very extensive, as many as eight regiments (European and native), artillery and infantry being sometimes quartered in them. And it is the same in India as in England: wherever our troops in time of peace are stationed, they are sure to diffuse life and cheerfulness among their friends, in the same proportion as, in time of war, they spread death and destruction among their foes. The fair sex, too, are always

into Persian by Mirza Ubdooraheem Khan, Akbar's commander-in-chief, and which was probably preserved among its treasures. A splendid copy of this book is now in the Agra College Library. It is a wonder of penmanship. "The passages quoted from the Koran," says Keene, "are all in letters of gold; the remainder of the text being in black or red upon fine glazed paper. About fifty full-page paintings are given, somewhat in the style of the illuminations of Froissart that appeared in England about thirty years ago copied facsimile from a contemporary MS. The Indian pictures are more spirited and more highly finished than their Western prototypes; and afford an interesting specimen of the art of the time. Here are to be seen pictures of the conqueror's early adventures in Toorkistan, and his subsequent campaigns; the battle that he fought against the Lodi sovereign near Paniput, where his guns are duly reproduced, that fired "as much as eight times during the action"; then follow scenes of state and of the chase, with the picnic parties so dear to the warrior's simple soul. Finally, a pair of pages opposite each other give the great battle fought at Khanwa, between Biana and Seekree, where he broke his wine flasks and vowed to live cleanly and forswear sack if only he might succeed in vanquishing the terrible Rana Sunga.

"This book is priceless, and may well be classed among the choicest sights of Agra. The likeness of the hero is well sustained throughout the paintings: a man with an oval face, small black moustache, and pointed beard; graceful in gesture in every position. The architecture and animals of Central Asia and of India; the costumes of the Tartars and the Hindoos; the armour, weapons, and trappings of man and horse, all these are rendered with spirit and accuracy, even to the thin beards and oblique eyes of the adventurers, and the smooth small-boned portliness of the Hindoos."

attracted by their influence, and congregate around them. A scarlet coat has something so alluring about it, and lace and épaulettes and cockades are so irresistible, that it is quite impossible it should be otherwise. And so in all our military cantonments and camps, we find the grace and vigour and stateliness of manhood, and the beauty and sweetness and all the innumerable charms of womanhood, combining to form a galaxy of light and love. Mirth and music (would that the weed *dissipation* did not choke these!) spring up amid the dreariest wilds under the influence of its beams, which give animation to the most languid. Thus it is in Agra. There is always something going on. Either a ball, or a *soireé*, or a *déjeuner à la fourchette*, or a picnic, or a dinner, or a supper, or a marriage, is ever on the *tapis*.

The bungalows of the officers, though perhaps not very handsome, are pleasantly situated, and some have nice gardens, with trees, flowers, and vegetables. The latter are much cultivated by our people, as the want of water in the dry season, and its brackishness in general, make them scarce in the market, and are fatal to all but a very few products of the soil, unless special attention is given them. Here, however, the vine comes to great perfection.* There are many fine trees indeed about Agra—tamarind, peepul, and others;† and these are much valued for their shade during the warm weather—for the climate is very trying in the hot winds, from April to July, after which the rains set in, and continue till October, when the weather becomes a little chilly, and gets more and more so, and by December we have winter upon us, and fires are required. February is the most pleasant month of the year in this district. The climate of

* It was brought hither from Persia by the Moguls. Wine was made in India in the time of Akbar, which sold in Europe at a price equal to that of Shiraz.

† The consumption of wood for firing in these provinces has destroyed many of the forests with which they once abounded, and has threatened to leave none, after a few years, either for building purposes, shade, or fuel. In consequence of no measures having been taken to replace, by planting, the timber taken away, the price of wood has, for years past, been constantly on the increase. The poorer classes are now compelled to make cow-, and even horse-dung, a substitute for it in cooking, and the crops are, in consequence, deteriorated for want of manure. The Government has, therefore, wisely ordered a considerable sum to be expended in planting the most useful trees.

Agra is, on the whole, not unhealthy, as is shown by the fact that the mortality among the European troops has for many years not exceeded *three per cent.*

The principal public buildings in Agra are the Government House (the residence of the Lieutenant-Governor *), the offices of the Political, Judicial, and Revenue Departments, the College (a noble edifice, in which both Western and Oriental lore are alike studied), the Metcalfe Testimonial (erected in honour of Sir Charles Metcalfe, a former Lieutenant-Governor, and which contains two fine halls *and a Library*), and—the GAOL! † The latter is supposed to afford about as

* An amusing anecdote is told of two young officers, who called one day to pay their respects to the Lieutenant-Governor. Only those who have been in India can fully estimate the high position of such a functionary. His Honour happened to be absent at the moment of the visit; but, after some time, returning, the greybearded *chuprassie* announced that there were two gentlemen waiting to see the *burra sahib* (great master). Gazing, with his searching eyes, on the middle of the reception room, "Where are they?" inquired his Honour, in the finest Persian. "Dekho, Sahib!" (See, Sir!) exclaimed the faithful Mussulman, pointing to two corners of the room, in one of which was one of the aforesaid officers standing on his head, his uniform making the attitude more ridiculous; and in the other stood his brother officer, in a similar position, both seemingly determined not to be deprived of amusement while waiting for a Lieutenant-Governor.—*Sketches of some Distinguished Anglo-Indians.*

† "In the British possessions of India, when a man is apprehended on a charge of shoplifting, pocket-picking, or any other sort of petty larceny, and afterwards duly convicted, he has generally to visit a public establishment of a certain description for a period of twelve or twenty-four calendar months, there to be maintained at the Government expense. Not so, however, with the native powers. They laugh at the idea of erecting a building for the purpose of congregating a host of vagabonds, who, were they not incorrigible before, would be sure to become so by so close an association with their fellows. They have recourse to a far more summary process, and, it must be confessed—as far as the people they have to deal with are concerned—a much more impressive one. Moreover, they equally scout, as preposterous and absurd, the notion of being obliged to expend any part of their own money in the maintenance of a prison establishment. What they do, then, is to have the culprit up, and, should he be proved to have committed the crime laid to his charge, execute a summary punishment on him. This is usually of a corporeal kind, the degree of severity being proportioned to the offence for which he has been convicted. Should the offender be a *chevalier d'industrie*, and proved guilty of doing evil in the small way, in a tangent off goes the tip of his nose or the lobe of one ear. If it happens that he has outraged the laws of honesty in a more serious manner, then a more lamentable mutilation takes place: the right hand, from being considered the one by which the guilty act was perpetrated, is doomed to be removed, and, by one blow from a heavy tulwar, it is severed from the wrist.

"Whenever a notorious thief is caught in the territories of a native

fine a collection of culprits of all sorts as can anywhere be found.*

It is surprising that a place so famous as Agra, equal (on

prince, unless he can stop proceedings *in limine* by a golden sop, he is sure to get branded by treatment of this kind; after which he is set at liberty. To stop the profuse hæmorrhage from the stump at the wrist, a red-hot iron is applied. These clippings serve as character-marks, by which the respectability of the individual may ever afterwards be known. The stump they endeavour to conceal, but the deficiency of the nose-tip cannot be hid. Men who have suffered these mutilations are frequently to be met in the streets of every town of Hindostan. Whenever it occurs that deliberate murder has been committed (as in thuggee, for instance), the death which the destroyer suffers is a peculiar one. He is either encased alive in masonry, or a piece of ordnance is drawn out and shotted. The prisoner is then placed opposite to its mouth, and by its explosion blown into the air, shattered into a thousand bits!

"The dread which these summary punishments exercise upon the minds of the subjects of the native independent princes of Hindostan proves an efficient safeguard to property, and is the principal cause of crime not being more prevalent among them."—*Spry.*

* "The gaol has been the scene of some sanguinary affairs, arising from, in some cases, successful attempts to escape; and to prevent this a European now commands the gaol guard. This is, of course, composed of natives, who are armed with musket and bayonet, and who have generally behaved very well, only that, when once they begin to fire, they don't know when or where to stop, but go blazing away indiscriminately, probably frightened out of their wits. In one case, when a number of prisoners had contrived to break out, the guard, not content with killing five or six outside the walls, fired upon others in the ward itself, who had been recaptured, and killed or wounded about thirty of them."—*Egerton's "Winter Tour in India."*

In the Mutiny of 1857 the prisoners, as we have already stated (page 337), broke out, and set fire to the town. Mr. Thornhill, a magistrate, and another European, were hastening to the fort on horseback from Muttra. The account of their midnight ride is most thrilling. The two Englishmen were dressed in native clothes, and rode in the middle of a party of some forty horsemen, who passed themselves off as cavalry of the Emperor travelling with urgent dispatches. As they neared Agra they found themselves within the lines of the rebel army. The station of Agra in front of them was in flames. For some distance previously—in fact, almost as soon as they started—they had seen a lurid light, which gradually increased in brightness, until there could be no doubt that it was the burning city they saw. But the most horrible thing of all was the meeting with the prisoners who had escaped from the gaol. Agra was the site of a central gaol where the most desperate convicts, to the number of 5000 or more, were kept confined. To quote Mr. Thornhill:—

"We had pulled up, and were walking our horses, when Mr. Joyce remarked to me that for some time he thought he had heard odd noises. As he spoke he turned sharply in his saddle, and, addressing Dillawar Khan, exclaimed, 'There it is again! Surely you hear it?' Dillawar Khan made no reply for a second or two, all the while listening attentively. Then he answered, 'Yes; I hear the noise; it is like that of sheep.' 'Sheep!' I said. 'Where are they?' Mr. Joyce exclaimed that Dillawar Khan had not said 'sheep' but 'chains.' The sound of the two words in Hindostanee is very similar. Then he added, hurriedly, in a whisper,

the whole) to the best, superior to most, and inferior to none of the other eligible stations, so centrally situated with regard

'There it is again. Listen!' I did listen, and thought I heard a sound resembling a muffled clanking of a chain. It seemed to proceed from the avenue to my right. We drew our horses to that side of the road, and tried to peer into the avenue; but the darkness was too great. We could distinguish nothing—not even the trees. We went on, wondering what the noises could have been, half disposed to attribute them to fancy.

"We had ridden about a quarter of a mile when the same sounds again caught our ear. This time there was no mistaking them. From the side of the road came a clear, low clanking of chains, just like that which, in stories of haunted houses, accompanies the appearance of the ghost. We stopped our horses, and turned to the side of the road from whence the sounds proceeded. The trees just there were thinner: there came through them a faint glimmer of light. We saw a row of dark figures passing slowly along under the shadow of the avenue. They were proceeding in single file, each behind the other. The ground was soft, their footsteps made no noise, but at each movement came the sound of the clanking of a chain. The truth flashed upon us: the Agra gaol had broken loose—these were the escaped prisoners. . . .

"On first meeting this stream of prisoners we thought it possible that some might attack us. We carried our weapons in our hands, ready to shoot or cut down the first who approached us. As group after group passed by us, and we found ourselves unmolested, unnoticed, these apprehensions vanished. In their place there stole over us a feeling of great horror. The rain continued to fall in torrents, and as we advanced the conflagration began to show through the veil of cloud. The black sky before us became faintly white, the white increased to a rosy tint, which gradually spread over all that portion of the heaven. It became brighter as we went on, and presently was interspersed by tall streaks of redder light, as if flames were shooting up behind, and occasionally blurred coruscations, as of showers of sparks.

"The scene was that which painters and poets depict for the infernal regions. There was the black gloom, the lurid glare, the phantoms, the clanking chains; and over us some of the awe of the shadow of death, for our prospect of reaching Agra appeared now but faint. The rain fell in a ceaseless patter; our horses, as they moved through the pools on the surface, dashed aside the water in a monotonous splash. I was very tired. I was becoming drowsy. Fatigued and sleepy, the imagination ceased to be quite under control. As I half dozed, the impression came over me that we had really entered the place of punishment, that the figures passing beside me were the condemned souls. It required some effort of the will to shake off the idea.

"Shortly after this weird scene, the party, now reduced to the two Englishmen, one faithful horseman, and the two guides—were stopped by a rebel trooper, who demanded who they were. It was not a moment to hesitate. They dashed past him, their native attendant shouting that they were cavalry of the Emperor carrying despatches to the army. Fortunately they were not pursued. They rode through the burning street of Sikandra, past the gaol, and through the main streets of the town to the fort. With difficulty they got entrance to the fort, but only the Europeans were admitted. Weary months of the siege followed, but the author passed through them safely, as his printed book testifies."—*Personal Adventures and Experiences of a Magistrate during the Rise, Progress, and Suppression of the Indian Mutiny.*

to both Bombay and Calcutta, and possessing so great an advantage over the latter in being near the principal scenes of our military operations (where a high authority should be located to carry at once into execution any plans which occurrences on our North-Western frontier might require to be formed), and so near the native states of Gwalior and Bundelkund and Marwar,* should not have been made the seat of the Supreme Government of India, or at least of a government fully empowered to act on its own responsibility in political, territorial, and financial matters. But the Government of Agra,† as at present constituted, is complained of as a highly expensive and somewhat inefficient one; obliged to refer to Calcutta for sanction to even the most trivial measures of domestic rule, and subject to its every whim and caprice.

The power of THE PRESS is sometimes as great as (may we not say it is often greater than?) that of the Government itself. But this is hardly so in the North-Western Provinces of India. The Anglo-Indian press is here represented by the *Agra Ukhbar*, a periodical established about the same time (1832) as the *Meerut Observer* and the *Delhi Gazette*, and no doubt exercising some influence by its brilliant leaders. (I had myself the honour of being numbered among its contributors.)

Servants are sadly complained of in Agra, and there would seem to be some foundation for such complaints. They certainly appear to be the greatest plagues in the country; worse than all the mosquitoes and ants and bugs and snakes, and prickly heat that people have to put up with. They are *said* to be so slow in their operations,‡ and so lazy

* "No other town could vie with its wonderful situation; its vast plains, so well adapted to the display of the ostentatious pomp of hundreds of rajahs, the grand monuments which form such a glorious page in Hindoo history."—*Rousselet.*

† The Government of the North-Western Provinces was removed from Agra after the Mutiny to Allahabad.

‡ We are reminded of what Dr. Jeffreys says of the *artisans*: "I once at Agra tried an English artilleryman who had been a sawyer, with a good-sized handsaw, against *ten* native carpenters together, with their poor implements and squatting attitude. Though he was out of practice, and not in English health, and they in daily practice, he beat the ten hollow by the evening, having done more work than the whole of them together, and won the prize, for which they had unitedly and keenly contended with him!"

and filthy, there is no enduring them. An Englishman would laugh to hear it, but they every day take three hours to their "dinner." At noon they leave off work, and go to a river or tank; they bathe, return, cook their food, eat it, smoke for half an hour, and then lie down and sleep away the rest of the time till three. Many of them are *said* to be also great drunkards, and to make no scruple of secretly using their master's wines or brandies, as well as other things to which they have access.* And then you require so many of them about you! there are no *factotums* to be found; your syce will only attend to his horse; your *bobarchee* to his cooking; your *khansama* to his dishes, your *bheestie* to his water-bag. Indeed, they are sad plagues; when you don't want them they are sure to be in the way, and when you require their services sure to be absent. They impose terribly on their masters, too, especially when travelling, knowing that, even if found out, sahib will not turn them away, as he is aware that he will not be able to get others, though that will not prevent them from running off when it suits themselves, carrying with them all they can lay their hands on. And yet, though they are said to be such rogues, you feel sorry when a servant leaves, even after having given fair warning; for you are almost sure to find in his successor one whose language you will hardly understand, as almost every one of them seems to have a different *patois*. Hindostanee at best is a barbarous idiom; and were not an acquaintance with it essential to all who live in the country would be studied by few of our people. Jacquemont well describes it when he calls

* Mrs. Sherwood relates the adventures of a pine-apple cheese: "A European cheese was at that time a most expensive article in the higher provinces. One had been provided for our family at the cost of I know not how many rupees; and our little major-domo had received these rupees to pay for it. This cheese was placed every evening on the supper table when we supped at home, which was five days on the average in the week; our party, whether at home or elsewhere, always including Mr. Martyn. It occurred to me one day that Mr. Martyn's cheese was singularly like our own. I mentioned my suspicions, and we soon became convinced that there was but one cheese between the two families, although both heads of the houses had assuredly each paid for one. Having arrived at this point, I charged our attendant Babouk with being in league with Mr. Martyn's headman in the affair. He joined his hands, crouched like a dog, and confessed the charge, crying, 'Mercy! Mercy!' He was forgiven, though from that time the double duties of this celebrated cheese were put a stop to."

it a complication of "nasal sounds, which scarcely differs in anything from a balked sneeze," and "gutturals taken second hand from the Arabs, which require throats of rusty iron, parched with thirst," to enunciate. It gives you no key to the secrets of a valuable literature, and its acquisition is only advantageous as it exercises the faculties, and enables you to form some idea of what is going on around you. It is a mixed language, composed partly of Sanscrit, partly of Persian, and partly of Arabic; and partakes more or less of each according to the latitude and longitude. Thus, in Benares, the seat of Sanscrit learning, *that* appears prominently in the language of the people; in Herat, it becomes almost entirely low Persian, and at Aden it is all but Arabic itself. Now persons often find among their domestics men who have travelled from one end of India to the other, and the language of such men, as might be expected, is a perfect idiomatic jumble.

After all, however, the servants are probably not worse on the whole than those of other countries. They may be a little less nice—in straining their master's coffee, for instance, through one of his dirty socks, or——but there are good and bad in all lands. And they appear to be faithful when specially and expressly trusted.

A strange tale is told of an incident that occurred at Delhi. An English captain was quartered there who had the power of suddenly transforming his face from a state of extreme placidity to the most horrible contortions imaginable; and it was his pleasing habit, when seated at the table of a friend, if he found an opportunity, to make this horrible grimace at a native servant, with the frequent result of frightening the man, who would drop any dish he might have in his hand, and run away, to the amazement of the company. One night some wags, who knew the captain's ways, and who had previously taught an attendant what to do, made a small bet with this officer that he could not frighten that particular man; and it was agreed he should try. Accordingly that night, dressed in full uniform, he took his seat at the table of a friend at which this man was to serve, and waited his chance. Presently, as the attendant advanced towards him with a large dish of curry in his hand, he made the promised

grimace. The servant gave a gasp, rolled his eyes, lurched forwards, and then neatly upset the whole of the curried meat and gravy over the captain's uniform, spoiling it for ever! His bet cost him so much that he did not try the grimace any more.

House-rent is exceedingly high in Agra, in consequence of the number of civil and military servants of Government always residing here. Furniture, too, commands a high price, and indeed is not at all times procurable at any. House-keeping is therefore somewhat expensive. The servants, too, are always breaking the glass, china, and pottery; the pianos are always getting out of tune; the windows are sometimes battered in by hail; and the thatch sometimes catches fire, when—down comes the house with all its contents.

A good many horses are brought into Agra for sale. Horse-dealing is well known to be often a synonym for *swindling*, and I have heard a story of horse-dealing in Agra which affords a remarkable illustration.

A native prince in this neighbourhood being in want of a horse paid a visit to F——, a regular dealer, for the purpose of buying one. F—— had several in hand, but the prince could fancy only one of them, which, however, he would not buy because it had been docked; *for the natives will never ride a horse with a short tail.* The prince told F—— that had the animal possessed a more liberal share of that appendage he would gladly have bought it, as he was much pleased with its appearance in every other way; upon which F—— informed him that he had yet another horse for sale, of the same size and proportions, and, indeed, of almost exactly the same appearance, *and possessed, moreover, of a very handsome tail*; but that the said animal could not be seen for two or three hours, as he had just sent him to be shod. The prince replied that he would call on the following day, and wished the horse to be ready for his inspection at a given hour. F—— promised that it should be, and by the next morning prepared a false tail, which he attached to the steed that his visitor had desired to look at. The prince, little suspecting the trick, no sooner saw the horse than he purchased it for a high sum, and presently rode off on it; but in passing through the bazaar, being proud of his new toy, tried to make it prance a little, when—*off flew the*

tail, much to the astonishment of those who witnessed its descent, and who called out lustily after the equestrian. Judge of his surprise when, on stopping and turning round, that article was put into his hand by one who had picked it up, and who claimed *bucksheesh* for bringing it. The prince immediately sent the horse back, and, going himself to the seller, insisted on his taking the animal again, and returning the purchase money. This he refused to do, and, when the prince threatened him with an action at law, resolutely entered the house, and shut the door in his face. Eventually the prince was obliged to sell the creature at a loss.

A fine strand road was constructed during the famine along the river bank, which forms a nice promenade. Here the people may be seen bathing in the Jumna, by which it is said *one-third* of their sins are washed away. There is a class of men called *Jumnaputers*, whose duty it is to sit on the bank, and see that the bathers have the religious mark on their foreheads; and it *appears* that these men are paid from the British treasury, and, further, that in the city and district of Agra there are hundreds of Hindoo temples supported by our Government. When our Government was established, it found certain trustees in possession of temple lands, and regarding Hindooism as the national religion, which ought therefore to be maintained, bound itself by treaty, in taking over the country, not to alienate the revenues of these properties; and we are told that, much as we may now desire it, it is impossible for us to cancel such treaties *while Hindooism is professed by the bulk of the people.* Hence, it would seem, the practice of watching the bathers at Agra to see that they are bathing *religiously*. It seems anomalous and lamentable, however, that such a state of things should exist; especially as it is thought that there are many shrines in the land which would soon go to decay and be abandoned if left to the support of the people. It would even appear that complaints are sometimes made to our magistrates that the priest of a certain temple enjoying support from Government does not perform the daily worship and ablution of the idol, and that in these cases it is the duty of the magistrate to *summon the offender, admonish him for his neglect, and compel him to perform the diurnal ceremonies.*

The Jumna abounds, as we have said, with the *rooee*, a species of carp of great weight, reaching from fifty to eighty pounds, and of delicious flavour. The grey mullet of the Jumna is famous among the smaller fish.

It will be remembered that Akbar was accustomed to gather around him the learned of the age, for whom he erected a palace at Futtehpore Sikri. Among these were some Jesuit fathers * from Goa, who had been sent from that settlement to the Court of Agra on the application of the Emperor, who desired to learn from them the Christian religion. This appears to have led to the establishment of a Roman Catholic Mission in Agra,† and the erection of buildings under Akbar's special permission, which are now the seat of an episcopal see, with a church, orphanage, and cemetery, the latter of which contains some very interesting memorials of that Emperor and his successor's time, including the tomb of Walter Reynaud (the husband of the Begum Sumroo of Sirdanah, the founder of the Dyce Sombre family), who, it may be recollected, died at Agra in 1778.

Several Protestant missions have more recently been established. In 1810 a Baptist mission was founded here with the permission of the Government; but, in consequence of some difference with the Commandant, the missionary, Mr. Chamberlain, was sent back to Calcutta.‡ The earliest operations of our Church Missionary Society in India *commenced at Agra* in 1813 by Mr. Corrie and Abdul Messeh (whom we introduced to the reader at Cawnpore); and they appear to have been ever since maintained there.§ It was

* We have said that Akbar employed Jerome Xavier, a Jesuit missionary, to translate the four Gospels into Persian. A most interesting letter of his Majesty to the King of Portugal, setting forth his religious sentiments and desire for the knowledge of the Christian Scriptures, will be found in Hough's "Christianity in India," ii. 261, *et seq.*, together with other particulars of his intercourse with the Jesuits, etc.

† A Roman Catholic Cathedral in the Italian style has since our visit been erected in Agra. It is the largest of all the churches at that station.

‡ Mr. Chamberlain was afterwards invited to Sirdanah by Colonel Dyce, and passed through Agra, on his way thither, under an escort of cavalry. He was allowed to pursue his journey, and became a preceptor to the youthful Sombre, enjoying also the opportunity of superintending schools, translating the Scriptures, and preaching the Gospel, in that little State.

§ Mr. Corrie was obliged, however, after two years, to return home on sick leave.

here that Bishop Heber in 1824 first met Abdul Messeh, of whom he speaks so highly in his "Journal,"* and whom he afterwards ordained *the first Indian clergyman.* The Native Church was subsequently left under the charge of Abdul Messeh, after whose death in 1827 it remained nine years without a pastor, though the members continued to assemble for Christian worship under the care of Fyzee Messeeh, another Mahommedan convert also mentioned by Bishop Heber, and who, with the aid of a liberal friend, established three native girls' schools in the city.† The number of Native Christians now in connection with the Church of England at Agra amounts to several hundreds.‡

* "Archdeacon Corrie's celebrated convert, Abdul Messeh, breakfasted this morning at Mr. Irving's. He is a very old man, with a magnificent grey beard, and much more gentlemanly manners than any Christian native whom I have seen. His rank, indeed, previous to his conversion, was rather elevated, since he was Master of the Jewels to the Court of Oude, an appointment of higher estimation in Eastern palaces than in those of Europe, and the holder of which had always a high salary. Abdul Messeh's present emoluments as Christian missionary are sixty rupees a month, and of this he gives away at least half! Who can dare to say that this man has changed his faith from any interested motive? He is a very good Hindostanee, Persian, and Arabic scholar; but knows no English. The earnest desire of this good man is to be ordained a clergyman of the Church of England, and if God spares his life and mine, I hope during the earlier weeks in this autumn to confer orders on him. He is every way fit for them, and is a most sincere Christian, quite free, as far I could observe, from all conceit or enthusiasm. His long grey beard, and his calm, resigned countenance, give him already almost the air of an apostle." A monument was after his death erected to his memory at Lucknow, by Mr. Ricketts, the Resident.

† Vol. II., pp. 10-14.

‡ There are now (1891) three Church of England churches in Agra. A Church Missionary *College*, St. John's, was opened at Agra by Rev. Mr. (afterwards Bishop) French in 1853. "I must pause here," says the author of "The Revolution in the North-Western Provinces of India" in 1857, "to record the impression made upon my mind by the calmness and coolness of Mr. French. Every Englishman was handling his sword or revolver: the road covered with carriages, people hastening to the right and left to the rendezvous at Andaharu Bagh; the city folk running as for their lives, and screaming that the mutineers from Allyghur were crossing the bridge; the budmaashas twisting their mustachios, and putting on their worst looks. Outside the College all alarm, hurry, and confusion. Within calmly sat the good missionary, hundreds of young natives at his feet, hanging on the lips which brought them the simple lessons of the Bible. And so it was throughout the revolt. Native functionaries, highly salaried, largely trusted, deserted and joined our enemies; but the students at the Government and still more the missionary schools, kept steadily to their classes; and when others doubted or fled, they trusted implicitly to their teachers, and openly espoused the Christian cause.

"I may add my belief that, owing partly to this good disposition of the

There are one or two other Missions here.* All the Protestant Missions have Schools connected with them.†

The Missionaries, however, have much to contend with in their general work. The uneducated do not always understand them; and those who do comprehend them often shut their ears against their persuasions, and their hearts against conviction.

A Missionary was one day conversing with his Moonshee (a careless unbeliever, who, though convinced of the worthlessness of the Brahminic, refused credence to the Christian, faith) on the subject of the miracles recorded in the New Testament. "Now, Moonshee," said he, after having talked for some time, "supposing I were to work a miracle in the name of my God in order to prove this book" (laying his hand on the Bible) "of Divine origin, would you consider that it did prove this?" "Why, sir, that would depend on what you might think to be such. What you might call a miracle I might not," returned the Hindoo. "Well, come with me," said the Missionary, and took him down the banks of the river. "Now," continued he, "you see that stream: it is perhaps a mile in breadth, and fifteen or sixteen feet deep; if I were to cross it on foot, would you call *that* a miracle?" "Why, I don't know, sir," replied the other; "you English are so clever, there is no telling what you can do." "Very well," replied the Missionary. "Supposing a furious storm were now to arise here, rending the very heavens, shaking the

students, and partly to the zeal of the missionary, Mr. French's Missionary College was about the last to close and the first to reopen of all our public institutions at Agra during the period of the revolt."

It may also be added that when the European community were taking refuge in the fort, Mr. French refused to join them unless his native Christians were allowed to enter with him, and that they were accordingly admitted.

An Agra correspondent in 1890 writes: "As an instance of what we may term the comity of missions, I may mention that our Baptist brethren have grouped all their little bazaar schools around St. John's College, have taken our standard of teaching in their several classes, and thus have made them feeders to St. John's. In this way they are able to keep up the continuity of Christian teaching from the very beginning up to the highest standards."

Mr. French was made first Bishop of Lahore in 1878, but resigned his see in consequence of ill health in 1887. He was a great traveller and a great linguist, as well as a most zealous and earnest Christian missionary, *and a model Indian Bishop.* He died at Muscat in 1891, while on a mission to the Mahommedans.

* The American Presbyterians have established a mission at Agra.

† A Leper Asylum has been added to the Christian institutions of Agra since our leaving there.

earth, agitating the waters, and making a wreck of all the vessels on the river, and in a moment, while at the height of its rage, to cease at my command, would you call *that* a miracle?" "Why, sir, I don't know," again returned the Hindoo; "it might cease of its own accord at that moment." "Very well," said the Missionary. "Suppose you were dangerously ill of a fever and all hopes of you had been given up, and your friends and relatives had gathered round your bed expecting every moment that you would die, and I were to come in and say 'Live!' and you were instantly restored to perfect health, would you call *that* a miracle?" "I can't say that I should, sir," responded the Moonshee; "you might, you know, have caused powerful medicines to be administered to me before your arrival, which at that very moment might have the designed effect." "Very well," returned the Missionary, once more. "Suppose you had died under that fever, and they were carrying your body down to the river, and as they were going I met them, and bade them set you down, and took you by the hand, saying 'Rise!' and you were to be immediately restored to life——" "Ah! but you couldn't do that, sir," interrupted the Hindoo. "But *suppose* I were to do it, would you call that a miracle?" "Why, I don't know, sir," was the reply; "I should take time to consider it."

A curious solution of religious difficulties is represented to have been made in native society on a certain occasion. In the North-west Provinces lived a fakir who seldom made much use of his tongue in conversation. If a nod or a sign would do, he would spare his words. In the same place lived a Mahommedan gentleman, good-natured, but given to frolic. Having one day invited a few friends to dinner, and given them some delicious sherbet, they all became rather exhilarated. (The composition of the sherbet was not known, but it would *of course* not contain any spirits, seeing these were forbidden by the Koran.) The host now proposed that they should pay a visit to the fakir. "I wish," said he, "to puzzle him with three questions which he will never be able to answer." The company agreeing, they set out together, and found the holy man sitting in a newly-ploughed field. The Mahommedan gentleman walked up to him, and with mock humility said, "May I trouble you, holy

father, with three questions?" The fakir gave a nod. "The first question, holy father, is about God. *People say there is a God;* but I cannot see Him, and no one can show Him to me, and therefore I cannot believe in Him. Will you explain?" The fakir gave a nod. "My second question," the gentleman continued, "is about the devil. The Koran says Satan is made of fire. But if so, how can hell-fire hurt him? Will you explain that too?" A nod. "The third question concerns myself. The Koran says every action of man is decreed; now, if it be decreed that I must do a certain thing, how can God judge me for it, having Himself decreed it? Please, holy father, answer me." A nod was given by the fakir; and whilst the party stood looking at him, he quietly seized a clod from the newly-ploughed field, and flung it with all his might at the face of his questioner. *He*, of course, was angry, and, indeed, ferocious; and took the fakir before the judge, to whom he made his complaint, adding that his pain was so great he could hardly bear it. The judge asked the fakir if the story were true. A nod was the reply; but the judge said, "Explain yourself; nods will not do in my Court." The fakir replied, "This gentleman came to me with his companions, and asked me three questions, which I carefully answered." "He did no such thing!" exclaimed the gentleman, "but threw the clod of earth into my face!" The judge looked at the fakir, and said, "Explain yourself." "Assuredly," was the answer. "This gentleman told me that people said there was a God, but that he could not *see* Him, nor could any one show him God, and therefore he could not believe in Him. Now he says that he has pain in his face from the clod I threw at him; but *I cannot see it.* Will your Honour kindly ask him to *show* us his pain, for *how can I believe in it if I cannot see it*?" The judge looked at the complainant, and both smiled. "Again, this gentleman asked how, if Satan were made of fire, hell-fire could *hurt* him? Now, he will admit that father Adam was created of earth, and that he himself also is earth. But *if he be of earth, how could earth hurt him?*" The judge again looked at the accused and smiled. "And as to the third question," said the fakir, drawing himself up with great dignity, "if it were *written in my fate* that I should throw a clod in this gentleman's

face, how could he, and how dare he, bring me here for so doing?" The judge allowed that the fakir had answered the three questions with his clod, and dismissed him; but advised him to reply to future questions in a less offensive manner, as, in case of any other complaint, he might not be able to let him off.

But *we are called away*!

CHAPTER XIV.

AMONG THE HIMALAYAS.

WE had sailed from the Thames to the HOOGHLY, beheld the CITY OF PALACES, traversed the sultry plains of Bengal, sojourned amid the tiger-haunted wilds of Hazareebaugh, crossed and re-crossed the GANGES, visited the sacred *Ghats* of BENARES, seen the Meeting of the Waters at ALLAHABAD, lounged in the shadow of the Great Mogul at DELHI, and were now reposing in the once princely city of AGRA. Around us were the noblest monuments of Mahommedan art—the TAJ, that wonderful and unrivalled mausoleum, which eclipses even the splendour of Grecian genius; the Fortress and Palace of the great and world-renowned Akbar, and the magnificent Tomb in which that monarch reposes; the ruins of countless temples, mansions, baths, and serais, and of the majestic capital itself which these formerly adorned; spacious and luxuriant gardens, clear streams, and flowing fountains. There was beyond us, however, a region of more than regal magnificence! a pile more famous and more sublime than any that had yet met our eye! And this we longed to survey. It was THE HIMALAYA! And just as the Rains were setting in, *we were ordered to Simla (to join the Governor-General)*! The same evening—July 5th—we were on our way!

Stretched at full length in our palanquin—which some eight or ten bearers are shouldering, with groans at every step, like those of an Irish pavior—we are borne along a dreary road at the rate of four miles an hour. Night sets in, the torches are lit, and flare and stink provokingly. We shut the palkee doors, and in solemn and stately loneliness compose ourselves to sleep. An hour or two passes; we are awakened

by loud clamours, and cries of *bucksheesh*, hand out some small coin, are committed to the care of a new set of bearers, and are again borne onwards. This is repeated five or six times, and now it is morning. Still we hurry forward. There is no delay; fresh sets of bearers await us at every stage, for everything has been arranged by the Post-office. These provinces and the Punjaub are the territories once inhabited by the ancient philosophers of the race, who, after coming over the Himalaya into India, here formulated their earlier tenets into that religion (or, rather, that cruel superstition) to which in later ages the name of Hindooism has been given and which spread at a later age into Bengal. WE ARE NOW IN CLASSIC LAND; in a part of the country said to have been once *frequented by the gods*. Every spot of any consequence is sacred, and the names of the towns and villages are often given by devout Hindoos to their sons. *There*, on the banks of the Jumna, lies MUTTRA, of antiquity reaching to at least two thousand years before the Christian era; great in the annals alike of Buddhism and Hindooism;* second only, perhaps, to Benares in sanctity; and most interesting to the social geologist, in view of the succession of races that have dwelt there. Destroyed by Mahmoud of Ghuzni† in the eleventh century, it

* Here Krishna and Balarama, "the divine herdsmen," fed their cattle in the forest pastures.

† This fierce invader thus describes the Muttra of his day: "This wonderful city contains more than a thousand edifices, the greater part of which are in marble, as firmly fixed on their foundations as the faith of the true believers; and in this number I do not include the temples of the infidels. If we calculate the money all these monuments must have cost, it would be no exaggeration to estimate it at several millions of dinars; and, it may be added, that such a city could scarcely be built in the space of two centuries. In the pagan temples my soldiers found five golden idols, the eyes of which were formed by rubies worth fifty thousand dinars. Another idol had as an ornament a sapphire weighing four hundred niskals, and the image itself yielded, when melted, 98,300 niskals of pure gold. Besides these, we found a hundred silver idols, representing as many camel-loads." Elphinstone tells us that during a halt of twenty days the city was given up to plunder, the idols were broken, and the temples profaned. The excesses of the troops led to a fire in the city, and the effects of this conflagration were added to its other calamities. At Mahawan, near Muttra, the rajah had submitted, and had been favourably received, when a quarrel accidentally breaking out between the soldiers of the two parties, the Hindoos were massacred and driven into the river; and the rajah, conceiving himself betrayed, destroyed his wife and children, and then made away with himself. "The visitor of to-day," says Keene, "going through the streets of Muttra, finds galleries in front of modern private dwellings that are more delicate, more various, and in other respects more generally beautiful than most that are to be seen on the sides of the Grand Canal of Venice."

was afterwards rebuilt; was razed to its foundations by Aurungzebe, and rebuilt again; and is now an unusually well-built native town, filled with Brahmins, mendicants, and pilgrims.* It very much resembles Benares in appearance, ranks next after it in "holiness," and disputes with Kurnaul the title of *the dirtiest town in India.* It must, however, be a paradise for pigeons, paroquets, peacocks, Brahmin bulls, and more especially for monkeys; for, while the former have unbounded licence and indulgence, Stocqueler says that "in no part of the world are the latter more *cherished* and RESPECTED. Even princes consider it an honour to contribute to their comfort and support. The place absolutely swarms with them; and in riding through the narrow and crooked streets they may be everywhere seen, gambolling, stealing, pilfering, nursing their young, or engaged in those entomological researches to which these *beauties* are so much addicted. Every now and then you stumble on a young one, who shows his little teeth and grins with terror; or, perched in the corner of some temple, or on the wall of a *banian's* shop, you encounter some stolid old fellow, devoured apparently with chagrin and melancholy—who, however, no sooner catches a glimpse of the strange-looking *topee-wallah* (hat-man), than, arousing from his trance, he becomes endued with astonishing animation and fury, gnashing his teeth as you pass in a manner unequivocally hostile. The monkeys are usually of the common greyish-green sort; nevertheless, the Hanuman, or great black-faced ape, which is a very fine creature, is common enough. The Hanuman is he who cuts so conspicuous a figure in the history of Hindoo superstitions; who is the hero of some of their tales, and is so frequently represented both by painting and sculpture in their temples. The Hanumans do not associate with the other monkeys; no doubt it would be *infra dig.* in monkeys of such high historical pretensions. In certain parts of the town are terraces a few feet high, and of a circular form, on which, at certain times of the day, the monkeys are fed. The Brahmin, or he whose duty it is to cater for them, after spreading out the grain makes a signal, and the tribe of

* Muttra is the centre of a sacred circle of 168 miles, called the Braj or Braj-Mandal (similar to the Panch-kosi at Benares, but much larger), the perambulation of which comprehends visits to five hills, eleven rocks, four lakes, eighty-four ponds, and twelve wells; all to be taken in fixed order.

satyrs, great and small, come trooping down from the trees and housetops, and are soon busily engaged." What a miserable travesty of religion, when its very priests are the servitors of these hideous creatures, these grinning and lascivious beasts!

Muttra was formerly one of our great Military Stations, as many as ten thousand men having before now been quartered there; and it is still a place of some consequence in this respect, though it does not retain the high position it held in Lord Lake's time. A fine fort, once occupied by Perron, the Mahratta Chief, and taken from him in 1804 by our people, still testifies to the importance of the post in old days. The fort contains one of the five stone Observatories erected by Jey Singh, by command of the Emperor Mohammed Shah, some of which we have already seen.

Near Muttra is Bindrabund, another ancient, dirty, and peculiarly sacred city, the reputed birthplace of Krishna,* the Hindoo Apollo and Hercules, and a place of pilgrimage; it has numerous temples,† ancient and modern, and many sumptuous palaces built by native princes who resort to it; the very dust of the ground is said to give wisdom to *those who chew it.* Most of the human inhabitants are Brahmins; but *the monkeys are more numerous than the people*! These creatures are to be seen everywhere about the city; but at Bindrabund, as at Muttra, seem to be divided into clans, each of which has a district of its own, to which its members confine themselves, none intruding on their neighbours. One monkey temple cost £1,000,000; the monkeys are said to be sacred to Krishna, and are regularly *pensioned.* Our officers sometimes give the Brahmins money to provide a feast for the tribe under their immediate protection.‡ It is said that

* "KRISHEN, who still in MUTTRA'S holy fields
Tunes harps immortal, and to strains divine
Dances by moonlight with the GOPIA nine."
Hymn to Candeo (Translated by Sir William Jones).
"These are clearly," says Sir William Jones, "the Apollo and Muses of the Greeks."

† Bindrabund contains *one* of the most elegant and interesting temples in India. (See Fergusson's "Indian and Eastern Architecture.")

‡ It was here that in 1808 two young officers from Muttra shot at and wounded one of the monkeys, when the infuriated Brahmins, attacking the elephant on which they were mounted, drove it into the river, and both were drowned.

the sight of the provisions attracts a large gathering; but that, though wistfully regarding the good things spread out before the lawful owners, those living across the border, aware that they have no right to partake, keep a respectful distance, and make no attempt to share. Bindrabund has also its sacred fish, and its holy peacocks, both of which are also fed by the Brahmins.

GOVERDHUN, another place* celebrated in ancient history as associated with Krishna and the scene of his dalliance with the milkmaids;† and Deeg,‡ famous in war, are also near at hand, but—speed the way! The rain has fairly *set in*. It pours down in torrents that threaten a speedy deluge. The bearers groan louder and louder, and slacken their pace, and prate almost continually of *bucksheesh*. The road becomes flooded: not a soul is to be seen.

* "The town stands upon a narrow ridge of stone hills, about ten miles long, rising suddenly out of the alluvial plain, and running north-east and south-west. This range of hills is believed by Hindoos to be part of a fragment of the Himalaya Mountains, which Hunnooman, the monkey general of Ram, the sixth incarnation of Vishnoo, was taking down to aid his master in the formation of his bridge from the continent to the island of Ceylon, when engaged in the war with the demon king of that island for the recovery of his wife Seeta. He made a false step by some accident in passing Goverdhun, and this *small bit* of his load fell off. The rocks begged either to be taken on to the god Ram, or back to their old place; but Hunnooman was hard pressed for time, and told them not to be uneasy, as they would have a comfortable resting-place, and be worshipped by millions in future ages,—thus, according to popular belief, foretelling that it would become a residence of a future incarnation and the scene of Krishna's miracles. The range was then about twenty miles long, ten having since disappeared under the ground. It was of full length during Krishna's days; and on one occasion he took up the whole upon his little finger, to defend his favourite town and its milkmaids from the wrath of Judar, who got angry with the people and poured down upon them a shower of burning ashes."—*Sleeman.*

† Goverdhun is also the burial or burning place of the Jat chiefs of Bhurtpore and Deeg, "by whose tombs, with their endowments, this once favourite abode of Krishna," says Colonel Sleeman, "is prevented from being entirely deserted."

‡ A fortress of great note and importance, which had once been a royal dwelling, and was garrisoned by Holkar when besieged by Lord Lake. It may be remembered that Sergeant (subsequently Lieutenant) Shipp took part in the storm December 24th, 1804. His autobiography—"Memoirs of the Military Career of John Shipp"—was published in 1829, and republished in the "Adventure Series" of T. Fisher Unwin in 1890. From this book we find that he wrote another work,—"The Private Soldier," which, however, we have never seen, and of which no mention is made in *Allibone*; though two other works are stated to have been written by him, the "Military *Bijou*," and "The Eastern Story Teller."

About four miles to the south-east of Muttra is the famous Kailah-jheel, which abounds with wild ducks and snipe ; and nine miles north-east of Muttra, the Maha-jheel, which also affords excellent sport.

We arrive at GURRONDAH. Here is one of the royal Serais, which has probably oft received the Emperors of Delhi under its roof on their road to Cashmere or Lahore, and witnessed those magnificent displays of regal splendour so well described in Eastern romances. But decay and ruin have since passed over it, and the denizens of the jungle have perhaps dwelt there. Tigers were, and may still be, very numerous in this vicinity ; and we understand that lions have been seen in the neighbourhood.

We are obliged to shut ourselves in. The air is hot and stifling, the rain hammers on the roof, the bearers, as they paddle through the now deep pools, are more noisy than ever, and we have nobody at all to speak to. Again we are compelled to throw open the doors ; the rain beats in our face and drenches us ; the atmosphere is thick and heavy ; and all around dull and wretched. But ho ! we arrive at Delhi. Here resting a short time, and looking around me, I fell in with some acquaintances, by whom I was welcomed, and who pressed me to stay a few hours with them. Here was presented to me the "BOOK OF PLEASURES"—the "Pleasures of Hope," the "Pleasures of Memory," the "Pleasures of Imagination" (*all in one volume*)—a gift indeed, a casket of jewels, ever to be associated with this (my last) visit to Delhi.

Being so near Meerut my thoughts went back to Haupper, and I determined to pay a flying visit to my *inamorata*. Directing my bearers to be ready to start in the evening for Meerut, I wrote to my friend at Haupper to post horses for me between those stations. Accordingly, I left Delhi at 10 p.m. It was a wet night, the roads were completely flooded, and I had a most uncomfortable journey. However, the next morning found me again in Meerut, and the evening of that day in Haupper. But, alas ! my journey was in vain : the lady was *married* !

On the 11th I returned to Meerut. The day was fearfully hot, and as I rode thither on horseback the full force of the

solar rays fell on my head,* and I was once compelled to halt for a moment under the shade of a tree, where I leaned over the pommel of my saddle almost in a state of insensibility. I soon recovered sufficiently to pursue my way; but on reaching Meerut found myself in so high a fever that I resolved to defer leaving that station till a few hours' rest had restored me. But the rain came on so violently in the evening as to induce me, though I then felt better, to postpone my departure till the following morning. The wet, having after two or three hours completely saturated the thatch of our bungalow, began to drip through it on my bed, which I was employed the whole night in shifting from place to place to keep at all dry. At daylight the rain ceased, and, having breakfasted, I once more started in my palanquin, calling on my way at the barracks to see some old friends; my bearers doubtless proclaiming (as usual) my approach by a variety of titles, which would have astonished my former comrades could they have understood them.

After a few hours the rain again came on. As we proceeded we found the road more and more deeply flooded, till at length we came to a part traversed by a stream so deep that the bearers found it impossible to wade through it. Some earthen jars were therefore procured from a neighbouring village, strung together, and set neck upwards in the water. The palanquin was placed on the top of these; the bearers sprang into the stream, and while they swam, with loud cries to each other of "KOBADAR! KOBADAR!" ("*Take care! Take care!*"), pushed our *raft* along, till in the course of half an hour we had crossed. I arrived the same day, for the third time, thoroughly soaked, at Kurnaul (940 miles from Calcutta). Here I stopped a while to get dry. It is a grand place for ducks, teal, and snipe, though not, as it would seem, for men and women. Muttra was once our *frontier* station on the north-west; our outposts were afterwards advanced to Kurnaul; and this, in its turn, is now deserted. But a short

* It was an *intense* realisation of the lines of Thomson:—

> "'Tis raging Noon, and vertical, the sun
> Darts on the head direct his forceful rays.
> O'er heaven and earth, far as the ranging eye
> Can sweep, a dazzling deluge reigns; and all
> From pole to pole is undistinguished blaze."

time since it was a large and flourishing place; now, long lines of empty barracks, a noble but forlorn-looking Church,* and two crowded churchyards,† alone attest its former greatness. Occupying, like Agra, an important position with reference to the Native States and to our own territories above and below it, the Government has at last been obliged to abolish it as a station for European troops from its extreme insalubrity. It may still, however, have its attractions for the sportsman; for the neighbouring jungles abound with partridge‡ and pea-fowl, as well as with *jackals*. And *possibly*, *there* may be found his majesty GIAN BIN GIAN, the King of the Fairies!

But these plains should be fruitful, for they have been

* The church *and tower* were afterwards transferred to Umballah. Attached to the church was a little bungalow, in which we feel some interest. It was called "The Soldiers' Meeting House," and was built entirely at the cost of the soldiers of an English regiment, by whom, on their leaving the station, it was handed over to the chaplain for the use of their successors. The middle part was fitted up for Divine service, and the outer verandah was partitioned off into little chambers for private devotion. It appears to have been consecrated by the bishop, and named St. John's Chapel.

† "I could not help sighing," says the author of "Four Years' Service in India" (who a short time after visited Kurnaul, and found it in so sad a condition that *it seemed to have been left in ruins for at least fifty years*)—"I could not help sighing and feeling for those who lay sleeping in their graves, with no other trace left but a solitary stone with their names upon it to tell who lay there far away from their native shores." A yet later writer, in *Household Words*, vol. xvii., says that Kurnaul "had its church, its playhouse, its barracks for cavalry, infantry, and artillery, its mess-houses, magnificent bungalows, and all the rest of it. . . . The station was abandoned with all its buildings, which cost the Government and private individuals lacs and lacs of rupees. You may be pretty sure that the villagers were not long in plundering every house that was unprotected. Away went the doors and windows, the venetians, and every bar, bolt, nail, or bit of iron upon which they could lay their fingers. Not content with this, the brutes set fire to many or nearly all of the thatched bungalows, in the hope of picking up something amongst the ruins. The church—the largest and best in the Upper Provinces, with no one to take care of it—was one of the first places that suffered. Like the other buildings, it was despoiled of its doors, windows, benches, bolts, nails, etc.; and they carried away every marble tablet therein erected and removable without much difficulty. And the same kind of havoc was made in the burial ground—the tombs were smashed; some of the graves, and especially the vaults, opened; and plainly enough was it to be seen that the low-caste men had broken open the coffins, and examined their contents, in the hope of finding a ring, or an earring, or some other ornament, on the person of the dead." The writer gives further interesting but revolting particulars.

‡ The *black* partridge appears to be plentiful here. Seventy-five brace are said by a writer in the *Bengal Sporting Magazine* for 1841 to have been bagged in one day. (In some parts of the country tippets used to be made of the beautiful black, white-spotted feathers of the lower plumage.)

deluged with human blood. All around is one vast grave, in which the bones of men of many climes and creeds lie together; the shadow of death hangs over them, and they are haunted by the spirits of the past.

It is not merely the gloom of the weather which makes travelling so wretched. In all these parts there is scarcely a town possessing any attraction for Europeans; and in the country there are few, if any, ancient and magnificent seats of hereditary nobility; no stately and venerable family mansions which we can turn aside to view; no pleasant farm-houses; no moss-grown cottages,—little, if anything, with which the verse of our poets is associated, and nothing of that moral feeling which, as Washington Irving remarks, seems to pervade English scenery. War, despotism, and priestcraft appear ever to have absorbed the wealth and engrossed the energies of the land; and forts, barracks, temples, and prisons are the only edifices of importance that meet our eye. But now again we push on.

THUNNESSIR! This is an old town, once the capital of the kingdom to which it belonged, and standing near the site of the famous city of Hustnapoor; a very ancient place, too, of Hindoo pilgrimage, being considered the centre of the Holy Land of Kurukshetra. It was taken by Mahmoud of Ghuznee in his *excursion* to India. Here are several temples, one of which is decorated with grotesque and highly-coloured delineations of the animal creation and other objects, which show the artist to have been a man of original genius, as they bear little resemblance to aught existing (so far as we know) in the heavens, the earth, or the sea. Among these is a bird having eight legs, and from each claw an *elephant* depending; and a representation of a siege, in which the beleaguering forces are all huddled together in a corner, have all their righ legs elevated in the air, and are all priming their muskets, save one, who is placing a ladder considerably shorter than himself against a wall no higher than his waist, but which he evidently knows not how to scale. Another temple stands near, which contains an idol of carved wood, representing an old man carrying somebody on his back. This somebody has a bird's bill for a nose, and is supported in his high estate by a board rising from between the feet of the former, whose

appearance is that of a half-washed sweep. Numerous Brahmins reside here. Thunnessir is famous as the scene of the great battle fought on the banks of the Lake Khourket (in its immediate neighbourhood), and celebrated in the Mahâbhârata; it is renowned also for a sacred tank (or reservoir), into which, during eclipses of the moon, all other tanks are believed to run, so that he who bathes therein on such occasions obtains the concentrated merit of all possible ablutions. Bernier tells us that he witnessed here the solemnities of the great Eclipse Festival in 1666, when more than a hundred and fifty thousand persons assembled from all parts of the empire to bathe in this tank; "its waters," says he, "being considered on the day of an eclipse more holy and meritorious than those of any other." *

Nothing, perhaps, is more remarkable in travelling in India than the frequent changes in the aspect of the people. We have left behind us the Hindoo and Mahommedan capitals, and are now in the Protected Sikh States. The Sikhs, as we have seen, are a tall, comely, and warlike race, and contrast to much advantage with the inhabitants of the Lower Provinces. Some of their prejudices, however, make them inconvenient neighbours; that in particular, which prevents them from slaughtering the bullock or cow, and renders it impossible to get any beef in their territories. The people of these States, moreover, do not seem so prepossessing as those of the Punjaub.

The Ranee of the neighbouring state of Kythul is a lady of somewhat similar character to our old acquaintance the Begum Sumroo of Sardanah. The territory of her husband the Rajah was to lapse to our Government in default of issue on his demise; and when that event so occurred the Company took measures for annexing it. To this, however, the Ranee was decidedly opposed, and accordingly collected an army to defend her "rights," in which step she appears to have been aided by some other native power. Our political agent for the district was at Thunnessir; and, summoning troops from the stations in the vicinity, dispatched them to the spot. Her Highness then assumed the aggressive, and so boldly that our sepoys were obliged to retreat. A strong reinforcement however, was ordered out; the Ranee, esteeming discretion

* See p. 133 *note.*

the better part of valour, retired from the fortress she had previously "occupied," and the people of the neighbourhood, who in their alarm had begun to remove and to bury their property, were restored to a degree of quiet.

We are now at Shahabad (the City of the King),—a dirty and ruinous hole. It may, however, have once been a grand place (though that was certainly a long time ago), as it contains extensive ruins. Our bearers, not finding the relay ready to meet them, set down the palanquin in the middle of the road, and take to their heels. We are left alone, and have to wait in the rain as patiently as we can till others arrive.

An hour has passed, and now we are once more "set-a-going." The evening again closes in, a wretched night follows, and in the morning we reach Umballah.* Here we rest for a while in the Dâk Bungalow. Umballah—or rather what we see of it—is an entirely new town of barracks and bungalows, without any attractive features. I found that several houses lately built (of unburnt brick) had been so thoroughly soaked by the rain that they had fallen to pieces. There is, however, a native town, which we have not time to see, but which may be a place of some commercial importance.

Not far hence is the town of Loodianah,† near which stand

* It was here that Bishop Wilson—who laid the foundation of the Church at this station—was seized with that sickness which ultimately led to his returning for a time to England. The contrasts between the heat at midday and the cold at night, so marked towards the close of the year in the Upper Provinces, and so severely felt in tents, had been too much for his strength in travelling.

Umballah became a station of the American Presbyterian Missionaries in 1848.

† The dangers of the climate and the campaign are not the only perils to which the British soldier is exposed in India. The destruction of Her Majesty's 50th Foot at Loodianah by the fall of the barracks there, "which had frequently been reported rotten, unsound, and dangerous," is thus referred to by a writer whom we have already quoted in illustration of our remarks on military life in India. "I hope from the bottom of my heart never to see brave men put into such a barrack as that at Loodianah, which fell in upon and buried in its ruins the remnant of Her Majesty's 50th Regiment of Foot, one of the most gallant regiments in the Army List. They went into the field, during the first Sikh campaign, nine hundred strong. Nine hundred bright bayonets glittered in the sun as they marched away to give the foe (in the words of Lord Gough) 'a taste of cold stale.' They were at Moodkee, Ferozeshah, Alival, and Sobraon. Out of that nine hundred only three hundred returned to quarters in March 1846. In three months six hundred had fallen in battle. The campaign over, they were quartered at Loodianah, and placed in barracks which had been frequently reported rotten, unsound, and dangerous. But of this

the remains of Sirhind, the ancient capital of the district, said to have been the scene of the great battle between Alexander and Porus.* The city was destroyed and anathematised † by the Sikhs in revenge for the murder of the son of their high-priest by the Mahommedan inhabitants. "To this day," says Archer, in his "Tour in Upper India," "it is the bounden duty of a true and zealous Sikh to take three bricks from a standing wall or building of Sirhind, and throw them into the Sutlej." Loodianah itself is the capital of a district of the same name, and a military Station of some importance, which derives its designation from the Lodi, a tribe of Afghans. It is celebrated for its shawls, which rival those of Cashmere. It has a population of 70,000, the greater part of whom are weavers; but among them are numerous rich merchants and bankers, whose transactions extend from Bokhara to Calcutta and the other great cities of British India. It was the residence of Shah Shoojah, the lately restored, and now defunct King of Afghanistan, who with his brother Zemoum Shah, a previous ruler of that country (who had been dethroned and blinded by Prince Mahmood, after having twice invaded Upper India), there found an asylum and a pension each from our Government.

report, though forwarded by the Commander-in-Chief, the Military Board took no notice. The consequence was that in a dust storm in the night of May 21st, 1848, the barracks came down. Beneath that mass of dust and smoke and unburnt bricks, lay all the men, women, and children left to represent the glorious 50th Regiment of Foot! Beneath that mass were the heroes who had escaped the carnage of the battle-fields in which three to one of the regiment had died! Fifty-one men, eighteen women, and twenty-nine children were killed by the fall of those barracks; one hundred and twenty-six men, thirty-nine women, and thirty-four children were badly wounded—many maimed and disfigured for life! Well might the colonel of that regiment cry aloud, 'My God! there is no 50th left. The enemy did its worst, but it is the Company Bahadoor that has given us the finishing blow! . . .' There is a huge grave at Loodianah containing the bones of those men, women, and children of the 50th; and scores of officers still live to be a testimony to this horrible catastrophe. The engineer at Loodianah was written to by the secretary of the Military Board, and asked why he had not made a report of the state of the barracks which had fallen in? He replied that he had written three letters on the subject, and that his predecessor had written seven; and the foolish man was stupid enough to ransack the records of his office, and 'had the honour to transmit, for information of the Board, copies of these documents.' For this absurd effort of memory, and ridiculous attempt to clear himself of blame, he was removed from his appointment."

* Procopius notices that in the time of Justinian (the sixth century) silk was brought from Serindia, a county in India.

† See Josh. vi. 26.

(Shah Shoojah was once possessor of the Koh-i-noor, and gave it, as we have said, to the late Ruler of the Punjaub.) In October last Loodianah was the scene of a grand durbar, in which Dost Mahommed, the former Ruler of Cabul, whom we had dethroned, was received in state by Lord Ellenborough,* who restored to him the sovereignty of Afghanistan.

We learn that the American missionaries have a Station at Loodianah, established in 1834; and that there have been many Punjaubees in their school, and some Cashmeerees.

Resuming our route, we, towards evening, behold for the first time the outline of those majestic HILLS to which we are journeying. Man's feebleness and God's omnipotence, man's brief span of life and God's eterntity, man's mutability and God's unchangeableness,—these are thoughts which the sight of the Ocean and the Mountains awaken. When we look upon the Ocean, however, such thoughts arouse our terror; we know its power; we think of the millions it has engulfed; its smoothness seems treachery; its beauty, an allurement to destruction. When, on the contrary, we gaze on the Mountain-tops, we lose the sense of our own nothingness in

* "I never witnessed a more striking scene than the presentation to His Excellency of the old Ameer, a complete patriarch in his appearance, with snowy white flowing beard, and surrounded by six sons, all remarkably fine-looking men. Lord Ellenborough received the Dost with much kindness of manner, showing evidently that he sympathised with the old king in his peculiar circumstances of humiliation. The Dost's manner, as well as that of his sons, was calm and dignified. Few remarks were made, of course, on the past, and the conversation related chiefly to the future, and the Dost's approaching journey through the Punjaub towards his own dominions. Just before parting, the Ameer, addressing the Governor-General in Persian, observed, 'I have seen a great deal of your Government since I came to India. Your forts, your arsenals, your ships, all are admirable, I have been down to Calcutta, and have been astonished with your wealth, your palaces, your marts, and your mint; but to me the most wonderful thing of all is that so wise and wealthy a nation could ever have entertained the project of occupying such a country as Cabul, where there is nothing but rocks and stones.' 'It was by no wish or order of mine,' the Governor-General replied, and dismissed his guest to take possession of his ancient kingdom, wishing him a long life and prosperous reign after so many vicissitudes. The Ameer came to the durbar as a state prisoner, and received no marks of honour; he returned from it as a restored king, with all the respect due to royalty, the troops on duty presenting arms and the artillery firing a royal salute. His long undisturbed reign since then proves how incorrect was the information which led our Government to adopt Shah Shoojah's case, and the supposition that the Dost was hated and abhorred by his subjects, who would willingly aid in his deposition." —EDWARDS'S *Reminiscences of a Bengal Civilian.*

that of the greatness of the Deity. We view their calm and passionless majesty with serene but humble devotion; our souls swell with desire to commune more intimately with Him whose hands laid their foundations, whose glory seems to rest on their summits, and under whose shadow we long to repose. So mighty, yet so tranquil; so grand, yet so beneficent in their influences; blocking up the path of bloodthirsty ambition to the domains it would invade; maintaining the independence of the free; giving birth to springs and rivulets and streams and rivers and lakes, the fertilisers and ornament of the world; so associated with the history of the best and bravest of our race; so matchless in their union of the sublime, the beautiful and the immutable, are the mountains, that we learn as we gaze to love, and as we linger long to explore them. But now it is again night; our last, however, in the plains. The rain has ceased, at least for a time; our bearers move steadily on; and we resign ourselves once more to repose.

We awake; the day is breaking; the Hills are near, and we may discern their outline. How wonderful, how magnificent! We behold the roots of that mighty chain which lifts its glorious peaks to heights unapproachable and beyond compare, and belts the land from Hindostan to Thibet; uniting the vast, the terrific, the beautiful, the gorgeous, the horrible, and the sublime! We have heard of your fame, ye lofty mountains, and come from afar to see your splendour! America has her Andes, Africa her Cameroons, Syria and Palestine their Lebanon, Russia her Ourals and her Caucasus, France her Alps, Spain her Pyrenees, Scotland her Grampians; but what are these to YOU?

A poet, in a kind of joyous frenzy, might indeed here burst into

SONG.

I WILL climb the proud mountain though rugged and high;
I will cleave me a path in its sides to the sky;
I will drink where the rivers burst forth from its womb;
I will spy where the caverns lie hid in the gloom.
I will talk with the stars, and recline in their light;
I will see whence the Day comes, and whence comes the Night;
I will pillow my head on its snows, if I die,—
Not the mountains themselves shall be bolder than I!

I will pass through the folds of yon curtain of blue;
I will robe me in mist, I will bathe me in dew;
The echoes and I shall converse by the way;
The breezes and I shall contest in the fray;
The eagle may scream, and the torrent may roar,
Still, onward I'll push, till I hear them no more;
No victor so proud, with his banner unfurled,
As I, when I gaze from the top, o'er the world!

Yet *no*, NO! It were madness for man to be vain,—
Not his the high mountain, not his the broad main;
And the arm that is strong, and the heart that is brave,
And the foot that is firm, 'twas the INFINITE gave!
At His footstool I'll kneel, and an altar I'll raise,
And lift, from the world's highest summit, His praise;
And my voice, when my feet can no higher ascend,
Shall mount on, to the throne where the Seraphim bend.

Then I'll sit where fierce Winter for aye keeps his seat,
And the clouds and the thunder shall roll at my feet;
I'll return to where, down 'neath the hoary old King,
Lies the frolicsome, sweet-breathing, ever-young Spring;
Where from age to age Autumn dwells there I'll descend,
While breezes and echoes still on me attend;
And come back, when the toil and the danger are past,
To rest with the e'er-laughing Summer at last!

We are now at Pinjore: the bearers seem weary. Our next stage is the last during which we shall be intrusted to their care. The mountains to which we are approaching are almost everywhere surrounded in the neighbourhood of the plains by what is called the *terrai*.* This term is applied to a belt of grass and jungle, some twenty miles in breadth, which skirts the base of the Himalaya from the Sutlej to Brahma Koond, in Upper Assam, and abounds with tigers, wild elephants, and other ferocious animals, as well as with deer and various game of a less dangerous character. From the commencement of the rains in May or June till their cessation in October or November it is, however, a pestiferous swamp; the waters from the hills pouring down in such

* "Every feature—botanical, geological, and zoological—is new on entering this district. The change is sudden and immediate; sea and shore are hardly more conspicuously different; nor from the edge of the serai to the limit of perpetual snow is any botanical region more clearly marked than this, which is the commencement of Himalayan vegetation." —*Dr. Hooker.*

mighty volume that they overflow their channels, in consequence of which a dense vegetation springs up, pestilential vapours are exhaled, and the whole region becomes the domain of death. The European residents in the Hills are at such times almost cut off from intercourse with the stations in the plains, for even a rapid transit through the *terrai* is attended with the most imminent risk, as well from the wild animals that inhabit its dismal shades as from the miasma which continually overhangs and surrounds them.* The herdsmen, who commonly tend there their cattle, retire up into the mountains ; and the few human beings who linger in the vicinity present a wretched, sallow, and attenuated aspect. Pinjore is situated in the *terrai*, and it is said that few of its inhabitants live to any advanced age. Pity that these vast and productive lands should be left almost to nature, and, instead of being cleared and everywhere cultivated, allowed to remain the home of animals that are the natural enemies of mankind, to engender disease, and be regarded with horror.

We have arrived at Bhar, a place of so deadly a climate that in the rains neither man nor beast can inhabit it, and even the dak or post-runners are often obliged to be changed from attacks of fever. Our palanquin is set down, and leaping out, with no little joy at regaining our legs, we find ourselves at the foot of the Hills. Ere ascending we turn to look behind us. We have now, since landing at Calcutta, traversed a distance of, it may be, eleven hundred miles, almost the whole of which broad estate, with other vast possessions, has within the last hundred years been added to the British dominions. These provinces constitute a part of the richest portion of the earth. They overflow with the bounties of nature, and possess capabilities which only require development in order to yield subsistence and luxury to unnumbered myriads of the human family, enlarge our commerce, and multiply our wealth. They are inhabited by many distinct races, differing more or less

* Mr. Edwards tells us that Sir George Clark on one occasion risked a ride through the *terrai* to Mussoorie for the purpose of consulting with the Governor. "Sir George left us the same evening to ride back again, with his waistcoat pocket full of loose quinine, to take as he passed through the jungle as a febrifuge. Unfortunately he missed his horse at the stage in the middle of the jungle, was benighted, and had to remain in a herdsman's hut for the night; and, in spite of the quinine, caught a fever, which hung about him for years after."

in origin and language, all of whom have been compelled to acknowledge our supremacy, and themselves supply almost all the forces with which our conquest is maintained. Wonderful is the chain of events by which this has been accomplished, enormous the expenditure of blood and money! And not even the Himalaya have had power to stay our progress. Our soldiers have climbed before us these rugged Hills; they have stormed the mountain forts, and have planted the British flag among eminences that overtop the world; and still our sovereignty is expanding, and still it promises expansion.

A band of hardy mountaineers—the two great stocks of the Aryan and (so-called) Turanian races are here, as we understand, curiously intermingled—await our bidding. Our palanquin has been handed over to the agent in charge of a store established here for the reception and care of these and other articles not suited to the hills, who, notwithstanding the unhealthiness of the place, is a European, and, what is more, a teetotaller. We prepare to ascend. Stepping into and seating ourselves in a novel kind of vehicle, which bears the name of *jhumpaun*, and has some resemblance to a sedan chair, we are lifted from the ground, and are presently mounting a steep hill leading to the interior. The road is at first narrow, full of loose stones, and bordered by enormous precipices, on the very edge of which our *jhumpaunees* persist, like mules, in marching. But the day is fine, and the scenes so novel and interesting that we give this little attention.

A new order of vegetation presently begins to appear. The low jungle that skirts the foot of the hills is gradually lost to view, and in its stead sweet and green herbage clothes them. As we continue to ascend the trees of the plains also disappear, and the flowers which temperate climes produce and foster begin to show themselves. We spring with ecstasy from our seat, at the risk of sending both *jhumpaun* and its bearers to the bottom of a neighbouring declivity, when first we perceive some of those modest but beautiful flowers which adorn our English meadows. As we pluck a few of these, and press them with fondness to our lips, our mind reverts to the days of youth and to the fields amid which we roved in childhood; and "Ah!" think we, "those were happy days!

Our only ambition was to twine the prettiest posy, and our only fear that we should linger so long amid those delightful scenes as to meet an affectionate chiding on our return. We will cherish these," we exclaim, placing the flowers we have gathered in our bosom; "they will often revive pleasant thoughts."

Hills of great altitude and various forms, intersected by ravines of dark and immeasurable depth, now rise one above another in the view, and seem to build up a glorious amphitheatre which shuts us in on every side. The road now winds up a lofty mountain, and anon descends into an abrupt and deep hollow, thus alternately elevating and engulfing us. Here and there may be seen a spot of table-land covered with cultivation, presenting a rich contrast to the wilds around; while streams of crystal purity and brightness rush fiercely down from heights far above to beds of rock and shingle far below us, where they become floods, and eventually great rivers.

In addition to piscatory adventure, the sportsman may have abundant amusement of other kinds among the hills. Besides tigers, leopards, bears, rhinoceroses, wild elephants, buffaloes, hogs, antelopes, and the chamois, there are eagles (black and golden), peafowl, pheasants,* florekin, partridges, and so on. But he must keep a sharp look-out if he would

* "This morning I was awoke by the incessant crowing of the pheasants; to see them in packs fly across the beds of snow, and the sun shining on their golden plumage, was beyond description beautiful."—*Archer.*

"The pheasant, which does not visit the plains of India, occurs in great variety amid the ranges of the hills; the spotted, the speckled, the golden or burnished, and the argus-eyed, build in the leafy covers of the woods. Of the latter kind, one species is of a light blue colour, and another brown; both have the eyes beautifully delineated at the extremity of the feathers."—*Miss Roberts.*

See also Gould's magnificent work, "A Century of Birds from the Himalaya Mountains." As regards this work, it is interesting to remember that Charles Knight, speaking of its writer, says: "He is engaged by the Zoological Society to prepare specimens for their museum. He marries. His wife has an equally rare talent for delineating objects of natural history with accuracy and taste. They publish a beautiful example of their joint ability; he as the accurate author, she as the accomplished artist—'A Century of Birds from the Himalaya Mountains.'"

There is, indeed, a vast variety of birds within the compass of the Himalaya, from the stately peacock, which haunts the forests, bordering on the plains, to the brilliant sun-bird; and the ornithologist might perhaps find no region of the earth more interesting save only Central and South America.

not himself be made a meal of; and, as regards shooting, he will find it fatiguing work to be trudging and toiling up hill and down hill, puffing and blowing and perspiring; now wading a stream, now creeping through a jungle, and now well-nigh tumbling over a precipice; and when at last he manages to spring the bird the cluck of which has allured his steps, his shot may perhaps miss, and the game plunge into a valley some thousands of feet deep, or cross to an opposite range altogether out of his reach.

We appear to have come unharmed—thank God!—through the deadly *terrai*. About nine miles from Bhar we pause to rest on a spot which affords a view of surpassing sublimity. Below lies a vast and awful chasm which opens to the sight a broken yet cultivated scene of mingled light and shade; beyond us, and at a somewhat lower level, stands the European station of Subathoo; and yonder, in the distance, rise the summits of mountains which ascend one above another, till the eye rests upon the chain covered with eternal snow, and basks with awe in the splendour of their gleaming pinnacles.

Proceeding, we by-and-by stay for awhile at the dak bungalow of Chumbul. Here, turning over the leaves of the travellers' note-book, we find the following entries :—

Traveller's Name.	Where from.	Where going.	Remarks.
Chrononhotonthologos	North Pole	South Pole	
Captain S—— . . .	Calcutta	Simla	Stopped to breakfast and tiffin.
Tom Thumb . . .	England	Van Diemen's land	Who cares about your breakfast and tiffin?
Major H——, —— Regiment	Allahabad	Calcutta	Floorcloth, old and dirty.
Ensign P—— . . .	Allahabad	Calcutta	Why did you not make a present of one, old chap?
Pork Chops	Bacon Hill	Fryingpan	W-e-e-k!
Mr. and Mrs. W——, and five children .	Cawnpore	Calcutta	Servants inattentive.
Cornet C—— . . .	Calcutta	Don't know	Servants inattentive, eh? What a werry nice little family you had!
Belisarius	Greece	Egypt	It's awfully hot.

We resume our ascent. The houses of the Jemadars (or native Revenue Collectors) perched here and there like eagles' nests on the summit of a lofty crag, or half-way up an apparently pathless mountain, have a grotesque and yet an interesting appearance. We now pass the small station of Kussowlie,* situated about 7000 feet above the sea. Beneath us spreads a magnificent sweep of mountain landscape; and from north-north-west to east one unbroken line of peaks towers to the skies in indescribable grandeur. We presently arrive at Subathoo, a station formerly occupied by the fierce and warlike Ghoorkas. This robust and courageous tribe, who are Tartars by race, but by religion Hindoos, having conquered a portion of Nepaul, waged a war of destruction on the hill chiefs towards the Jumna and Sutlej; prepared to encroach on the Sikh chieftains to the south, living under our protection; and erecting forts and stockades as they advanced, to secure what they had gained, in 1811 entered the territories of the Company. Their encroachments were but feebly resisted by our Government; and, encouraged by the pacific system imposed on the Indian by the Home authorities, were continued till, in 1814, Lord Hastings determined to stop them. They were defeated by Ochterlony, and compelled to capitulate: a second campaign, however, was found necessary; and after many severe contests they were entirely humbled. Subathoo was then occupied by a British force; and on the termination of the late Afghanistan war H.M.'s 9th Foot and another European regiment were sent here by Lord Ellenborough to recruit their exhausted health, and make an experiment as to the advantage to be derived from the location of European troops in these parts of the mountains.† The experiment seems to have been successful; for although the violent diarrhœa which nearly the whole of the troops

* "Close by, on the barren hill of Sonowar, now stands the (Sir Henry) Lawrence Asylum for Boys and Girls of European or mixed parentage, between 400 and 500 being usually supported and educated there at the expense of Government."—*Wilson.*

† The experiment which had previously been tried at Landour (of which we shall speak by-and-by) appears to have first originated with Dr. Jeffreys, of Cawnpore (whom we have already mentioned), and who in 1824 visited the Himalaya for the purpose of studying the climate, and afterwards published the result of his observations in an essay which was ultimately brought under the notice of Government.

who served in Afghanistan brought from that country was not easily subdued, those of whom it had taken firm hold having died off or been invalided, the remainder are cured, and the appearance of the men fully testifies to the benefit they have gained by being sent here. And Subathoo is now a large and flourishing town, with good barracks, a Church, and numerous respectable houses. Its name might not inappropriately have been changed to ELLENBOROUGH; as it is to his lordship that the army of India is indebted for its adoption as a Station for European troops; a measure calculated to promote the health of our soldiery,* to soften the rigours of exile, and, as a natural consequence of the former, to economise our military expenditure.

We are told that a troublesome hoax was played off a short time since on the officers and troops at this Station. A sergeant holding the appointment of superintendent of public works had been sent into the forest to look after some timber, and suddenly and breathlessly returned with the alarming intelligence—communicated to him by a native—of a conspiracy, formed by the hill chiefs in the neighbourhood, to surprise, overpower, and massacre the forces quartered here, in a night attack. All things, it was said, were ready; and a very host of enemies was prepared to pour down on and overwhelm them. The subaltern on duty, to whom these tidings were first related, "doubled" off with them to his captain; the captain hastened with them to the colonel; and the colonel flew with them to the general, who instantly ordered strong guards to be posted, pickets thrown out, and the whole of the troops so disposed as to be ready for action

* "The British soldier improves greatly in strength and appearance on these heights; but it is said he does not appreciate the advantages of being placed upon them. He does not like having to do so much for himself as falls to his lot when he is sent to the mountains. He misses the Indian camp followers, who treat him below as a little Lord Sahib; and, above all, he misses the varied life of the plains and the amusement of the bazaar. I am afraid, too, mountains fail to afford him much gratification after his first burst of pleasure on finding himself among and upon them. 'Sure, and I've been three times round that big hill to-day, and not another blessed thing is there to do up here!' I heard an Irish corporal indignantly exclaim. To the officers and their families the hills are a delightful change; but to the undeveloped mind of Tommy Atkins they soon become exceedingly tiresome, though, I believe, the soldiers enjoy much being employed in the working parties upon the roads, where they have the opportunity of laying by a little money."—*Wilson.*

at a moment's notice. Expresses were, moreover, immediately sent off to the Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief, communicating the important intelligence. The farce was kept up several days; nor till the ardour and patience of the soldiery were exhausted was it found that the sergeant had been imposed on.

The hill tribes are all rigid Hindoos, and, of course, regard with the utmost abhorrence our beef-eating propensities. When, therefore, our people arrived here, and began to slaughter their cattle, the natives turned out, created a riot, fell on the butcher, and would have butchered *him* had not the soldiers hastened to his relief, and driven them off with the point of the bayonet. And even of late it has been found necessary to protect with a guard this unhappy *blade* in the execution of his office.

There is but one piece of table-land in all Subathoo, and this is used as a parade ground; but as it is not sufficiently large to accommodate at once the two regiments quartered here, they exercise and are reviewed alternately. The height of the ridge on which the station stands is 4500 feet above the sea. In the winter months Subathoo is an agreeable residence; but in the summer it is sultry, and infested with mosquitoes. It would appear, indeed, that there are in the hills numerous insect tribes interesting to the entomologist, (and *some of them very personally to others*), including moths of great size and strange form, which flit about in the evening; and ants, gnats and wasps of many different species.

We resume our journey; and, passing first by a deep descent to the river Geree, which we cross—and sighting a second dak bungalow at Kurreepore—pursue the route to Siree. The scenery becomes more and more magnificent; the lofty mountains, the deep dark valleys, the steep and frightful declivities, the cultivated table-lands, picturesque hamlets, and solitary cottages, all engage our attention.

Passing Siree, where there is a third travellers' bungalow, and crossing, after awhile, another river, we arrive in the course of a few hours—it was the afternoon of July 16th—at SIMLA, and put up at the house of a friend. In the evening the rain again came on, and poured down very heavily the whole of the night. Slate of a very good quality is found in

these hills, and is sometimes used for roofing the houses, but not so generally as it might be; and my friend's roof was unfortunately a flat one, covered only with earth firmly beaten down in Mexican fashion. The rain soon soaked through this, and I had that night another *shower bath.*

Simla is situated at about thirty miles—but, in a direct line, perhaps, not more than twenty—from the foot of the Hills, and stands at an elevation of about nine thousand feet above the sea, or three hundred feet higher than any of the other Indian sanataria. Its mean temperature is 52° during nine months of the year, and its climate generally delightful; but the only advantage it possesses in the rainy season is the coolness of its atmosphere—which seems to us, however, exceedingly moist, and, consequently, rather injurious than beneficial. Moreover, it is by far the most inaccessible of all our Hill Stations, and is full of ascents and descents, ups and downs; the main road is a ridge cut in a precipitous mountain; and the bungalows are perched here and there on dizzy, narrow heights, or scattered about on the sides of declivities, while access to them is only to be obtained by zig-zag hand-breadth pathways; and the clouds fill the houses with mist and dampness. Nevertheless, to be out of the grilling, and frying, and baking going on below, our poor Anglo-Indians are glad to come hither, even in the wet season. And when the rains cease, and the sun begins to show his face, and the fine weather sets in, they are amply repaid for any inconveniences they may have suffered. All is delightful. The climate is healthy, the air balmy; the heavens of a brilliant azure, undimmed by a single cloud; and the whole scene lovely, and, indeed, sublime.*

The effect of this change of air and scenery on the body and mind is amazing. Something we have continually had in the plains to torment us—either fever, or ague, or headache, or indigestion, or bile; but here we are free from these. Appetite, long lost, returns; our digestive powers acquire fresh vigour; and that elasticity of spirits which was ours when at Home, and which we have never before had since

* It is not, however, on the whole, perhaps, the best place that could have been selected as the *seat of Government*, being so far removed from contact with the great bulk of the people.

leaving it, is restored to us. The cuckoo, the blackbird, and the thrush—"the brave old oak," the fir, and rhododendron—the violet, cowslip, blackberry, strawberry, and geranium—are here to remind us once more of our boyhood; the ivy, to recall the memory of many a cottage around which some of the same species spread their branches till the walls were almost concealed; and the holly, thyme, mint, and briar, to bring back to our recollection the sweet gardens of England. It is pleasant to think again and again of those bygone days when we enjoyed these. It is sweet to feel once more the healthy breeze fanning those temples which have been scorched by flaming winds; to bask in the sunshine without apprehension; to hear the distant sound of the mighty waterfall; to see the green herbage; and to pluck the wild flowers of the mountain.

Simla was first made known to us by the two brothers Gerard, who in 1817 were employed in the survey of the Sutlej Valley. The first house was built there by the Political Agent of the district in 1822, about which time the possession of it was obtained by our Government (in exchange) from the Raja of Kenothul. It was visited by successive Governors-General, who used it as their summer residence, and brought with them officers and retainers, who soon made it populous. The advance of our power in the north-west increased its importance,* and it now has a population of many thousands. It is the Bagnères of the North-Western Provinces—it is sometimes styled the *Indian Capua* and the *Hill Versailles*—and has for some years been the principal resort of the fashionable world of Calcutta and the Mofussil from February to November. The officers ride about on ponies,† and the ladies

* "In 1865, after the Mutiny had taught the lesson that India must be won or lost in the north, the permanent headquarters of the Army were transferred to Simla."—*Hunter's Life of Dalhousie.*

† Terrible accidents sometimes occur, even with these sure-footed animals. Bacon relates that "an officer (Major Bundel) of H.M.'s 11th Dragoons was returning home upon his *ghoont* from the house of a brother officer, and as he rode leisurely along the road, having observed a snake upon the bank, he gave orders to his *syce*, who walked behind him, to destroy it. The man was unable to find the reptile, and the Major, with the intention of assisting in the search, turned his pony round (but injudiciously), with its head towards the bank, instead of facing the precipice. The road was very narrow, but there would have been no difficulty in turning had the latter mode been observed. As it was the pony, unmindful of the danger

in jhumpauns. And they who think the English a grave and steady-going people should be here to witness their proceedings. *If all be true that we hear*, Terpsichore had never more devoted followers; Bacchus never (in modern times) more devoted disciples. Night after night, when Luna peeps forth, she sees the fair whirling in the merry dance; day after day, when Sol illumines the earth, he beholds the learned and the brave occupied in the gaieties of the table. There are Races, too, now and then, in a hollow hard by; and gambling seems to be a favourite amusement.*

We had one evening joined a pleasant party, which was given at a house on a lofty eminence, and at which the Commander-in-Chief and many other great people were present. There were the Honourable Mr. Erskine, his lady, and his sister, Lady Macnaghten, the widow of our late envoy and ambassador to the court of Shah Shoojah; there Sale ("fighting Bob"), the noble and chivalrous commander of

which lay behind it, made rather too wide an evolution, and its hind feet slipped over the brink of a precipice, which overhung a yawning abyss at least seven hundred feet in perpendicular height. His imminent peril for a moment paralysed the old gentleman; but the pony, with immediate sense of its danger, made the most strenuous efforts to regain its footing, clinging with wonderful tenacity by its fore legs, and catching at the roots and vegetation with its teeth to save itself; and in this it might perchance have succeeded, had not the Major made an attempt to dismount, thereby throwing the pony off its balance. Down, down, they went—a long, shrill scream rending the air before them, as they dashed headlong through it in their fearful career. Down, down the awful gulf, full seven hundred feet without obstruction, were they hurled; and then their further course was broken, though not stayed, by jutting crags and splintered stumps of trees; onward they rolled, tumbling from point to point, followed in their downward flight by detached fragments of rocks and loose stones, upset from the mountain-side, until at last they reached the torrent bed, at the bottom of the wild descent; and here their mangled bodies lay jammed in the narrow channel."

* There does not appear to be much *reading* in the hills. Trevelyan tells us that when Macaulay went to the Neilgherries, "there were no books in the place except those he took with him, among which, most luckily," says he, "was 'Clarissa Harlowe.' Aided by the rain outside, he soon talked his favourite romance into general favour." Thackeray said, "I spoke to him once about 'Clarissa.'" "Not read 'Clarissa!'" he cried out. "If you have once read 'Clarissa,' and are infected by it, you can't leave it. When I was in India, I passed one hot season in the hills; and there were the Governor-General, and the Secretary of Government, and the Commander-in-Chief, and their wives. I had 'Clarissa' with me; and as soon as they began to read, the whole station was in a passion of excitement about Miss Harlowe and her misfortunes and her scoundrelly Lovelace. The Governor's wife seized the book; the Secretary waited for it; the Chief Justice could not read it for tears."

"The Illustrious Garrison," and his heroic wife; Mackeson, the gallant soldier and clever politician, whose name will figure prominently in the annals of our Afghan campaign; Boileau, the talented architect and skilful engineer (who is now engaged in the experiments which are being made here, and simultaneously in other parts of the world, on the variations of the magnetic needle); and a crowd of Military Officers, with their wives and daughters, from Subathoo and Kussowlie. On leaving, we were brought to a sudden standstill a little way outside by the darkness of the night, our forgetfulness of the path, and our apprehension that, by making a false step, we might fall over the precipice. And we were obliged to stay, and stand perfectly still, while conscious that bears, hyenas, and other wild creatures prowled around us, and that we ourselves were utterly defenceless; till a lady, passing in her jhumpaun, attended by her torch-bearers, relieved us from our difficulty (and, indeed, our danger) by lighting up the road.

Being a place of such great resort, it is no wonder if love-passages and duels often occur; and such is the fact. Continually exposed to the influence of those charms which subdue alike the heart and the reason, it would be indeed surprising if our inexperienced and idle fledglings should remain frigid and unmoved; accordingly, we find that they enter the lists, and engage with more than chivalrous eagerness in the emulative pursuit of beauty. As a matter of course, "affairs of honour" frequently follow, and it is by no means uncommon to hear of wounds more serious than those of Cupid. There are some, however, who seek more profitable occupation; and gardening is with many of these a favourite employment.* In the plains, this can be pursued only at an early hour of the morning; and even then the amateur has often the mortification to see his labours in a great measure unproductive, and the shrubs and flowers and trees to which he has devoted the most care and attention the least satisfactory in appearance. Here, however, this interesting and healthful occupation may be followed throughout the day,

* Most of the European vegetables are grown in Simla. Here are also the currant, the raspberry, the gooseberry, the peach, and other English fruits, which cannot be reared in the plains. Walnuts also are very excellent and plentiful.

and the horticulturist see the result of his toil in a beautiful collection of Nature's choicest productions.

"O, lovely flowers! the earth's rich diadem,
Bright resurrection from her sable tomb,
Ye are the eyes of Nature! her best gem—
With you she tints her face with living bloom,
And breathes delight in gales of rich perfume!
Emblems are ye of heaven and heavenly joy,
And starry brilliance in a world of gloom;
Peace, innocence, and guileless infancy
Claim sisterhood with you, and holy is the tie!'

Ah, yes! again and again we say:

"Flowers are the bright remembrances of youth;
They waft us back with their bland odorous breath,
The joyous hours that only young life knows,
Ere we have learned that the fair earth hides graves.
They bring the cheek that's mouldering in the dust
Again before us, tinged with health's own rose;
They bring the voices we shall hear no more,
Whose tones were sweetest music to our ears;
They bring the hopes that faded one by one,
Till nought was left to light our path but faith—
That we, too, like the flowers, should spring to life,
But, not like them, again we fade or die."

Yes! sweet are the thoughts such scenes suggest to the exile, and happy are they who cherish them! These, we doubt not, will be found among the most regular attendants at the Church lately erected at this resort,* the situation of which, with its tower, on these lofty mountains, vividly reminds us of the prophetic promise of Isaiah (ii. 2). And here we may observe that Simla is one of the stations of the Church Missionary Society; and that the Mission at Simla was originated in 1840 by officers of the Civil and Military Services among the first European residents at the settlement.

Simla is invested with a peculiar interest as the place whence Lord Auckland, in 1838, issued his proclamation of

* A Native Christian congregation in connection with the Church Missionary Society, administered to by an excellent native clergyman, the Rev. Thomas Edwards (who gave up a good secular position to enter the ministry and take a native pastor's small stipend), has since our visit been formed in Simla; and on August 9th, 1885, a church which had been built for them was consecrated by Bishop French, on which occasion the Viceroy and Lady Dufferin were present, and both received the Holy Communion with the Native Christians.

war with Afghanistan, and Lord Ellenborough, four years after, in the same apartment, sent forth that which announced the final termination of the contest. An Observatory (which we have the pleasure of visiting) has been erected hard by, in which the experiments to which we have already referred have for some time been carried forward on the variations of the magnetic needle. "Although fixed," says Humboldt, "to one point of space, we eagerly grasp at a knowledge of that which has been observed in different and far distant regions. We delight in tracking the course of the bold mariner through seas of polar ice, or in following him to the summit of that volcano of the antarctic pole whose fires may be seen from far, even at midday. It is by an acquaintance with the results of distant voyages that we may learn to comprehend some of the marvels of terrestrial magnetism, and be thus led to appreciate the importance of the establishment of the numerous observatories which in the present day cover both hemispheres, and are designed to note the simultaneous occurrence of perturbations, and the frequency and duration of magnetic storms."

The Overland Mail is received here from England, *vid* Bombay and Agra, in about forty days. The distance, being about nine thousand miles, will give an average of 225 miles a day performed by the post. With what anxiety the receipt of letters from Europe is anticipated let those judge who have been separated by an equal distance from the land that contains all most dear to them, and in which all their affections are bound up!

European goods bring a very high price at Simla, in consequence of the heavy expense and risk attending their importation and carriage from Calcutta. The freightage of vessels is costly, and boats frequently sink, so that insurance is high; the conveyance by carts from the river to the foot of the hills is yet more expensive, and the carts are (it would seem) not unfrequently robbed; while the carriage up the mountains is attended with much injury and breakage. There is no native *town* in Simla, but a very large bazaar in which tradesmen of every description may be found; some of them at all times of the year, but the greater part only during the "Season." The latter are generally from the

plains and Cashmere, and leave their families at home during their temporary absence.

But let us look more particularly at these hills around us, which, now known as Himalaya or the *Abode of Snow*, were anciently called Emodus, Himaus, or Imaus.* This range of mountains—the highest in the world †—extends from north-west to south-east, and divides Hindostan from Thibet and Tartary. Towards the north it appears to join the Hindoo Koosh or Indian Caucasus of Alexander, which forms the north-western boundary of Cabul, separates it from Balk and Badakshan, and is continued to the west under the name of Gaur. The southern point of the snowy ranges bounds the kingdom of Nepaul to the eastward. The whole formation is supposed to be 1000 miles in length ; and through its entire course may be traced a continuous line 21,000 feet above the sea, from which as a base detached peaks ascend an additional 5000, 6000, or even 10,000 feet. The breadth is estimated at 80 miles.

These mountains are beyond all question the most interesting in the whole earth. Apart from their stupendous grandeur, they are believed by many to be the scene of the debarkation of Noah and his sons from the ark ; for Dhawalagiri, the highest peak,‡ must assuredly have been the first to exhibit its head above the surface of the all-desolating waters. The traditions of the Hindoos, and the opinions of many learned men—Linnæus, Creuzar, Blumenbach, Buffon, the Abbé Dubois, Sir Walter Raleigh, Bailey, and Colonel Tod, among them—confirm this; and Thibet would appear to have been the first country peopled after the flood.

"The mountains on the side of the snowy range § consist

* "Imãus incolarum linguâ nivosum significante."—*Pliny.*

† "If we were even to picture to ourselves Mount Pilatus placed on the Schreckhorn, or the Schneekoppe of Silesia on Mount Blanc, we should not have attained to the height of that great colossus of the Andes, the Chimborazo, whose height is twice that of Mount Etna ; and we must pile the Righi, or Mount Athos, on the summit of the Chimborazo, in order to form a just estimate of the elevation of the Dhawalagiri, the highest point of the Himalaya."—*Humboldt.* (Dhawalagiri's height is 26,826 feet).

‡ This distinction has now been given to MOUNT EVEREST (29,002 feet). Recent statements differ also somewhat from those above (in the text).

§ The limit of perpetual snow depends very much on circumstances of position, climate, and latitude, and varies greatly according to the season. Colonel Tanner is inclined to think that the commonly accepted statement of the snow line on the northern slope of the Himalaya—viz., 19,000 feet—is an exaggeration by 1500 or 2000 feet.

of a series of nearly parallel ridges, with intermediate valleys or hollows; spurs are thrown off in all directions into the hollows, forming subordinate valleys. There is nothing like table-land, perhaps, in the whole of the mountains, with the exception of Nepal; and the valleys are broad, wedge-shaped chasms, contracted at bottom to a mere water-course; for this reason the quantity of level ground is inconsiderable. On the flank of the great chain there is a line of low hills, the Sewalik, which commence at Roopur, on the Sutlej, and run down a long way to the south, skirting the great chain. In some places they run up to and rise upon the Himalaya; in others they are separated by an intermediate valley; between the Ganges and the Jumna they attain their greatest height—namely 2000 feet—above the plains at their feet, or 3000 above the sea, rising at once from the level with an abrupt mural front. To the east of the Ganges and west of the Jumna the Sewalik hills gradually fall off. They are serrated across their direction, forming a succession of scarcely parallel ridges, with a steep face on one side, and a slope on the other; the slope being like that of the great chain towards the north, and the abutment towards the south. These hills may be considered an upheaved portion of the plains at the foot of the Himalaya, and formed by the *débris* of the mountains washed down by rains and other natural causes."

The geology of the Himalaya is remarkable; the strata, which dip to the east of north and abut to the west of south, being in every direction fractured or comminuted. The formations are primary. The first, towards the plains, consists of vast beds of limestone, lying on clay-slate, crowned by slate, graywacke, or sandstone; the slaty rocks are distributed into small fragments, as if they had been crushed, and the limestone rocks are vesicular or cavernous, and broken into masses. Beyond the limestone tract, gneiss, clay-slate, and other schistose rocks occur. Captain Gerard, in crossing the Charang Pass—17,348 feet high—describes the neighbouring mountains to be all of blue slate; in other parts they are of granite,* with a great mixture of white

* "Extensive tracts of shell-formations were discovered by Dr. Gerard at 15,000 feet above the sea. The principal shells comprised cockles, mussels, and pearl-fish, univalves, and long cylindrical productions, which

quartz, both in the veins and nodules. Gneiss, however, is the only extensive rock to characterise the Himalaya formation. The igneous rocks which have been concerned in the upheavement of the outer tracts, are of the greenstone trap series; and are, very generally, dikes intersecting and rising through the regular strata. Veins of iron, gold, plumbago, copper, lead, antimony, and sulphur have been found; but their poverty, and the distance of water-carriage, generally prevent mines being opened, though some may be seen that, according to tradition, were worked centuries ago, and from which nearly all the metal has been taken. The soil is principally accumulated on the north sides; and that lying under the vegetable mould is clayey and calcareous, or limestone gravel. The lower range of mountains which form the northern boundary of the Deyrah Dhoon is said to be a continuation of the Salt Range of the Punjaub.

The Himalaya appear to be divided into three vegetable zones.* The first extends from the foot of the hills to the height of 5000 feet; here the temperature is lower than in the plains, but snow is seldom seen; and while the tropical plants begin to give way to others of a more hardy nature, they are still brought, in many cases, to almost equal perfection on the southern exposure with those below. The second zone reaches an altitude of 9000 feet; here, in winter, snow falls constantly, and often to a great depth, but disappears in spring; the herbaceous plants of Asia continue in some degree to flourish, while those of Europe become more general; and the trees assume an exclusively European character. The third zone stretches from the summit of the second to the mountain-tops, and in its highest part is

were most singular objects. He found them lying upon the high land at 15,500 feet elevation, in a bed of granite and pulverised slate, the adjacent rocks being at the same time of shell-limestone. All the shells were turned into carbonate of lime, and many were crystallised like marble; the larger blocks, composed of a multitude of shells of different sizes, imbedded in a matrix of calcareous tufa, were broken off from a solid mass of 158 cubic feet, apparently all of the same structure. Four classes of shell-formation were distinguished; in particular, a fresh-water bivalve, resembling the unio, which exists in great abundance at the foot of the lower hills and throughout the plains of the Doab."—*Martin.*

* The *Flora Indica* of Wallich gives a catalogue of 7683 Himalayan plants.

covered with perpetual snow,* but, in the lower, subject to intense heat in summer, when the solar rays, though the air may seem little affected, are there intensely fierce, and cause the snows to melt. In this zone vegetation is wondrously luxuriant; the pasturage is rich almost beyond compare; wheat, buckwheat, and barley are raised successfully and extensively; rich forests † of oak, pine,‡ fir, and rhododendra, are met with; the cypress and cedar, the juniper and birch, add variety to the scene; apples, pears, raspberries, gooseberries, strawberries, apricots, and other fruits may be found; the wild rose, the lily of the valley, the cowslip, the dandelion, and other flowers exhibit their charms; and the trees and rocks are clothed with moss and lichen. It seems not a little strange that cultivation extends on the northern side to a considerably greater elevation than on the southern; the extreme limit in the latter being 10,000 feet, while in the former it appears to reach 14,000! "The remarkable configuration of the land in Central Asia," says Humboldt, "affords man all that is essential to the maintenance of life, as habitation, food, and fuel, at an elevation above the level of the sea which, in almost all other points of the globe, is covered with perpetual ice."

How wondrous, how magnificent, how varied the features of this vast and sublime domain as related by various travellers! Inaccessible ridges covered with frozen snows,

* "The limit of perpetual snow begins at an elevation of 11,000 or 12,000 feet above the level of the sea."—*Humboldt.*

† "The road wound through a forest of cedars, oak, and pine; and so thick did they stand that there was not room for a tree to fall when decayed by age or killed by lightning; many of them had bowed to its stroke. One close to the road measured 17 feet in circumference. The soil, from the accumulation of the leaves of ages, is a rich black mould, lying to a great depth. If one of these forests were left undisturbed, it would always renew its population, for there are below the parent tree a succession of young plants, which in time assume the places of the old ones."—*Archer.*

‡ "The pines upon the slopes of the snowy chain are taller and more symmetrical than elsewhere; whole forests occur where individuals measure 24 to 26 feet round; the maximum girth in one instance was 29 feet. Close to the same spot were numbers of the same magnificent barrels like gigantic masts, each rising as if in rivalry, and all at a level verging upon 10,000 feet—a limit beneath which on the equator, according to Baron Humboldt, the large trees of every kind shrink; a limit which various writers have placed close to the marginal snow in the region of the torpid lichen; but the Himalaya peer over the Andes, and laugh at theorists and closet-speculators."—*Martin.*

hot springs, bright and swiftly-rolling cascades,* tranquil rivulets, and secluded lakes; rivers winding amid glens and islands, and tumbling and foaming with perpetual thunder down declivities; steep and naked hills, gloomy ravines; fields raised on terraces, as in Palestine of old; slopes clad with flowers, and crowned with colossal forests; countless plants of a thousand species; millions on millions of withered leaves, lying in heaps, or scattering on the breeze; groves and vineyards; huge upheavings of bare and barren slate, quartz, and granite, mingled in wild confusion; wedge-like chasms, Alps piled on Alps, broken cliffs, frightful precipices, high steeples of black rock, gloomy caverns, skyey villages, dreary solitudes, trees torn up by the roots and hurled into deep abysses,—a boundless chaos, a fortified Eden! Here at once reign freezing cold and scorching heat; the heavens are now dark with rain and mist, and anon bright as an arch of glowing sapphire; while the winds battle with the clouds among the hills far below, and falling rocks and destroying avalanches † mingle the crash of their descent with the roar of the volcano and the rumbling of the earthquake! It is

* "The sunrise view of the Snowy Range from my bungalow at Simla was one rather strange from the multitude of peaks in sight at once than either beautiful or grand. The desolate ranges of foot hills destroy the beauty that the contrast of the deodars, the crimson rhododendrons, and the snow would otherwise produce, and the height at which you stand seems to dwarf the distant ranges; but from one of the spots which I reached in a mountain march the prospect was widely different. Here we saw at once the sources of the Jumna, the Sutlej, and the Ganges, the dazzling peaks of Gungootrie, of Jumnotrie, and of Kamet; while behind us in the distant plains we could trace the Sutlej itself, silvered by the hazy rays of the half-risen sun. We had in sight not only the 26,000 feet of Kamet, but no less than twenty other peaks of over 20,000 feet, snow-clad to their very bases, while between us and the nearest outlying range were valleys from which the ear caught the humble murmur of fresh-risen streams."—*Dilke.*

† Colonel Tanner describes (1890) the SNOW-BALL AVALANCHE, "a movement of billions of snow-balls, which in a stream of a mile or half a mile long I saw," says he, "slowly wind down the upper part of an elevated valley in the Gilgit-Darel mountains. I was after ibex at the time of the occurrence, and was watching a herd of these animals, when I became aware of a low but distinct and unusual sound, produced by a great snake-like mass of snow winding down one of the valleys in my front. It occasionally stopped for a moment, and then proceeded again, and finally came to rest below me. I found this curious movement of snow was produced by countless numbers of snow-balls, about the size of one's head, rolling over and over each other. The torrent bed was full of them; an accumulation formed by numerous similar freaks of nature. I am quite unable to account for such an avalanche."

not for us to gaze on such scenes unmoved. The imagination, awakened by the view, creates for itself a new universe, in which the beauties and the horrors of the landscape are infinitely enlarged, and form an elysium and a pandemonium whose delights and whose terrors are incommunicable.

Amid the most rugged and awful scenes the hand and the persevering labours of MAN may be recognised. Bridges thrown over the most fearful chasms, paths skirting the most tremendous precipices, steps cut in the solid rock, roads through dark ravines and up mountain walls, footways laid down on stakes driven into the steeps, and overspread with earth and branches: these fill the spectator with astonishment and admiration; while the passage of goats and sheep—here used as animals of burden—laden with the products of Thibet and Hindostan, and which have sometimes to be raised and lowered by slings, remind him that commerce unites the most distant and divided nations, opens everywhere sources of industry, diffuses knowledge, and leads forth RELIGION to extend civilisation and freedom throughout the world.

Yet hither, alas! SUPERSTITION also penetrates. The Ganges and the Jumna here issue forth to fertilise the plains of Hindostan, whence many attempt to penetrate to their sources, and perish in the effort. The aged and the leprous especially undergo the most dreadful fatigues and privations in order to die in these secluded regions, which are described in the Puranas as holy; and the whole pilgrim road, as well as the mountain-shrines, presents a melancholy spectacle of idolatrous error. This, however, can hardly be a matter of surprise. Who among us can ascend the mountains without calling to mind the sacred associations with which they are connected? We wonder not that the Hindoos make Himalaya the retreat of Muhadeo, fill its most inaccessible glens with spirits, and come to worship in its solitudes.

The people of the Hills differ, as we have intimated, and differ much, from the inhabitants of the Plains. They are of short stature, and robust frame, and of independent—though simple, frank, inoffensive, and hospitable—manners; yet they appear to have in some degree degenerated since brought into contact with the people from below. The coolies, or lower classes, are the supposed aborigines, and are thought to be an offshoot

of the Calmuc Tartars. A considerable number of Brahmins are mingled with these; but they seem neither to hold the rank nor to entertain the prejudices of their brethren of the Plains, as they perform all the usual labours of husbandry in the same manner as their inferiors. The middle classes are termed Kunaits, and are said to be the offspring of intermarriages between the aristocracy and the coolies; the chieftains are all Rajpoots, whose ancestors are understood to have emigrated from the plains during the era of the first Mahommedan invasion. In many of the States—for "every peak with its four villages suspended to its sides constitutes a miniature kingdom"—the office of Premier is hereditary; and the Chiefs are tempted to indulge in every species of debauchery, with the view of bringing on a condition of idiocy, by which their ministers are enabled to absorb all the real power of the Government. (The Hill States—now under our control—had prior to the British conquests been long subject to the many miseries of despotic rule and ruthless rapine, and this alike under the Ghoorka Government and that of the native chieftains. From the effects of these evils they are but now recovering.)

It is a notorious fact that the harems of the rich natives of the plains have for ages been supplied with females from the hills, and the sale of these for the worst purposes of slavery, though carried on, as it seems, with secrecy and caution, appears to continue. This custom and that of female infanticide,* have caused a great numerical disproportion between the sexes, and given rise to the system of polyandry, which, though spoken of by the people with disgust, prevails very extensively. (It is interesting, though humiliating, to remember that a similar practice prevailed among the Ancient Britons.)† No man can procure a wife without paying a sum of money to the father; he may, however, turn her away after marriage, and if he does so without assigning a cause, the purchase money is returned to him when the discarded spouse has obtained a new husband. Thus woman is con-

* "I was told, but it is to be hoped that the assertion is void of truth, that the mother, instigated by the father, officiates as the priestess in the dreadful sacrifice, and closes the mouth and nostrils of the infant with cowdung the instant it is born."—*Archer.*

† See Cæsar, "De Bello Gallico," lib. v., cap. 14.

sidered as much an article of traffic as any commercial commodity.

The ties of caste are as strong in the Hills as in the Plains; while the mountaineers are, perhaps, even more subject to their priests, and their religious customs exhibit the most complete ignorance. No cultivator would think of putting his seed into the ground without first consulting the Brahmin, nor would any one commence any commercial enterprise, or begin a journey, without advice and encouragement from his spiritual master. No ceremony is undertaken without a propitiatory sacrifice to some divinity; and every accident or misfortune, however trivial, is ascribed to genii, who are believed to be very numerous, and to each of whom peculiar functions are attributed—some presiding over rivers, some over forests, some over the crops; and so on. Large flocks of goats are kept in most villages for sacrificial purposes; human sacrifices were formerly not infrequent,* but seem to have been abolished through the influence of the British Government. Still, idols appear to be less numerous than in the Plains. In the larger villages are some small idols, ordinarily annexed to a house; and now and then in the midst of a village a pyramid of rough-hewn stones may be found, which serves as a god; but the people generally make no further attempt to defend the adoration of these than by saying, "It is the custom of the country"; though the more learned employ the same arguments in its behalf as are used in the Plains. The deity, or rather the person of the Triad, in most repute amongst them is Muhadeo; to him all prayers are offered, and at his shrine all victims bleed. Under the name of Siva he is known as "The Destroying Power." In the preference shown to his worship may be detected the superstitious dread common to all mountaineers. The trident is placed as a symbol over temples dedicated to him; and if careful anxiety to deprecate his wrath be religion, the people of the Hills are in every way entitled to be called a religious people. The temples are well-built edifices of stone, wood, and slate; the plan and structure are everywhere the same, but varying in size with the population, or reputed sanctity, of the place, and the number of pilgrims who frequent it. At Hāt is a very famous

* See note, page 428.

temple, dedicated to a *debi* or goddess; which is said to have been built in Sata Yuga, the Golden Age!* Shrines of the highest and most awful sanctity are at the fountain heads of the Ganges and the Jumna, and on the summit of Kedar Nauth, Kali, the goddess of blood, is supposed to have taken up her residence; there are also natural phenomena, such as burning fountains and floating islands, which appear to be objects of worship. Idolatry is kept up by the aristocracy, and, as a matter of course, by the priests. The majority of the people would heartily rejoice if the images they are taught to adore were destroyed.

A very remarkable practice is said to exist in the hills towards Thibet, in the carrying about, periodically, of a kind of veiled litter resembling the Ark of the Covenant among the Jews of old, and in the procession and sacred dance by which this is accompanied.† It cannot fail to remind the traveller of the ceremony described in the Holy Scriptures (2 Sam. vi., etc.); or of the opinion entertained, and even the assertion made, by some that the lost tribes of Israel still exist in the north of India, especially as the features of some of the people bear a marked resemblance to the Jewish countenance.

In Kanawar, Brahminism and Buddhism are commingled.‡ The temples of the Lamas contain, besides the image of Buddha, a cylinder turning on an iron axis, called the Manee, or Prayer-Wheel. The wind produced by the turning of this wheel is considered to be holy, and to have the power of cleansing from sin; the oftener it is turned, the more sins are forgiven. In travelling in Kanawar, people are frequently met carrying a little manee, which they turn while walking. These hand manees are made of brass, and are about three inches high and two in diameter. The manees in the temples are much larger, and are made of coloured paper, and decorated with pictures.

* The present age, which is termed the Kali Yuga, is said to have commenced B.C. 3102, and is to continue some 432,000 years; the Dwapara Yuga, or Brazen Age, lasted double that time; the Tritu Yuga, or Silver Age, triple; and the Lata Yuga, quadruple. The temple at Hāt, therefore, would be 3,000,000 years old.

† An account of these "Arkite Ceremonies in the Himalayas" will be found in *Good Words* for 1866, written by Mr. W. Simpson, an eyewitness.

‡ See *Huc's* "Travels in Tartary, Thibet, and China."

When, in travelling through the hills, we take a rapid survey of the stupendous depths below and heights above, it is only here and there that a village forces itself upon our notice, by the prominence of its position; the rest of the landscape appears to be nothing but mountain and valley, ridge and precipice, torrent and forest. A steady contemplation of the scene, however, brings out village after village, till we become amazed at the change. The grand outlines are the first to seize and engage the mind; and only the painstaking and attentive observer discovers the interesting details of the picture. There are but few places, however, which can be dignified with the name of towns; the groups of human habitations are, from natural causes, small, and the number of inhabitants is, of course, limited by the quantity of food they are able to raise in the vicinity. The site of a village high up in the hills depends on the favourable position of ground for agriculture, and facility of procuring water and shelter from the inclemencies of the weather: a southern exposure is invariably courted. The houses are almost all of one shape—square; and at a distance have a pleasant aspect, resembling those of Switzerland. They are built of stone and timber, and covered with slate. The roof projects sufficiently to allow a balcony to be covered by it on all sides of the house: this part of the mansion, during the fine weather, is a lounging place, whence the master may overlook his courtyard, and answer calls without the trouble of descending; and may have been suggested and continued in use by the condition of the people when at the mercy of their Ghoorka conquerors, and when a good strong door and a high position left the inhabitant the power of doing as he pleased. The lower story is, in all cases, allotted to the cattle—the yak of Thibet and the black cattle of Hindostan, with a kind of mule, are here domesticated—and whether this arrangement arose from the greater security thus afforded to these animals, which are the principal source of sustenance and wealth to the people, or from the want of room and convenience for outhouses, it seems the most judicious possible; while the folks aloft have the benefit of the heat from the "creatures" below, and these, on the other hand, may perhaps be made happy by having those who take care of them so near them. One door in the bottom story suffices

for ingress and ventilation. A ladder inside affords access to the upper rooms, which are lighted by very small openings, to prevent unnecessary draughts. The chiefs and headmen of villages have perhaps habitations of somewhat larger size than their neighbours, but nothing to constitute a material difference. The furniture is of a uniform character. Fires are only used in chafing-dishes. Every house has, in its southern face, pieces of wood let in for the convenience of bees: at the bottom of each piece a hole is cut for the ingress and egress of one bee at a time: the bees hive on the inside of the wall; and there the honey and comb are affixed.

The Hill people are not cleanly in their persons; they use water for ablution as seldom as possible. "I asked one man," says a traveller, "when he had washed himself before; and, in the most straightforward manner, he answered, 'Six months ago.' 'When will you wash again?' His answer indicated the same distant date, and his skin and dress stood before me as convincing witnesses to the truth of his words." Poverty appears a general characteristic.* The dress of the natives in the higher hills is of wool, spun and woven by themselves; it is of coarse texture, but strong and warm. Shoes are made of horse or other hide, except that of the cow: the latter animal being held, if possible, in higher veneration by the hill-folk than by the people of the plains. The upper part of the shoe is of strongly woven wool, and elastic.

The inhabitants of these mountains, and especially the women, are sadly afflicted with goitre, which is attributed by medical men to their use of snow water; the correctness

* The province of Gurhwall seems, in olden time, to have been on this account for many years exempted from tribute. "Akbar, however," says Miss Roberts, "not willing that any of his neighbours should escape, demanded from the chief an account of the revenues of his raje, and a chart of the country. The rajah, being then at Court, repaired to the presence the following day, and, in obedience to the imperial command, presented a true but not very tempting report of the state of his finances; and, as a correct representative of the chart of his country, facetiously introduced a lean camel, saying, 'This is a faithful picture of the territory I possess: up and down, and very poor.' The Emperor smiled at the ingenuity of the device; and told him that from the revenue of a country realised with so much labour, and in amount so small, he had nothing to demand."

of this opinion, however, may be doubted, as the disease is less frequent where the people use nothing else, and where they drink that from springs or rivulets it abounds. The natives regard the malady as a punishment from Heaven. It is met with in low marshy places, rather than in the upland villages. The comparative exemption of the men may be attributed, in some degree, to their using a more generous and liberal diet than the women, and a beverage more potent than water. Like the Hindoos of the plains, the hill people burn their dead.

Agriculture is the chief pursuit in the Himalaya. The cultivation is of two sorts—upland and lowland, dry and wet. The wet system can only be followed in the lower parts of the valleys, where the surface of the soil is perfectly flat, and the water can be conducted with facility, which latter advantage Nature seldom affords to any great extent; the people, however, have cut the sides of the hills into terraces, and thus effected what she has denied them; and the appearance of these steps, rising in succession, and coloured by the varied hues of the different corns peculiar to the mountains, is extremely pleasing. The grains are wheat and barley, bhattoo, cheena, and khoda. The bhattoo is of two kinds—one a golden yellow, the other a deep crimson; and in their approach to maturity, when spread in patches on the side of a hill, they present an appearance of singular beauty, especially when their rich colours are contrasted with the brown of the heather and the dark cold green of the pines. The crops are as large and luxuriant as the force of heat and moisture, the sun and a rich soil, can produce. Rice and sugar are also cultivated, and thrive well. Rhubarb grows in profusion, and was, if it is not still, an article of large export to the plains; that sold under the name of *Russian* appears to be obtained from Tartary and Thibet.

The manufacture of Iron is carried on by the Hill men, but in a very rude and primitive way. The Hills teem with ore, and the iron produced (even after so unskilled a manner) is said to be good.

The domestic animals—besides those we have before mentioned—are cows, goats, and sheep: pigs roam about the villages. We have already noticed the abundance of fish in the

streams of the Himalaya. These are taken in a peculiar manner by the rod and line, and also by depositing in the stream a vegetable substance of intoxicating properties, which renders them unable to maintain their equilibrium, and brings them to the surface, when they are easily caught by the hand.

Honey is an article of food all over the Hills; and it is only necessary to make a provision for the accommodation of bees during winter to insure a large quantity of this rich and luxurious production to every house. The natives, however, take no pains in the collection of the honey, though its quality is so excellent. The bees hive on the bare walls, and there fix the comb, which is from time to time cut off, as required. The visits of bears to the villages in quest of the honey are frequent; and it is said that they do not scruple to attack the houses in which the hives are placed for security. The bees inhabit also the hollows of trees; and we have little doubt are often cheated of their sweets by the monkeys, which exist in prodigious numbers, and are very injurious to cultivation.

There appear to be neither books, teachers, nor schools among the natives, except such as have been introduced by our Missionaries. To these we may by-and-by have occasion to advert. The Rainy Season has passed: let us take an excursion.

The sun shines brightly forth, illumining the dark and shadowy forests, and giving to the snow-capped mountains a dazzling brilliancy; the birds sing sweetly, and the monkeys leap merrily in the green and bowery shades; the hills are clad in verdure of the brightest hue; butterflies of many varieties—and European, African, and Malayan species, many of gorgeous hue, are to be met with in these ranges—skim the air; numbers of our fair sisters and fellow-countrymen are abroad; and even the swarthy features of the gaitered hill-folk are lit up by the glow of pleasurable excitement.

Simla is said to be the best starting point for the inner Himalaya and Thibet, and there are numerous routes hence to various places.

The Stations we have visited are not our only settlements in these mountains. Yonder is Jutog, to which the Nusseeree Battalion was removed from Subathoo when the latter place and Kussowlie were fixed upon as quarters for European

troops. The fierce and warlike Ghoorkas, whose name is so suggestive of forts and stockades, are now, as we have seen, numbered among our own soldiery. "It is a pity," says Captain Bellew, "we have not more of these indomitable little heroes in our native army. They strongly attach themselves to European officers, and like our service."

Mussoorie is a large settlement, in which the houses—though at an elevation ranging from 6400 to 7200 feet—lie, for the most part, closer together than at Simla; while the steeps around are so very perpendicular in many places that we are told a person of the strongest nerve would scarcely be able to look over the edge of the narrow footpath into the *khud*—the depth below—without a shudder of instinctive dread. Yet this place seems to have its attractions. Its increase has been most rapid, and it appears to be now entitled to the name of an English *town*. It possesses, we believe, a Corporation, a Church,* a Bank, a Club-house, a Newspaper —*The Hills*—and a Botanical Nursery.† The Corporation, among other powers with which it has been invested, has, it seems, a right to tax the owners of landed property within its jurisdiction as much as five per cent. on the value of the same for the benefit of the Station. But the most famous institution of Mussoorie is its School. Till of late, Europeans residing in India who had any regard for the welfare of their children, were accustomed to send them "Home" for education; for there were few professional English tutors in the land—and most of these were in the service of Government, while a good private teacher was scarce indeed. But the idea of establishing a School in the mountains suggested itself to a Mr. Mackinnon, a well-educated, active, and enterprising man, who, after due consideration, resolved on carrying

* The first English church in India built after the fashion of an English parish church. The foundation was laid by Bishop Wilson, on May 14th, 1836.

† "The nursery which I established at Mussoorie, in the Himalayas, at 6500 feet elevation, is very convenient for the introduction of European plants. Mussoorie has a minimum of only 25° and a maximum of 80° of Fahrenheit; showing that the sun ability is greater than in the neighbouring plains. The mean temperature is about 57°; and that of the months of January 42°. February 45°; March 53°; April 59°; May 66°; June 67°; July 67°; August 66°; September 64°; October 57°; November 50°; December 45°. The season for cultivation in the Mussoorie is from March to October."—DR. ROYLE.

it out. His plans were encouraged, his Academy is now well established; and it has acquired such celebrity that pupils are sent to it from all parts of India. The genial and invigorating exercises of the north are practised in the play hours; and while the folks of the plains are frying and frizzling, their boys are sporting over their heads on the ice!

The success of the Mussoorie Academy has led to the establishment of other schools; and now, instead of parents being obliged, as heretofore, to send their children twelve thousand miles away, by a long and dangerous sea passage, to be brought up, they may place them at institutions within a few days' journey from the plains, where they may enjoy a delightful and invigorating climate, and have the privilege of a good education at a third of the cost. Mr. Wybrow was told, in going up the hill to Landour, that so great was the height and so pure the air of that place, that he *could see Calcutta in the distance*! He remarks, in reference to young folks brought up there: "The beauty of the English children I saw upon the hills perfectly arrested my attention. I have never in England seen complexions so exceedingly lovely, and seldom have observed children so uniformly strong and healthy. I had come rapidly from the plains, and had fully in my recollection the pale faces and sickly looks of the little ones I had seen in almost every house during my journey."*

* "So wonderfully salubrious is the climate in all cases of a disorganised system, that I have known instances without number wherein men have arrived from the plains apparently upon the very brink of the grave, almost without signs of animation, life being reduced to its last flicker in the belief of all, and of the unfortunate himself, who suffers himself to be carried up the mountain, under a full conviction that his days have come to their close, beyond the aid of medical skill or of the most healthful of climates; and at the end of the season, or in a very few months, I have seen these men walking or riding about, in all the enjoyment of comparative health and vigour."—*Bacon.*

Mr. Pratt, Chaplain to the Bishop of Calcutta, observes: "If we had men to spare, or if more men came out from our beloved country, it would be a most admirable plan to establish a mission near Sreenuggur, and make this also a sanatorium for sick missionaries. To plant a sanatorium alone would be too expensive; but a mission which would be working effectively might easily be so planned as to afford accommodation to sick missionaries, at a comparatively trifling additional expense. But till we have more missionaries, what can be done? Let us all use what influence we have with our friends in England to bring more out, and then we may put our plans into execution."

A few miles down the *Khud*, on the south-east of the Landour Hill, are chalybeate springs and sulphur baths. A sort of flexible stone is said to be found here, which has the appearance of German lithographic stone, and hardens on exposure to the air.

In the neighbourhood of Mussoorie lies the beautiful Vale of Deyrah Dhoon,* where firs and cedars, mango trees and willows, grow side by side; and the oak, the horse-chestnut, and the cherry are companions of the banana and the plantain. The dog rose and raspberry abound near the rivers; and the lemon and mulberry are found in the jungles. Indeed, every English plant grows luxuriantly; and the gardens in March, April, and May exhibit a splendid show of our native flowers. On the lower hills are the ebony and the kucker, with firs of colossal size,† while *hemp everywhere grows wild.* Oats and barley are extensively cultivated, and there are large plantations of sugar-cane; yet much rich land is lying waste in this valley. Thousands and thousands of acres are covered with forest and grass jungle, intersected by rivulets and old canals cut

* It was here that Dost Mahommed, ex-Ameer of Afghanistan, was located, while a State prisoner.

† A Government School of Forestry has since our visit been established at Deyrah Dhoon. We read (May 1893): "The Imperial Forest School at Dehra Dun seems to be exercising a remarkably wholesome influence on the native students who attend its classes. Addressing the students at the recent annual distribution of certificates and prizes, Sir E. C. Buck, secretary to the Government of India in the Revenue and Agricultural Department, said that the school had been a signal success in the widest sense. The student who passed through a technical school was usually fitted only for the technical profession which he was taught at the technical school. But the Dehra school teaching was of such a broad and useful character that he believed its students—that is, the students who passed out of it successfully—would be more fit for any kind of work requiring originality and practical treatment than the students of any school or college in India. It was the only important educational institution in which the student was taught more in the field and in the museum than in the lecture room; in fact, in which he was taught how to observe, and how to draw conclusions from observation. The consequence had been that the only signal instances which had, to his knowledge, occurred of original research leading to position and useful results being accomplished by natives of India, had been those in which such results had been produced by ex-students of the Dehra School. Only recently the Government of India had been obliged to close apprenticeships attached to the Geological Department, because natives of India could not be found qualified for original research. It was not that natives of India had not in them the necessary qualifications; it was that the power lay undeveloped in them, and had not been brought out by a training in habits of observation."—*Nature.*

through land which appears to have been centuries ago under cultivation. The elephant and tiger abound; and with wild hogs, and deer of various species—some of which are fourteen hands high—invite the adventurous sportsman.

And here we may mention some of the numerous birds of the Himalaya besides those we have already named (and of which the pheasant tribes are perhaps the most beautiful and remarkable). Among these are the fine Himalayan snow-cock,—the red-headed trogon, the large crested black and white kingfisher, the great and other hornbills, the blue-necked bee-eater, the charming yellow-throated and other broadbills, the lovely blue-chat (common at Simla), the honey-suckers of various species, the large and splendid minivet, the sapphire-headed and other fly-catchers, the flame-fronted and other flower-peckers, the crested goshawk, the royal falcon (highly prized for hawking), the large spider-hunter, the kokla green and other pigeons, the great barbet (calling plaintively *hoo, hoo, hoo*), and others of that species; the Himalayan, small and other cuckoos, the Himalayan crossbill, the Himalayan sky-lark, the laughing thrush * of many species, the blue-throated and large-bellied redbreast, the various species of woodpecker, the nuthatch, the Himalayan tree-creeper, the woodchat, the finches, the jays, the tree-warblers, the magpies, choughs, babblers, and we may add, the common buzzards, the crested black kite, and the Himalayan wood and other owls.

The road from Mussoorie to Almorah is magnificent in the extreme. The stupendous rocks towering on high, the giddy depths below, the forests of magnificent and stately pines and oaks, and cochinars, and all-surpassing rhododendra, with the eternal snow, in all its variety of hue and shade and abrupt outline—give a combination of the sublime and beautiful seldom to be enjoyed in nature. The view of the snowy range is here finer than at Landour. But every valley has its spirit and every hill its demon; and the heaven-aspiring pinnacles of snow are the temples of gods of terror and

* This bird assembles in large flocks of twenty or more, every now and then bursting out into a chorus of most discordant laughter, quite startling at first, and screaming and chattering for some time. Of the Garrulax species it is said by Jerdon, "I was absolutely startled by a large troop of them, twenty or thirty at least, suddenly breaking out into a most extraordinary cackling, chattering, crowing chorus."

vengeance, who must be appeased and pacified. Almorah is an ancient native city,* captured by Sir Jasper Nicolls in 1815, and visited by Bishop Heber in his travels ; † it is our principal military Hill Station. A beautiful grey porphyritic granite is found close to the cantonments, which would furnish ornamental pillars or slabs of any required dimensions.

Three marches from Almorah, towards the foot of the hills, is Nynee Tal, which is situated in a hollow of the mountains, and shut in on the north and south by lofty ridges that terminate in the west in a narrow winding pass leading to the plains ; eastward, however, the prospect extends many miles over the neighbouring flat and elevated country. In the centre of this delightful retreat lies a lake of considerable size, one of the very few in the Himalaya ; this forms the chief attraction of Nynee Tal, the vicinity of which abounds with tigers, bears, and other disagreeable neighbours, and which does not afford sufficient table-land to form a Station of any importance, though a charming hermitage during the hot winds.‡

* "Almorah has been inhabited for about three hundred years, and was the seat of the Chund dynasty of Kumaon Rajahs during that period. Their former capital was Chumpawut, otherwise named Kalee Kumaon, but that place was abandoned as not sufficiently central. Almorah, therefore, differs from all the other hill stations ; the latter having been selected within the last twenty years as *sanataria* on the tops of high mountains, among forests and crags, as most suitable for the renovation of the European constitution ; and the former having been retained as the head seat of civil government, the chief military post, and the main emporium of trade in the newly acquired province of Kumaon, after the battle of Almorah in 1815, which effected its acquisition from the Goorkhala power." —*Wanderings in the Himalaya* (1844).

† There is an Asylum for Lepers at Almorah, which was founded by Sir Henry Ramsay about 1838, though it was not till 1849 that a permanent home for them was established there. For a long time Sir Henry bore all the expenses. The extent to which it was thought necessary to provide for the lepers appears from the statement that "the asylum buildings have been erected on terraces levelled on the hillside, five of them one above the other, and on each terrace there are separate barracks of five small houses, each house to accommodate two inmates. Of these the earliest terrace was set apart for the married couples, the two upper terraces for the single women and the two lower ones for the men. There are three barracks of five houses each, on each of the three central terraces ; and on the upper and lower terraces there is at present only one barrack for each." Truly a sad conglomeration of human sufferers. It would appear that they are under the care of the *London* Missionary Society.

‡ It may be remembered that a terrible landslip occurred at Nynee Tal on September 22nd, 1880, by which a large number of Europeans lost their lives.

Other places there are in the Hills to which visitors resort. *Everywhere the dog, man's companion, follows his master.* But we have no time to see more. We may mention Peurah, however, which Captain Bellew tells us consists of a few houses on a terrace occupying a brow of a mountain, and commanding a noble view of the ridge on which Almorah stands, and the background of snowy elevations. "Never," observes he, "shall I forget the first sunrise and sunset at Peurah, the *coucher* and *réveille* of those Titans of earth, the Himalayan peaks—how their vast forms melted away in the sombre tints of eve, and with what roseate hues, and in what beauteous lights, the morning again revealed them to my sight. As the dawn approached, the tips of the snowy peaks were suffused with a delicate, luminous, and roseate tint, which gave them—their connection with earth being imperceptible, or but dimly visible—the appearance of a row of Chinese lamps suspended high along the horizon. Then, as the morning light became more confirmed, the giant forms of Jumootrie, Gungootrie, and other peaks slowly emerged, dyed with the reflected blushes of the reddening east, whilst some of the ranges immediately below the snowy chain appeared of the darkest blue; and others nearer to us tipped with gold, and just catching the oblique rays of the rising luminary, started forth from this dark background in bold and splendid relief. Seen either in calm, in sunshine, or in storm, at the evening hour or in the morning light, these magnificent Alps of the East—before which, however, their European brethren must hide their diminished heads—always present a different picture." We doubt not that in the course of a few years the Stations will become yet more numerous. To breathe the mountain air after perspiring in the plains is a treat few who have the means and the opportunity will not enjoy; to say nothing of recovering appetite, and digestion, and spirits. Indeed, so eager have people been to come up hither, that many have met their death by passing at unfavourable times through the wilderness which lies at the foot of the hills leading to Nynee Tal, Almorah, and Landour.

The mountain bridges we here and there fall in with deserve a moment's attention. They are sometimes formed by trees laid across the water, having a platform for the convenience

of passengers, which, however, is occasionally omitted where the breadth of the stream is such as to demand a wider span. The mode of construction is as follows: Advantage is taken of favourable positions on one side, or both sides of the river, and, where none present themselves, a strong stone wall is built; on this is laid a large beam parallel with the water to support others, one end of each of which projects far over, while the opposite is firmly embedded in the earth, and has large blocks of stone heaped on it, to give the work greater security. The same plan being adopted on the other side, long trees are laid on the projecting points, planks nailed across for a platform, railings put up, and—the bridge is complete! The most material part of the work is the fixing the embedded ends of the timber so as to support the weight of the trees; but this is so well understood by the hill-people that accidents seldom occur from ill construction. The sacrifice of a couple of hill sheep is made to propitiate the gods of the stream, and the heads of the animals are stuck on a pole at each end.

In some cases, however, these structures are made of better materials. "Suspension-bridges formed of grass-ropes—the simple, useful, and elegant invention of the rude mountaineers of the Himalaya—are of considerable antiquity," says Miss Roberts, "in the provinces where they are found. They are said to have given the original hint to the chain-bridges of Europe, and to those which Mr. Shakespeare has constructed so much to the public advantage in India." The bridge of Teree affords a very beautiful specimen of its class: the adjacent scenery, and the rocky rampart on either side the river, adding considerably to its picturesque effect. The ropes of this bridge are made from the long coarse grass which grows on the sides of the hills; each is about the size of a small hawser, and formed with three strands; they are obliged to be renewed constantly, and, even when in the best condition, the passage across is rather a nervous undertaking. In some of the hill-districts, where the natural advantages of the country are not so great, the bridge is suspended from scaffolds erected on both banks of the stream; over these are stretched ropes of great thickness, to afford on each side a support for the flooring, if it may be so called, which is

formed of a ladder wattled with twigs and branches of trees, and attached to the balustrade by pendent ropes. The main ropes are extremely slack; and, where the banks are not very high, the centre of the bridge is within a foot of the water.

Major Archer mentions another mode of transit—the *jhoola*. 'Jhoolas are ropes tightened across a stream, and fastened to two strong posts; a 'traveller' of wood is put over eight ropes, and the passenger sits in a kind of sling; a small line at either side pulls the tourist backwards and forwards. The depth to the water, which is rushing with great velocity, and boiling with foam, would deprive any living thing of a hope of escape should a fall chance to happen."

The *ghoont*, or mountain pony, is a rough little beast, but sure-footed, and carries his rider in safety along the very edge of the precipices.

At the foot of the hills, in a different direction from that by which we ascended, lies Saharunpore, *another monkey town*,* where there is a famous botanical garden.†

* "The Gosseins of Saharunpore have taken under their protection and peculiar fosterage an innumerable swarm of monkeys, natives of the place, whom they have tutored into something like discipline. At noon daily the officiating gossein rings a bell, and in an instant all the monkeys within hearing assemble before the temple, where they continue walking to and fro, wrangling, chattering, and playing all kinds of antics, until the priest makes his appearance with an earthen pot full of pulse and corn. The excitement now increases; the whole herd, erect upon their hind legs, squeezing, pushing, and jockeying one another, to get closer to the gossein, are still careful not to venture beyond the limits marked out for them; for if perchance one of them should so far forget himself, he is flogged and sent about his business. The gossein then scatters the food among them, and a scramble ensues which baffles all description. The screams and squeaks and growls are changed to blows and bites; every hand is busily employed, between the intervals of fighting, in stuffing the pouches with grain, for no time is given for mastication. In an incredibly short space the whole is gobbled up, and the animals disperse at the sound of the bell, unless it be a holiday or a feast, in which case fruit is served out to them."—*Bacon.*

† The following extract from a letter addressed by Dr. Royle to the Secretary of the Court of Directors of the East India Company will prove interesting to our readers in connection with the botany of India:—

"The southern provinces of India, including Bengal and the lower provinces, with much of the peninsula, being of a tropical nature and climate, with little cold weather, are chiefly suited for the cultivation of the plants, whether annual or perennial, of the intertropical islands and of America and Africa. As the tropics, like the rainy season, however, extends all over India, the peculiarities of a tropical climate—heat and moisture, with considerable uniformity of both—prevail over a great extent of territory for a few months in the year; and therefore in the most northern parts we have the cultivation of rice, sorghum, Indian corn, and other tropical grains, in the very same fields where, in the cold winter months, we have wheat

Kotghur, about forty miles from Simla, is one of the stations of the Church Missionary Society, which commenced its work there about 1843. "The Mission House," writes one, "is on our left. Between it and the schoolmaster's residence on the right is the School. Here is an oak, there a fir, and yonder an orchard of apple trees. What associations do these last features of the scene revive!

"The Missionary is absent from home, but the schoolmaster kindly offers to conduct us over the establishment. It presents an interesting appearance. Some five-and-twenty boys are

and barley, with peas and beans. This double climate and double culture it is necessary to notice, in order to have a complete view of the nature of the country and climate of North India. The mean temperature of the year at Saharunpore, in 30° of north latitude, is about 73°; and of the months of January 52°, February 55°, March 67°, April 78°, May 85°, June 90°, July 85°, August 83°, September 79°, October 74°, November 64°, December 55°. From the middle of April the various useful and ornamental plants of European climates may be successfully cultivated. The minimum of temperature in January is 25° Fahrenheit, and the maximum 105° in June. Between the Saharunpore garden and the Mussoorie nursery, fifty miles distant, a complete year of moderate climate may be obtained for the germination of seeds of temperate climates; at Saharunpore in November 64°, December 55°, January 52°, February 55°, and March 67°; at Mussoorie in April 59°, May 66°, June 67°, July 67°, August 66°, September 64°, and October 57°.

"The climate having proved favourable, little difficulty will be experienced with the soil or with irrigation, as far as the experiments are concerned. The subsequent distribution of plants which have succeeded in the depôt gardens must, of course, be determined by various circumstances; but the first should only be sent to favourable localities, as failure is apt to discourage further attempts. The next subject of attention, and for which the preceding observations are only preparatory, is the kind of plants best suited to the northern parts of India and the Himalaya mountains. Here we must be guided not only by the nature of the plants, with respect to vicissitudes of temperature, but also their usefulness, their annual or perennial nature, and, in noting the climate into which we wish to introduce them, take care to compare it with that from which they are to be introduced. The plants to be introduced may be considered with respect to their usefulness or to their fitness for different kinds of climate. In the former case, we should arrange them under the heads of food for the inhabitants, or fodder for their cattle, such as are likely to be useful in any of the ordinary arts of life, or those which may afford products likely to become articles of commerce. Merely ornamental plants should not be neglected, nor those remarkable for their odour, as both gratify the senses, and offer inducements to many to pay attention to gardening, when other more useful plants are necessarily introduced, and with little additional expense. Fruit trees might appear to many as not included among useful plants; but independent of their increasing the proportion of esculent matter in a country, *they might become sources of considerable commerce between the plains and mountains of India*, as is now the case with Cashmere.

"There is another class of plants to which I paid considerable attention when in India, and which form the chief object of my present duties, and

at their lessons in the Males' School: the first class learning English; the others geography, arithmetic, and history, in the vernacular. There are three other such schools in the district, but the attendance of the pupils is very irregular, and on the average little above half the number on the books are ever to be found at their tasks.

that is medicinal plants. I cultivated many articles which were pronounced, after trial in the General Hospital at Calcutta, to be of the best quality. Dr. Falconer, the present able superintendent of the Saharunpore Botanic Gardens, writes me that extracts of henbane, which I first cultivated and manufactured, still continue to be supplied from the Saharunpore garden to the hospital depôts. In the same situation, and in the hill nursery, *many other medicinal plants now sent from this country might be successfully cultivated*, and not only more cheaply produced, but also prescribed in a fresher state.

"Keeping these several objects in view, I have thought it preferable for practical purposes—that is, the operations of horticulture, and the selection of sites for the experiments—to arrange those plants I have as yet been able to think of in separate lists, according to the situations for which they are suited:

"1. Annuals fit for cultivation in the plains of India in the cold weather, and in the summer of the Himalayas.

"2. Perennials probably suited to the plains of North-West India.

"3. Perennials suited to the Himalayas.

"I have long thought it a very interesting subject of inquiry, to ascertain by experiment whether the grains the people of India possess, in common with Europe, are of the same degree of goodness and equally prolific—as, for instance, the wheat, barley, rice, and mustard seeds. Some of the plants which I have included in my list are intended to be useful for their products, which may become objects of commerce; but this involves another subject of inquiry, and that is whether the analogous substances which India naturally possesses are superior or inferior in quality to those cultivated in other parts of the world.

"It is probable that some of those enumerated in the lists[1] may not be suited to the localities indicated, and a still greater number that might be suited to them are, I am well aware, entirely omitted; but this has been from want of time to give the subject the full consideration it deserves; but as this, to be successful to any great degree, must necessarily be carried on for a few years, I shall be happy to return to the subject, if required, or point out the plants suited for cultivation in other parts of India.

"Though failure may attend some, I am well satisfied that success will attend the majority of instances; and feel the utmost confidence in stating that if the subject of the introduction of useful plants suited to the different parts of India be continued, and the principles which should guide their attempts not be neglected, very beneficial results will in a few years be evident to all; and that if this be combined with an investigation and publication to the manufacturing world of the very varied natural products of India, *an increase of the commerce and resources of that empire will ensue to an extent anticipated by few*, but of which, after long attention to the subject, I feel well assured, and hope to be able to prove to the sceptical."

The anticipations of Dr. Royle are already, we believe, in a fair way of realisation.

[1] These lists are too long to be inserted.

"About sixteen girls are present in the Females' School. These, we are told, attend very regularly. The Missionary's wife gives them clothing, and keeps it clean; they are taught reading, writing, and arithmetic; and their afternoons are employed in knitting, at which they are very expert, and for which they receive payment. The articles produced are sold at Simla, and meet so readily with purchasers that the School is rendered thereby a self-supporting institution.

"A lithographic press is attached to the Mission, for printing the Scriptures and books in the dialects of the tribes inhabiting the neighbourhood. The Missionaries have been accustomed to give their leisure to such translational studies as were required.

"On the whole this vicinity affords one of the most promising fields of Missionary labour. The work, however, must for some time to come consist in establishing village schools, and itinerating among the scattered population. Mr. Wilkinson met with numerous opportunities of discoursing to the chiefs and principal residents in the various Native States, as well as to the lower classes, on the great truths of the Gospel. In his journeys he was accustomed to read aloud to his bearers; this attracted travellers, and he had frequently *a walking congregation*, who were generally attentive and conversable. Mr. Prochnow has undertaken extensive tours with the view of becoming acquainted with the country and people, and making known the existence of the Kotghur Schools to the inhabitants of the numerous villages in the valleys and on the sides of the mountains.*

"In his visits to Kanawar Mr. Prochnow has met many wandering Tartars from Central Asia, who were able to understand and willing to receive the Thibetan tracts he distributed; some of which have been carried into Chinese Tartary, where they appear to have been highly esteemed. Dr. Hæberlin,

* "Human sacrifices were formerly offered up to the gods, and a cave is still seen near Kotghur, where a young girl was annually sacrificed to the demon of the place. It is a bleak and weird-looking spot, and is still accounted an accursed place, on which goats and cattle are not permitted to graze. When we visited it in 1881, we were told that on the last occasion, when a beautiful girl of fifteen was brought by the priest to be immolated, a storm arose, and the swollen stream carried away both altar and temple, and scattered all the people. The offering up of human sacrifices has from that time ceased."—*Rev. R. Clark.*

during his stay some few years back at Simla, made an excursion with Mr. Jamieson, of the American Presbytery, to the frontiers of that country,* to ascertain the expediency and practicability of a translation of the Scriptures into Thibetan, which we have understood has, in consequence of his favourable opinion, been in contemplation by the American Mission."

The TEA PLANTATIONS of the East India Company at Kumaon and Gurhwal are worthy a visit. When Dr. Royle was Superintendent of the Botanical Garden at Saharunpore, he on theoretical grounds, recommended the culture of tea in different parts of these mountains; which he did also in his *Himalayan Botany*. His successor, Dr. Faloner, seconded that recommendation; it was also joined in by Dr. Wallich. The great coincidence in latitude and many points of climate, the nature of the soil, and above all the great resemblance in the vegetation of parts of the Himalaya with that of China and Japan, convinced them that tea might be grown here. Messrs. Gordon and Gutzlaff were accordingly sent to China to procure seeds. A large number were obtained, and sown in Calcutta, and ten thousand sent to the North-West Provinces; of the latter, however, only 1326 reached their destination alive. By 1842 there were considerable plantations; and in that year Chinese tea-preparers were brought to Kumaon. The progress of the experiment appears to be very satisfactory.†

* "Kotghur lies midway between Brahminism and Lamaism. Sixty miles from Kotghur is one of the most celebrated Lama monasteries, and nunneries may also be found not far from it."—*Rev. R. Clark.*

Miss Gordon Cumming writes some years later: "A steep descent of three miles brought us to the mission station of Kotghur, where we found very kind friends in the Padre Hera Rebseh and his family, whose pretty home (covered with trellis and vines, and containing all civilised comforts) seemed quite a haven of rest after our first few days in the wilds. Here they have lived seven years, and have a fair handful of native Christians, whom we saw assembled for daily morning prayer, and were struck by their very superior look to the low castes whence our converts are usually drawn."

† In 1844 one hundred thousand plants were growing in the Company's nurseries. The cultivation had been extended by 1846 to 176 acres; and the tea was thriving over four degrees of latitude and three of longitude, at elevations varying from two thousand five hundred to six thousand five hundred feet. In 1848 the plant covered one thousand acres. The Indian Government, under Lord Hardinge, at length authorised an outlay in the prosecution of this project to the extent of £10,000 a year. Mr. Fortune, Curator of the Garden of the London Society of Apothecaries, who had spent many years in the East in botanical pursuits, was sent to China to

But a voice has come to me across the broad seas, over the Plains of India, up into the heights of the Himalaya, requiring my return without delay to England. It seemed probable that in a few months, if I could have duly qualified in the native languages, I might have obtained an appointment of considerable distinction and value. But the voice is to me imperative. I will go, but I will *return*. I accordingly ask and obtain leave of absence. I prepare to bid adieu for awhile to India, her mountains and her valleys, her hills and her plains, her scorching suns and her cool retreats, her people of many races, tribes, and languages. The hill Jucko—capped with garnets, and not long since possessed by the wild beasts of the forest—commands the crest of Jumnotree, and pours its waters on the one side to the Bay of Bengal, and on the other to the Gulf of Cutch; the twin-born streamlets are thus at length divided by a space of many hundred miles. So it has been with me, and the companions of my boyhood. One mother—ENGLAND—gave us birth, but how widely have we been separated. We may probably ere long be once more united!

In taking leave of Simla, we may say that RELIGION (in the little Church) and SCIENCE (in the Magnetic Observatory) have planted their twin feet on the tops of the mountains, on the borders of our territories, and there hold aloft the banners of TRUTH and KNOWLEDGE over our Indian dominions; while the tombs of our countrymen gathered round the Church, on the brow of the hill, bear a perpetual witness to their Christian Faith. And we may rejoice in the hope and the assurance that Religion and Science will always be found, and found thus engaged, wherever the arms and the influence of England may prevail.

obtain the best species of the plant, and make enquiries respecting its manufacture. He transmitted seeds and plants to India from the northern parts of the Celestial Empire; and we learn that in addition to eight thousand previously forwarded from the black and green tea districts, on his arrival in the Himalaya he had with him above twelve thousand living plants, and a number of germinating seeds; so that with these and their produce the whole of the north-western hills, and the Kohistan of the Punjaub, might be planted in a comparatively short period. This gentleman is reported to have said that the vegetation of the nurseries bears a striking resemblance to that of the Chinese tea-hills, and that the rocks and soil are identical. The Government have now numerous tea farms, each containing from two hundred to four hundred acres.

CHAPTER XV.

FROM THE HILLS TO THE PLAINS.

I RESOLVED on travelling from Simla to the Ganges on horseback, confining my journey as much as possible to early morning; and to proceed to Calcutta from Allahabad, Benares, or Ghazeepore by water. Being acquainted with a party about to start for the plains, and solicited to join it, I accepted the invitation.

We anticipated with pleasure the morning ride* amid the varied scenery of the road,—the breakfast waiting for us at the end of our journey, and partaken of under the shady trees, the subsequent siesta,—the visit in the afternoon to neighbouring cities and ruins; and the evening sport or recreation. It is charming to travel thus at leisure in India, and see all that is to be met with or found by the way.

* How well Dr. R. N. Cust describes this in his *Pictures of Indian Life.* "The tent had become my home, and the horse my only means of transport. Simple was the repast, light were the slumbers, unbroken the health in those days, when the earliest morn found me in the saddle. How familiar I became with the sun in his downsettings and uprisings! At starting Cynthia was my guide, and in treading the plain I looked with familiar pleasure at Orion, or counted the stars of the sinking Pleiades.

"An hour before daylight all is dead silence; the sound of dogs barking is heard at a mile's distance. As we wade the river with lighted torches, we hear each melodious splash. All is dark: but the darkness becomes thinner, the black softens down to grey, the wind begins to blow, the stars begin to wane, to the silence succeeds a murmur, each bird wakes on its branch and addresses soft notes to his companion. The great family of the wood is rousing itself for its business, for the search of food, to sustain life by labour and by crime: glorious tints now overspread the eastern skies, visions of paradise, distant clouds shaping into happy islands; Aurora is scattering her gifts on the earth; and now the sun sails up in majesty, and glorious Phœbus looks me steadily in the face. On the journey he is lost again, for I dare not look upwards until older, wiser, broader grown, he sinks into the river, with the golden shadow of his last smile playing through the green foliage with beauty inexpressible."

SONG.

Hurrah for the road! On the mettlesome steed
To course the greensward of the flowery mead
And rouse the young winds to a gambol at noon,
That frolic at eve with the maidenly moon;
While the sparks leap out 'neath the courser's feet,
And the pale cheeks glow, and the pulses beat,
O'er the flinty path, thro' the babbling flood,
Hurrah for a canter! Hurrah for the road!

Hurrah for the bowery, shadowy way,
The bridle to slack, and the spur to stay;
Where the bee stops to sip of the bright fresh spring,
And the butterfly lights to rest her wing:
And birds tell in music sweet tales of love,
While the sun peeps in through the leaves above;
And echo abides in the cavernous trees,
And we—hurrah!—may repose at ease!

We left Simla on October 29th, as lovely a day as we could wish to see. The sun was shining brightly, illuming the dark pine forests, and casting a dazzling brilliancy on the snow-capped mountains, which was again reflected by magnificent cascades; the birds were singing sweetly and sporting merrily in his beams; the trees were clad in foliage, and the surface of the hills in verdure of the greenest hue; clouds white as a fleece and light as a feather, through which were seen dark precipices, smiling valleys, and cultivated fields, were rolling beneath our feet; while even the swarthy features of the mountaineers appeared lighted up by the glow of pleasurable excitement. Our ladies preferred descending in the *jhumpaun*; but my male companions, like myself, travelled on the saddle. As the roads had been repaired since the Rains, and were now in excellent condition, we felt perfectly safe, and enjoyed the ride much, till, when about four miles from Simla, an immense host of locusts crossed our path, beating about us on every side like hail in a heavy storm, and leaving millions behind, while the main body pressed on to devour. It is indeed an ARMY like that so magnificently described by the prophet Joel (ii. 2-11). Our horses began to kick, and prance, and snort, as the mailed squadrons sprang up from beneath their heels, and entered their ears, and played

about their nostrils; while, seeing a precipice just by us, we felt half inclined, as we flourished our whips vigorously about us for protection, to alight from our seats and go afoot. However, no accident occurred; and, on arriving at the Siree bungalow, we found the servants, who had been sent on with refreshments, engaged in preparing a *curry* for themselves from a few handfuls of the locusts. Thus, as of old, "out of the eaters came forth meat."* And though I should not myself fancy such a repast, *they* seemed to anticipate a treat.

Having discussed a sandwich and a glass of ale, we went on. By-and-by we again reached Subathoo; and after tarrying a short time, pursued our way, pausing for a little while at Kussowlie, and arriving at the foot of the hills towards evening. The descent is exceedingly steep; but there are some sweet views, though the absence of trees cannot fail to be noticed, presenting, as it does, so great a contrast to the regions from which we have come down. Our baggage was sadly knocked about to-day; and one of our hill-ponies having been overloaded, went to the edge of a precipice, jerked itself a little on one side, and threw our crockery into the abyss, where all was, of course, dashed to pieces.

November 2nd.—We move from Bhar to Pinjore, over a most irregular road in the worst possible condition. And now we are again in camp, with all the freedom and freshness, and with all the little inconveniences, of camp life. We visit the far-famed Pinjore Garden, at present the property of the Rajah of Putteala. It is indeed large and beautiful. At the head of it is a reservoir, from which the water flows into an elegant canal running through the centre of the garden, forming in its progress several beautiful cascades, and interspersed with spouting fountains of progressively increasing elevations. The cascades are so arranged as to have recesses behind them, in which on special occasions lamps are placed, the rays of which are charmingly refracted by the water; the fountains are put in operation; and the spectacle thus afforded, together with the magnificent trees loaded with ripe and beautiful fruits, the stately and curious shrubs, the lovely and odorous flowers, and all the other adjuncts of the lovely scene, is a truly delightful one. The garden is

* Judges xiv. 14: and see Matt. iii. 4, Mark i. 6.

surrounded by a lofty castellated wall, which adds much to its picturesque appearance.

"Bear me, Pomona, to thy citron groves,
To where the lemon and the piercing lime,
With the deep orange, glowing through the green,
Their lighter glories blend. Lay me reclin'd
Beneath the spreading tamarind, that shakes,
Fann'd by the breeze, its fever-cooling fruit.
Deep in the night the massy locust sheds
Quench my hot limbs, or lead me through the maze,
Embowering, endless, of the Indian fig;
Or thrown at gayer ease, on some fair brow,
Let me behold, by breezy murmurs cool'd,
Broad o'er my head the mountain cedars wave,
And high palmettas lift their graceful shade;
Or, stretch'd amid these orchards of the sun,
Give me to drink the cocoa's milky bowl,
And from the palm to draw its freshening wine!" *

* * * * *

November 7th.—To Kot Kuchwa. The tops of the mountains we have left are here barely discernible. This evening we saw for the first time a case of "sitting in Durmah." A fakir who happened to be walking by our camp, carrying an earthen rice pot in his hand, was accidentally touched by a water-carrier as he passed along. This was to him pollution. He immediately destroyed the vessel, threw himself on the ground, tore off his scanty clothing, and assumed a look of intense devotion; rolling his eyes; casting them up to heaven; making figures with his fingers on the earth; and going through a variety of unmeaning gestures and gesticulations. This farce he sustained for a long half-hour; holding in his hand a knife, with which he every now and then significantly threatened to wound himself; but speaking not a word to any one, though surrounded by numbers whom the spectacle had drawn together. At length some of our people began to make fun of him, and, catching up his rags, threw them at him; but he showed no discomposure. Others set their dogs at him; but he made no resistance, and the sagacious creatures, when they saw that, refused to injure him. The crowd, however, became so great as to prove a source of inconvenience, and he was told to move off; but he did not

* Thomson.

stir or reply. One of our Mussulman servants, irritated at this impudent contempt of orders, now caught hold of him, and dragged him over the rough and stony ground to a considerable distance from the camp; but no sooner was the fakir released than he returned without saying a word, and reseated himself in his former position. The Mussulman would have again dragged him off had not we interposed and forbidden the man to use violence. The fakir, however, was again told to be gone. "WHAT!" exclaimed he, at length breaking silence, and bursting into a violent passion. "WHY SHOULD I BE GONE? AM I NOT IN MY OWN TERRITORIES? HEAVEN AND EARTH ARE MINE! I WILL NOT BE GONE." A Hindoo, whose respect for the fakir had prevented him from interrupting his silence, now ventured to inquire his reverence's wishes; when it was found that he had fixed on four rupees as the sum to be paid him on account of his rice-pot (not worth a hundredth part of that amount) ere he would stir from the spot. Had we been Hindoos we might have given him this sum to go away; as it was, we did not, but left him and went to dinner. Hours after, when retiring to bed, the voice of the fakir, proceeding from the same spot, fell on my ear; and if the coldness of the night and his nakedness be considered, an idea may be formed of these mendicants' perseverance.

This mode of begging was formerly common. A fakir in want of money had no more to do, it is said, than seat himself before the door of a Hindoo's house, demand any sum he wished, and, if it were not granted, proceed to the operations of the Durmah. These were various. Should there be, as there often is, a puddle at the threshold, the fakir would probably seat himself therein, and remain motionless; or he might fill a porous earthen jar with water, lay himself at full length across the doorway, and place the vessel on his abdomen, which in a few hours would swell up so as almost to envelope it, and of course present a frightful spectacle; or he might lacerate himself with a knife* (as our visitor had threatened to do). And whatever the fakir did, *the Hindoo whom he thus addressed was bound*

* Some years ago six lepers buried themselves alive in Benares, and a hundred drowned themselves in the wells, with a view of being revenged on some persons who had offended them.

to do also or pay the sum required, and also to *abstain from food till the departure of his visitor.*

* * * * *

November 21st.—Reach Kissen Doss Ka Talao. The majestic ruins of Old Delhi meet our eye on every side. We leave that magnificent pillar, the Kootub, and the ancient fortress of Togluckabad, to our right, passing several once magnificent but now ruinous Tombs, which have doubtless stood for centuries. What would those over whom they were erected say could they now rise and look about them, to see the desolation of that once famous, and in their day beautiful city of INDRAPUT?

November 22nd.—To Furcedabad, twelve miles. Here is a delightful orange grove, the trees literally bending to the earth with the weight of the fruit which loads them. How beautiful is the sight! and how delicious, taking in one's hand some Eastern romance, to sit down beneath the delightful shade which these trees afford during the noontide heat, inhaling incense with every breath, and realising (in fancy) the scenes of which you are reading. As I thus enjoyed myself, now and then plucking some of the clusters which hung so temptingly around me, I remembered the words of Solomon, "I sat down under his shadow, and his fruit was sweet to my taste."

Arriving at Jeit, and again passing near Muttra and Bindrabund, we reach Secundra and Agra. After taking leave of the party with whom I had travelled from the Hills, resting a few days, and bidding my acquaintances at the station FAREWELL, I proceed on my journey towards Calcutta.

December 10th.—Reach Mynpoorie. This is a small station, and one of but little consequence. A regiment is generally quartered here. The only public buildings I saw in the neighbourhood were the military lines and hospital, the Judge's *cutchery*, and—THE GAOL! As to the latter, you cannot enter any one of our Stations without noticing it. It is one of the features that our civilisation always introduces, and it would seem in India to be indispensable.

December 12th.—Leave Mynpoorie about 11 a.m., and arrive at Futtyghur, forty miles distant, about sunset. Here

I met an old acquaintance, who recognised me immediately, and insisted on my putting up with him. We had so many questions to ask each other, about ourselves, our travels, our relatives, and our connections, and each of us had so much to tell that, if my friend had not in his joy imbibed a little too freely the juice of the grape, we should probably not have retired at all that night. As it was, we did not part till the midnight hour.

Futtyghur (which is also called Furruckabad) was built about the year 1700, and ceded to us in 1802. Here the celebrated Holkar was defeated by our troops, November 17th, 1804. It was formerly governed by a Patan chief, and was famous for its robbers.

December 15th.—To Urrowl, forty-two miles distant. Put up at the Dâk Bungalow. This is beautifully situated amidst a large grove of trees, which affords a shade most delightful to the wearied traveller. Some one has filled nearly a whole page of the Traveller's Book here with his effusions, beneath which he who came next inscribed, "*What an ass!*" (A sad humiliation for the writer, could he have seen it.)

December 17th.—I again reach Cawnpore. (Here I remained a week, engaged in visiting old acquaintances, and old familiar scenes.)

December 25th.—CHRISTMAS DAY! But how different from an English Christmas Day! Still there is an attempt at festivity: the bungalows are decorated with flowers by the native servants, who know it is our great National Holiday, and, after their manner, show (or would have us believe they show) *their* joy in *our* joy; bringing, too, their little presents to their several masters (from whom they naturally expect a liberal acknowledgment). We go to the Church (which is also decorated), and have our Christmas Service and Christmas Hymns. Our tables are loaded with good things, and at this Station, and others to the North-West, pleasant little groups even gather round a fire,* and some from outlying posts come in, and the cheerful wine circulates, and the pleasant toast is given, and the air is filled with music, and with song.

* See *Household Words*, ii. 306.

SONG.

Wake the song! wake the song! *to the days long gone by!*
(Too swiftly they fled, but they never can die!)
When fondness and fellowship woke in the breast,
When Friendship first smiled, and when Love first caressed,
And Honour engaged to give Friendship its due,
And Truth Love's caresses engaged to renew;—
Round the shades of the past what bright memories throng!
TO THE DAYS LONG SINCE FLED—wake the song! wake the song!

Wake the song! wake the song! *to the days with us now,*
When Friendship and Love twine a wreath for the brow!
Oh, what joy heart to heart 'tis to clasp, 'tis to strain!
Oh, what joy hand in hand 'tis to grasp once again!
To see loving eyes beaming on us once more,
And the voice hear again that oft charmed us of yore;—
Mirth sits crowned with the hopes Love has sighed over long,
TO THE DAYS WITH US NOW—wake the song! wake the song!

Wake the song! wake the song! *to the days yet to come!*
Fate may give larger wealth, prouder honours, to some;
But may none want A FRIEND through whose generous soul
The tides of affection and sympathy roll,
To share the glad light of prosperity's day,
And when clouds round the heart gather chase them away!
Aye! as years round us circle may friends round us throng—
DAYS TO COME! DAYS TO COME! CROWN THE SONG! CROWN THE SONG!

CHAPTER XVI.

A VISIT TO OUDE.

DECEMBER 26th.—As I am again so near Oude, and quite my own master, I determine on visiting Lucknow, and leave Cawnpore for that city, some fifty-three miles distant, on horseback, the day after Christmas. The river is crossed by a bridge of boats. From this the traveller enters that part of the bed of the Ganges which, in the rainy season, is covered by the river, but at this period of the year is a sandy waste. Hence he emerges into the main road, a fairly good but exceedingly dusty one;* for the soil is loose, and macadamisation unknown. The aspect of the country, however, is agreeable; numerous groves of fine trees enliven the prospect, and afford shelter to the wayfarer; villages, which, embowered amidst rich foliage, look in the distance exceedingly pretty, are scattered around; and travellers of various castes and callings, from the Brahmin to the Soodra, from the Nawab to the Fakir, together with fierce and sturdy Mussulmans, throng the road, and enhance, by their variety of costume, the native charms of the scenery.

Oude is considered to be the ancient *Kosala*, the oldest seat of civilisation in India, and the birthplace of the "god" Ram; it is one of the richest and most populous Provinces of Hindostan, and is about two hundred and fifty miles in length from east to west, with an average breadth of one hundred miles. It is one great plain (except on the Nepaulese border), with a

* This has been made since Oude was visited by Bishop Heber, who says: "We for some time lost our way, there being no other road than such tracks as are seen across ploughed fields in England; the whole country being cultivated, though not enclosed, and intersected by small rivers and nullahs."

very fertile soil producing wheat, barley, and other grains, including rice of the finest quality, varieties of pulse, oil seeds, sugar cane, tobacco, hemp, cotton, etc. The climate is considered the healthiest along the whole valley of the Ganges. The people are a fine robust race, intelligent and manly; they are chiefly Hindoos, and most of them Brahmins, but there are numerous Rajpoots—the famous "sons of kings," the chivalry of India—among them. Hence, as a natural consequence, the tone of the people is fierce and warlike. The Bengal Army is largely recruited from this province.* Oude was conquered by the Mahommedans in 1195, and annexed to their empire, under which it appears to have remained till 1753, when the Nawab Vizier, Saffdar Jung, revolted, and compelled the reigning Emperor to make the Governorship hereditary in his family; his son and successor, Shujah-ood-Dowlah, became entirely independent, and founded a dynasty that, protected by ourselves from external enemies, has been notorious for its wretched misgovernment. Shujah was succeeded by Assufud Dowlah, the builder of modern Lucknow, and of most of its numerous Palaces; *he* (after the deposition of an adopted son, who immediately followed him, and was removed by the British) was succeeded by his brother Saadut-Alee Khan; and *he* in 1819 by his son Ghazee-ood-Deen, who, with the sanction of the Governor-General, assumed in 1819 the title of King. Since then Nussur-ood-Deen (who died by poison in 1837),† Muhammad Shah, who died in 1841, and the present ruler, Amjad-Ali-

* The author of "From Sepoy to Subadar" (whom we have before quoted) gives an amusing account of the way in which our countrymen were formerly regarded in Oude. "I had never yet seen a *sahib*, and imagined they were terrible to look on, and of great stature. In those days there were but few *sahibs* in Oude; only one or two as *sahib residents* in Lucknow, where I had never been. In the villages in my country most curious ideas existed about them; any one who had chanced to see a *sahib* told the most absurd stories of them. In fact, nothing then could be said that would not have been believed. It was reported that they were *born from an egg which grew on a tree.* This idea still exists in remote villages. Had a *memsahib* (an English lady) come suddenly into some of our villages, if she were young and handsome, she would have been considered as a kind of fairy, and probably have been worshipped; but should the *memsahib* have been old and ugly, the whole village would have run away, and have hid in the jungle, considering the apparition as a witch."

† Some revelations of the court of this monarch will be found in "The Private Life of an Eastern King."

Shah, have successively reigned over this beautiful, but most unhappy kingdom. It is said that the King, sunk like his latest predecessors in sloth and sensuality, gives no thought to public affairs, or to the counsels of the British Resident. Court favourites sell every office in the State.* The *ryots*, cultivating the land (generally their own by inheritance, and "no people carry so far the love of the paternal acres as the Hindoos of Oude") are subject to the *talookdars*, or farmers of the revenue; who so impoverish them by their impositions as often to dispossess them, and compel them to resort to depredation and plunder; so that the country is overrun with Thugs and robbers. The *talookdars* have their forts and strongholds, *in which they defy the power of the Government*, and from which they issue to make war against each other, to spoil the neighbouring villages, and to strip merchants travelling on the highways. The strong everywhere prey upon the weak, and crime in every form stalks about unpunished. The public revenue can be collected only by force of arms, or by a compromise with the more powerful barons. Law and justice appear to be unknown, and the country is thus brought to chaos and the verge of general ruin.† Basket-loads of heads of poor wretches executed for alleged crimes are said to be brought in frequently and suspended in public in Lucknow.‡ The manufactures and commerce of the kingdom seem chiefly limited to soda, saltpetre, and salt; but military weapons are largely made *for home service.*

After some six hours' riding from Cawnpore I approached the capital. Lucknow (which is 610 miles from Calcutta) is said to be the oldest of the great cities of India, and to have been founded four thousand years since by Latshman, brother of Rama, who gave his name to the city, and resided on a spot whereon Aurungzebe afterwards erected a mosque, thus converting it into a Mahommedan city. Its appearance at a

* "The minister and his creatures appropriate to themselves at least one-half of the revenues of the country, and employ nothing but knaves of the very lowest kind in all the branches of the administration."—*Sir W. Sleeman.*

† Trotter, i. 108.

‡ "We were passing a very picturesque clump of trees, near a mud village; a skeleton hung from one, and sundry skulls, stuck upon prominent branches of others, were expressive of the political economy of Oude."—*Indian Army Surgeon.*

distance is very prepossessing, the King's palace being a prominent object, and presenting to the eye what seems a *succession* of Palaces (it being the custom for each new sovereign to build himself a new palace), stretching at great length along the bank of the river, and embracing, as we afterwards found, not only the abode of the sovereign *and his harem*, but also the offices of the chief ministers of state; squares, gardens, tanks, fountains, etc. In passing through the city to the Dâk Bungalow, where I purposed to stay during my visit, and which I found was situated near the Residency, I was particularly struck by the beauty of its Mosques (one of which, built entirely of pure marble, though extremely small, almost rivals in elegance the Mootee Musjid at Agra), the unusual breadth and cleanliness of its streets, the decent appearance of the houses and the people, and the stately mansions * of the great. This, however, turned out to be the better part of the place, a considerable portion of which was both meanly built and very dirty. The King's Palace itself, though showy at a distance, was a medley of architecture, and remarkable chiefly for its extent, and its gilding and colouring; and many of the inferior palaces † and large buildings had but a superficial beauty, arising from the brilliant stucco with which they were covered. The Imaum-barrah, indeed,—a structure erected for the annual celebration of the Mahommedan Festival of the Mohurrum,‡ and as a tomb for its founder, Assuf-ud-Dowlah, who lies in brilliant and imposing state within—is a noble edifice, and was thought by Valentia to be the most beautiful building he had seen in India. Bishop Heber tells us it reminded him of the Kremlin at Moscow, and gives it very much the preference. (Near this is the Roomee Durwaza, a beautiful gateway, a copy of one at Constantinople.)

* The better class of houses have underground apartments in which the residents live in hot weather.

† The author of "Wanderings of a Pilgrim in Search of the Picturesque" has observed that many of the Palaces have fronts in imitation of the Palaces in Naples and Rome.

‡ "The Mohurrum appears to be celebrated with peculiar honours at Lucknow, it being supposed that the standard of Hossein is preserved there. This sacred relic is regarded with a veneration equal to that with which the pieces of 'the true cross' are regarded in some parts of Europe. All the Moslem inhabitants of Lucknow are anxious to consecrate the banners employed at the Mohurrum by having them touched by the sacred relic; and for this purpose they are conveyed to the shrine in

There are other Royal Tombs, which, as usual in Mahommedan countries, constitute one of the principal features of Lucknow. A very fine panorama of the city may, we are told, be obtained from the roof of the Residency, or from that of any of the great edifices around. It may be said of most of the finest buildings in this city that "if mass and richness of ornamentation constitute architecture, few capitals in India could show so much of it as Lucknow."* It may be added that Lucknow contains the most debased architecture to be found in India. An exception, however, must be made in favour of our Church, which stands close to the Residency. It is in the pointed Gothic style, and was considered by Bishop Wilson (who both laid the foundation and afterwards consecrated the building) to be "quite a bijou." It is *very* small, holding about one hundred persons; but appears to be sufficiently large for the present. It is at all events a witness to the *existence* of the Christian faith in this Mahommedan and Hindoo city.†

We presently made the acquaintance of Dr. Logan, the Residency Surgeon, and spent a short time with him.

After resting for the night, we go forth to view the Capital.

which it is preserved with as much pomp and ceremony as the circumstances of the owner will admit. A rich man sends his banners upon elephants, surrounded by an armed guard, and accompanied by bands of music. The arms and accoutrements worn by Hossein are carried in some of these processions; and one of the most important features is Dhull Dhull, the horse slain with his master on the fatal field of Kurbeloch; his trappings are dyed with blood, and arrows are seen sticking in his sides. Multitudes of people form these processions, which frequently stop while the moolahs recite the oft-told but never tiring story; or the tragic scene is enacted by young men expert at broadsword exercises."—*Stocqueler.*

* Fergusson.

† There were no Missionary stations in Oude at this time; and though, (as Mr. Leupolt tells us) several Missionaries had visited Lucknow, and a number of New Testaments and Bibles had been sold there, before the Mutiny, it was not till after the annexation that any resided here. Indeed, it is not likely that any would have been permitted to do so. After the Mutiny, Sir R. Montgomery, the Chief Commissioner, invited the Church Missionary Society to occupy the city, and in August 1858, while the country was yet full of rebels, Mr. Leupolt was sent there, and "took solemn possession of all Oude for the Lord Jesus Christ." A house, confiscated by Government, as the property of rebels, was given him for mission premises; and another house, similarly disposable, was handed over to Dr. Butler, of the American Episcopal Mission, the whole city being divided between the two. A Medical Zenana mission has more recently been established; and a Leper Asylum has also been opened.

The city—the population of which can scarcely be less than half a million—is notorious for its moral degradation. The court, while enjoying the reputation of being after Delhi (*of old*) the most splendid of all the native courts, has also the unenviable notoriety of being the most licentious court in the world, next to that of Constantinople. It seems to give little or no encouragement to science,* literature, or art. The beauty (if it may be so called) of the Royal Palace is but the fair face of a scene of inordinate and tasteless extravagance and vice. Gaudy displays of Eastern pomp, and awkward attempts to imitate European splendour and fashion,† sustained by reckless expenditure of the royal revenues; the maintenance of a crowded harem, and of a corps of amazons to guard its unhallowed corridors; troops of nautch girls; acts of unutterable shamelessness and abandonment,—these, mingled with childish amusements (such as leap-frog, kite-flying, and the like) are the general features within.‡ And to these are to be added terrible cruelties. To say nothing of the numerous ladies of the harem who are without doubt made away with from time to time when they become tiresome or distasteful, and of slaves tortured and put to death for slight offences, a man's nose has been cut off for sneezing in the presence of the King (and such inflictions, we are told, are not uncommon in native courts); for a word lightly spoken a Minister of State has been deprived of his office, insulted and disgraced, and with his family—his aged father, wives, and children—condemned to die; and though, by the influence of the Resident, the latter have been spared, and the life of the unhappy offender himself saved, he has been exiled from home and household, and sent *caged* into captivity. An aged uncle of Nussur-ood-Deen has, by order of the King, been made drunk, divested of his robes, and forced to dance naked in the midst of the assembled Court and retinue, to the sound of music, and with a mean European holding the office of

* An Observatory formerly existed in Lucknow, but *the establishment was dismissed* in 1847.

† A little staff of Europeans appears to have been kept about the court, and made the personal companions and "friends" of the king.

‡ "The palaces of Lucknow and Delhi," says Norman Macleod, "were the Sodom and Gomorrah of India." "The king," says Sleeman (*when Resident*), "is surrounded exclusively by eunuchs, fiddlers, and poetasters worse than either."

premier as his partner, while weeping at his own disgrace. Another uncle, more aged and infirm, has been plied with drink till, unable to protect himself, each end of his moustache has been tied by a cord to his chair, fireworks have been let off under his seat, and when, alarmed by the explosion, he sprang up, his moustache has been violently torn off, and he obliged to retire from "the presence" bleeding. And not far from the palace is the Royal Menagerie,* where the kings of Lucknow in succession have amused themselves and their royal and princely guests with fierce fights of lions, tigers, elephants,† bears, wild buffaloes, rhinoceroses, *camels*, and

* It is remarkable that the ex-king of Oude, preserving a similar taste, even in captivity, should keep a large menagerie in his exile at Calcutta. "It is unquestionably," writes the correspondent of the *Times* in 1874, "one of the finest in the world. It contains about 20,000 birds, beasts, and snakes, ranged in the pretty order of zigzag disorder on the four sides of a magnificent tank, 300 feet long by 240 feet wide, almost alive with every conceivable variety of fresh-water fish that can live in a hot climate, and covered with broods or specimens of every known water-bird which 'love or money' has been potent enough to secure; though I fear 'love' must, in this case, give the palm to 'money,' if the relative successes are compared. The pigeons seem to be the king's favourites. They number 18,000, arranged in thousands here and there in different parts of the enclosure, and are of every variety and colour—I should say the finest existing collection of pigeons. Along the banks of the lake roam at will the ostrich and the pelican, mingling with swans, geese, and a host of birds known to ordinary individuals, with a host more known only to the naturalist or bird-fancier. Around or amid all these (for the freedom of all but the wild animals is unbounded) are goats and sheep, representing many climates and species; camels, dromedaries, ibises, and I know not what. The snakes have for their home a mountain, in shape like the dome of St. Paul's, only not more than about thirty feet high, and with perhaps an equal diameter at the base. This dome is covered with holes of different sizes, the homes for snakes of all ages and dimensions. Here the reptiles rule supreme; they are fed, housed, and allowed their own will and pleasure as freely as the king has his—within treaty obligations. If they break the contract by crossing the moat which divides their retreat from the grounds generally, why, they are taught obedience. If not, they curl themselves up and down, go to bed when they please, and rise when they please. Their food is brought to their very doors—frogs, and other excellent dishes; and, upon the whole, the snakes have a somewhat enviable life—for snakes. Elsewhere in the grounds we find many of the beautiful grass snakes, and others of a like kind, in no case poisonous, but difficult to distinguish from snakes that are poisonous. Finally, we had a fine collection of cobras brought out. (About a couple of years ago the ex-king had several thousand more snakes on their way down country, when the Government stepped in and forbade the dangerous cargo.) At night every part of the buildings and grounds is lit up with innumerable small lamps of different colours. The menagerie costs, in feeding, £500 a month. The grounds are beautifully kept, and employ 300 gardeners."

† The *stables* for the royal elephants and horses are one of the sights of Lucknow.

other creatures, brought hither in large numbers, for the delectation of such spectators, to tear each other to pieces! Pigeon-flying is also a favourite amusement. A Court Gazette, published from day to day, commemorates the Royal proceedings, and also those of the Resident, the chief officers of State, and distinguished visitors.

Many tales are narrated of the corruption of the court, and the abuse of authority by those in power. A common *bobarchee*, or cook, in the household of a king of Lucknow, by his skill in spicing wines, and making specially delicious drinks, came under the notice of his Majesty, a man of licentious and depraved habits, accounted an orthodox Mussulman, but exceedingly fond of the bottle. The monarch, having tasted a sample of his *bobarchee's* elixir, to reward his skill and encourage his merit presented him with an appointment near the royal person; and as, while holding this situation, he continued to afford his Majesty the highest satisfaction, advanced him step by step, and at last gave him the post of Prime Minister.* This office he retained until his master's decease, and in the meantime won so great an influence with the sovereign that the latter is said to have been little better than an automaton whose movements were regulated by his hand. His chief object, like that of most of his countrymen, being to amass wealth, he tyrannised over the people, and left no stone unturned beneath which he deemed it possible that wealth might be discovered. One mode of "raising the wind" was frequently practised by him. A rich merchant or other wealthy man having just completed the erection of a magnificent and sumptuous abode wherein to spend the remainder of his days, the minister would forward to him an official intimation that the spot on which he had built must be immediately cleared for state purposes, and that no compensation would be given him. Astonished and perplexed at such a message from an

* Incredible as this may seem, such cases appear to have been by no means rare in Oude. Years after this (in 1854) Colonel Sleeman, then our Resident at Lucknow, reported that "eunuchs, fiddlers, and singers filled all the best places in the State. The King's favourite fiddler was made Chief Justice, and his favourite singer acted as Vézir for a King who never troubled himself about public affairs as long as he could indulge his own taste for rhyming, drawing, dancing, and could go about the busy streets of Lucknow beating a big drum that hung round his neck. There was no such thing, in short, as government, law, or justice throughout the land."

authority it was useless to contend with or dispute, the unfortunate victim would perhaps endeavour, by pointing out some other eligible spot for the presumed purpose of the Government, and offering a nuzzur of, it may be, ten thousand rupees, to avert the threatened calamity; but to no purpose, for the wily man who had risen from the office of a slave to the highest post under the crown would at first accept of no terms. The petitioner, therefore, turned away in despair, and went back to his house, whither, after a few hours, an emissary of the minister would follow him with an intimation that, should anything worthy his acceptance be presented to the Premier in his private capacity, he would use his influence with the King to have the order revoked. Elated with this chance of escape, the unlucky individual thus fated to be "squeezed" would perhaps offer a larger sum than the Minister had anticipated. But even this was sure to be indignantly refused, and not until the victim had been visited over and over again, and no hope of any larger offer remained, would the bribe be accepted. Thus, and by a variety of other means, he gathered a vast amount of wealth. On the death of the monarch who had so blindly favoured and elevated him he fell, however, into misfortune; for the new King threw him into prison. It was now *his* turn to bribe, and a timely present of fifty lacs of rupees to an influential person procured his release. Even then he had an immense fortune remaining, and, thinking it the best way to secure both his person and money, he left Lucknow and settled down in our dominions.

It has been stated that the Nawab Hukeem Mehndee Ali Khan, Prime Minister, poisoned the King of Oude's ear against one of his people, by declaring that the man betrayed some State secrets and intrigues; and that the King thereupon, without any investigation, ordered the man's head to be fixed and a heavy weight to be fastened on his tongue, until it should be so wrenched from the roots that it should ever after hang out of his mouth. This brutal punishment was inflicted, and the poor creature's life was preserved by pouring liquids down his throat. They afterwards discovered that the man was innocent! We have not heard that any recompense was given him.

The city of Lucknow, it may be presumed, takes example

from the Court, and, if report speaks truly, its morals are low indeed.* Kite-flying seems to be the chief amusement (and, it would appear, the chief occupation) of the gentry, while a bold and audacious spirit prevails, and *every man goes about armed.* Indeed the bazaars of Lucknow appear to be chiefly distinguished from those of other native cities by the number of armed men with which they are filled—even the beggars, who *swarm*, carrying weapons of war, and priding themselves, as it would seem, on their terrible looks. (In this respect the city seems altogether unique.) Hence affrays frequently take place, especially between the retainers of rival statesmen and office-holders, and between Mussulmans and Hindoos, and the crowd look on with indifference while these assault and kill each other in the public thoroughfares. Add to this, innumerable elephants and camels, which choke the ways, and which appear to do the work that horses do among ourselves (though horses, too, are to be met with,† and greatly

* We may here use the words of another:—"But what gives their special characteristic to the streets of Lucknow are the dark beauties in coquettish attire, who throng the balconies and windows, and whose intentions the most simple cannot misunderstand. Besides this, especially effeminate features, would-be fascinating glances, and flowing locks, are the ensigns of a vice which cannot be mentioned in European countries, and which exhibits itself openly in this Indian Sodom."—*Valbezen's* "The English and India."

There is some little refinement, however, even in Lucknow. The *Indian Witness* (a Calcutta newspaper) says: "It was once our privilege to attend a poetical exhibition or contest, usually styled in Urdu a Manazara. Under the patronage of a certain Nawab in Lucknow, about twenty poets of the city came together to read extracts from their own writings. The fine poetical ideas and expressions have all passed out of our recollection; but we cannot forget the extreme degree of polite deference shown by the poets to each other, and the exaggerated praise that was given by the whole party to each scrap of poetry that was recited."

† Our countryman, Dr. Knighton, had a strange experience of this in Lucknow. "One morning in the year 1835," says he, "I was driving with a friend of mine, in a little open gig, from the river Goomtee to one of the King's palaces in Lucknow. To our profound astonishment we found the streets of Lucknow as empty as if a pestilence had swept them. It suddenly broke on me that this solitude must be some dreadful nightmare; it seemed uncanny to find no single soul in the street that always before had been full of bustle and motion. And there was the less reason for it, as the hour of the siesta had not yet arrived. Presently, at the far end of one deserted street, I caught sight of a figure, then of a second, and both were running for their lives. I shook the reins, and my mare hurried her trot. At the same moment an agonising yell broke on the stillness of the streets, and seemed to echo over the very rooftops. We spun round a corner, and then the mare fetched up suddenly with a sprawl, almost sliding back upon her haunches. As soon as my friend and I had recovered from the shock

dislike encountering the elephants), and it will be no matter of surprise that the narrow and dirty streets of this part of

we saw what seemed a shapeless bundle flung before the mare's fore-legs in the middle of the road. It was a trampled, bloody heap. It was the corpse of a woman, hideously lacerated and mangled by some wild beast, obviously. The face had been crushed by its teeth into indescribable shapelessness; the long black hair was clotted with blood. 'Some execution, probably,' I muttered to my friend, who looked white and sick at the sight. I steered the mare clear of the obstacle, and drove on. I knew the King of Oude to be a sensual and cruel-minded savage, and at first put this down as his work. But a moment's reflection assured me that this must be something very much more out of the common than a mere piece of royal barbarity. I looked up to the deserted houses to right and left of us as we passed, and presently spied a solitary figure standing on a housetop. It was one of the King's troopers. His hand was up shading his eyes, and the fellow was gazing intently up the street. 'What is the matter?' I shouted out to him, pulling in the mare again. The trooper dropped his hand, and looked down on us. 'The man-eater is loose, *wallah*! Look out, sahibs; he is quite wild to-day.' Now I had heard of a savage horse belonging to one of the troopers, and of his nickname of 'Kunewallah,' or the man-eater, which had been given to him because he had destroyed many men. So I hesitated for a moment, and was about to ask the man on the housetop which direction the beast had taken, when the fellow (who had been gazing again in the distance) suddenly started, and yelled down to us, 'He is coming! he is coming! Take care, sahibs—take care!' His voice rose to a shrill scream. Following his gaze, I saw, far up the road, this wild brute of a large bay horse savagely shaking a white bundle in his mouth. The bundle was an unhappy native child that he had seized by the shirt; and the beast was evidently coming our way. In another moment he caught sight of the carriage, dropped the child in the dust, and rushed forward furiously to attack us. I cannot tell how I turned the gig, for the mare was very nearly unmanageable with terror. But I must have got her round in less time than it takes to write this sentence; and in an instant after we were tearing at a mad gallop back along the road. We could hear the iron hoofs of the man-eater clattering over the road between the lines of silent houses, as he pursued us at breakneck speed. I flung one look over my shoulder, measuring the distance. There was no hope for us except to make straight for a sort of yard a short way ahead of us. Ordinarily this was closed with strong gates; but I saw a streak of light between them sufficiently broad to make me believe that in this instance they stood ajar, and that the bolts were not up. Providentially this was the case. We drove up to the enclosure, where I leapt out of the gig, and flung myself against the gate. It fell back. I caught my mare by the bit, and dragged my friend into safety. The doors slammed to behind the gig, and shut with a crash, as a heavy bolt fell into its socket. We were just in time. As the bolt fell in the man-eater came thundering up, his head and cheeks covered with blood, his jaws streaming with the recent slaughter of his victims. He stood looking savagely through the rails, with cocked ears, distended nostrils, and glaring eyeballs—a ferocious-looking monster. Our mare was trembling from head to foot as if shivering with cold, though the sweat was really streaming off her coat. The man-eater glared for some time through the bars, then began to walk round and round to find an opening. But it was all hard iron railing. Satisfied that he was baffled, he turned round, rattled his iron heels against the bars, and with head and tail erect and cocked ears, galloped off down the road."—*The World of Adventure.*

the city are avoided by the European stranger. The trade of the city seems limited, however,* notwithstanding all the noise and the bustle. The Goomtee is not much of a commercial river, its course being sinuous and its current slow. It may be added that the king coins his own money, of which, it seems, there are two kinds; one for the capital, the other for the provinces.

King Nussur-ood-Deen invested three lacs of rupees for the support of two charitable institutions, a Poorhouse and a City Hospital; which seems a remarkable fact when the character of that monarch is considered. These institutions appear to be still in existence.†

The British Government is represented at Lucknow (as at other Native Courts) by the Resident; generally an officer of distinction and experience, whose duty it is to watch over our interests, and be a guide and counsellor to the Ruler. The post of Resident at Lucknow is one of the most lucrative which the Indian Government has at its disposal; and on the return to Hindostan of the forces serving beyond the Indus had been given by Lord Ellenborough to Nott, the hero of Candahar; whose health, however, was so greatly impaired, that he had held it but a few months when he solicited furlough, and vacated it. General Pollock has been appointed to succeed him; and, having arrived within a short distance of the city, has notified the same to the Court, the whole of which, including the King himself and many of our own countrymen, are going out to-morrow to meet him. Meanwhile, we again retire to rest in the dâk bungalow.

December 28th.—Rising early this morning, I visit Constantia, or, as it is called by the natives, *Martin-ka-Coortie*; a

* We must not, however, omit to mention the gold-embroidered shoes for which Lucknow is famous. They are in demand all over India. The jewellery of Oude is also very celebrated.

† Since 1858 the management and control of the King's Poorhouse (as it is still called) has been in the hands of the city magistrates. A recent visitor says: "This institution was intended as a relief house for the blind, maimed, leprous, infirm, and the helpless from old age, etc., and chiefly to prevent begging in the streets. Out-door relief was also to be afforded to a select few. There are at this day 148 inmates in the Poorhouse who receive food and clothing. The outdoor charity list amounts to 162 persons, who get monthly cash payments averaging two rupees each. Seventy-nine rupees per month is made over to the chaplain as the share of the Christian poor. Every Saturday a dole of grain is distributed to from 2000 to 4000 poor people, who are, from age or illness, unable to work."

palace built by the famous General Martin, who came to India as a private soldier in the French army, entered the East India Company's service, and was transferred to that of the Nawab of Oude. He became a favourite with the Prince, being a great cock-fighter; and hearing him one day remark that, among the many things he had bought he had never purchased anything that had cost him a crore of rupees (£1,000,000), and should like to buy something of that value, determined, it is said, to afford the Nawab an opportunity of so doing. Accordingly he erected this edifice, and, when it was finished, took the Prince to view it, and intimated that it had been built in order to afford the Nawab the opportunity he had desired. But, alas for the futility of human designs! the Nawab refused to give so large an amount for the palace. The Prince, however, offered half the price; which Martin declining, the Nawab intimated that the general was now an old man, and could not live many years; and that after his death the State would be able to buy it for a mere trifle, or even to get it for nothing. This exasperated Martin, and, though he said nothing to the Prince, he resolved that when he did die he would be buried in the building, so that it should be of no use as a royal residence; well knowing that no Mussulman, and certainly no Prince of a Mussulman people, would live in a *tomb*. And there he was afterwards interred accordingly.

Constantia is situated at about three miles from the city, and is approached by an excellent road. Entering at the great Gate, a broad path or carriage-way leads through an avenue of trees some quarter of a mile in length, and grounds fancifully laid out, to the palace, which at a short distance bears an extremely elegant appearance, being very lofty, handsomely planned (a large central pile with a lofty tower, and two low semicircular wings), and adorned with plaster figures of various character, that, rising one above another, wind round the building to the summit. But a closer examination of the edifice disappoints the expectations which the distant view has excited. It is, like the King's palace, a medley of architecture, European and Asiatic. The interior is divided into several apartments, which have nothing remarkable about them save the contrast they afford to its external

splendour. Only the hall is paved with marble ; the walls are mere brick, covered with stucco. In a vault beneath the hall stands the sarcophagus, which is of plain white marble, and bears a bust of the General, on each side of which, in niches formed for their reception, stand plaster figures of sepoys, *in red coats*, each leaning in the attitude of grief on the butt of his firelock. The tomb is quite plain, and bears an inscription in English recording the place and time of the General's birth, his coming to India, his rank, and the date of his decease (1800). On the whole the building is pretentious and whimsical, and can hardly outlive the present century. It seems to have been erected, as the razors of a certain hawker we read of were made, "to *sell*." The building is now in charge of the Resident, and is available, with his permission, as a place of temporary abode for respectable travellers.

An admirable provision, however, was made by the General for the disposal of his enormous wealth in the gift of £100,000 for the erection and endowment of a College for the education, maintenance, and placing out in life of Orphan children at Lyons, his native city ; a similar gift for a like institution at Calcutta (to which we have already referred) ; and a nearly equal amount for a similar establishment at Lucknow. The latter is now in course of erection ; and would long since have been completed and opened, but for some legal dispute. It would seem that the property has greatly increased in value since the General's decease.

While on my return from Constantia to the city I had the pleasure of witnessing the entrance of the newly-appointed Resident, General Sir George Pollock, the hero of Ghuzni, into Lucknow. The sight was grand. Sir Charles Metcalfe, when he accompanied Lord Wellesley on a similar occasion, said, "Everything recalled to my memory the 'Arabian Nights,' for every description of any such procession which I ever met with in history, even the celebrated triumph of Aurelian when he led Zenobia and Tiridates (Tetincus) captives, of which Gibbon gives an account, was completely beggared by it." A numerous body of heralds, proclaiming the virtues and power of the great men behind them, formed the vanguard ; these were followed by a yet larger number of military officers in full dress, seated, some in light carriages, others on

stately elephants, richly caparisoned. Then came the hero of the day, the new Resident, in a chariot with Captain Shakespeare, his Assistant, surrounded on all sides by numerous attendants, and followed by a dashing body of cavalry. The most stately part of the procession was, however, in the Resident's rear. British officers and their ladies, native princes, chiefs and warriors, led on the monarch of Oude—the so-called "Asylum of the World,"—who sat in all the pomp of the East, and all the glory of regal splendour, in a golden howdah, borne by a noble elephant ten feet high! Then came the royal carriage, drawn by twelve beautiful horses; with half a dozen postilions in scarlet. Nor was this all. A stately train succeeded. Noble chargers of pure Arab and Persian blood, in housings of gold and silver, were led, curvetting and prancing, along; hundreds of huge elephants followed, with coverings and howdahs of the same precious materials, the howdahs containing persons of eminence, clad in garments of a richness and splendour corresponding to their wealth and station; camels and dromedaries high in stature, swift of foot, and having bells of silver round their necks, which, as they moved onwards, kept up a merry jingling, succeeded; and numerous magnificent-looking objects came after them, together with a miniature chariot drawn by a pair of the deer species of about the size of a ram. An innumerable body of followers of all ranks, ages, and tribes brought up the rear of the procession.

December 29th.—This morning I had the pleasure of an interview with Sir George Pollock at the Residency. Sir George was busily engaged when I called; but I saw sufficient of him to say that he seems a perfect soldier—a fine type (as has been said) of the old military Anglo-Indian—in his manners, and that his appearance denotes that he has suffered much for his country.*

* It may be remembered that Sir George Pollock was created a G.C.B.; and received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament, and a Pension of £1000 per annum from the East India Company, for his services in the Afghan campaign. The Freedom of the City of London was also given him; and on his return to England he became one of the Crown Directors of the East India Company. Finally, he was one of the first to receive the decoration of the Star of India, and had the honour of succeeding Field-Marshal Sir John Burgoyne, as Constable of the Tower. He died at Walmer on October 6th, 1872, in the 86th year of his age.

Three regiments of the Company's Native Infantry are generally stationed here, and are paid by the King, who has also a large army—cavalry, artillery, and infantry—of his own, clad and accoutred, some after the European and some after the Asiatic fashion, *but for the most part, it would appear, in rags and tatters.*

December 30th.—I take my leave of Lucknow this morning,*

* We need hardly remind our readers that Lucknow had a very large share in the Mutiny of 1857. The state of Oude—"the finest and most ill-governed province in Hindostan"—grew worse and worse subsequently to our visit; and at length, after repeated warnings from successive Governors-General, and *in obedience to the Home Authorities* (the King having refused to sign a treaty by which, while the government was to be assumed by the British, the royal title would be reserved for himself and his heir, with full sovereign rights over his palace at Lucknow, and his park at Dilkusha, a yearly pension of twelve lacs of rupees, three more for his bodyguard, and due provision for all the members of his family) Lord Dalhousie on February 6th, 1856, *with the full consent of the three last Residents, Colonel Sleeman, General Low, and Sir J. Outram*, annexed the province to our dominions. The introduction of British rule turned against us all the great territorial chiefs—feudal barons, with large bodies of armed followers—and all the once powerful classes that had been maintained in wealth and honour by the Court of Lucknow. (The King of Oude, it is said, had 50,000 soldiers, and at least as many more chiefs and officials.) Moreover, the disbanding of the old native army of Oude scattered over the country large numbers of lawless and desperate men, owing their ruin to the English annexation. Lucknow had become—it had long been—the Alsatia of India; and there were congregated the idle, the dissipated, and the disaffected of every native state, and many deserters from the British army. Sir Henry Lawrence—one of our most eminent civil servants, and of a noble pair of brothers now world-famous—who, on March 20th, had assumed the Commissionership of the newly-annexed province, had but one small British regiment (the 32nd Foot), and a weak company of British artillery, about seven hundred in all, to protect the Residency; but, apprehending the possibility of mutiny among the sepoys of the garrison, of whom there were some seven thousand, he disposed the former in such a manner as most effectually to oppose the native soldiers, should they rise. We can give but the barest outline—but this we must give—of the events that followed. Symptoms of disaffection among the sepoys began to manifest themselves in April 1857, when the house of one of the officers was set on fire. On April 30th, the 7th Oude Irregulars refused to receive their cartridges, and after some serious, but it would seem unavoidable, delay, were disbanded. A few days later the Chief Commissioner, who had been given the rank of Brigadier-General, and so enabled to exercise military authority, held a durbar at the Residency, when the garrison was drawn up, and addressed by him with such effect that it was hoped all might yet be well. Sir Henry, however, had already begun to strengthen his defences, and now proceeded to erect new fortifications, and lay in a stock of provisions sufficient for a possibly long siege, the very church being eventually filled with grain. The news of the mutiny at Meerut and Delhi soon arrived, and caused fresh anxiety. It was then resolved to bring the women, children, and others in Lucknow, and at the out-stations, needing protection, within the fortifications, and to make every arrangement for immediate defence. There were seventeen houses and buildings within

and arrive in Cawnpore six hours afterwards, having ridden fifty miles on horseback before breakfast. I feel happy and

the walls, which during the siege were known as so many different garrisons. These became crowded with more than two thousand persons, and every outhouse was occupied. At last, on the night of May 30th, the sepoys rose. Foiled in their first rush upon the guns, whose European guardians at once met them with showers of grape, they spread over the cantonments, murdering, plundering, and setting the buildings on fire. Sir Henry next day followed up, engaged, and defeated the mutineers; they fled; he pursued and captured some, but most of them escaped. Barricades were erected at all the entrances to the Residency, and guns mounted round the entire walls. The treasure and ammunition were buried, and as many additional guns got together as could be collected. Refugees continued to arrive daily. Meanwhile the European stations in our North-Western Provinces were becoming scenes of disaster and ruin. On June 11th the Military Police and Native Cavalry broke into open revolt, and on the 12th the Native Infantry followed their example. By this time every post in Oude, except Lucknow, was in possession of the rebels. (Before the annexation there were in Oude two hundred and fifty forts, each held on an average by a garrison of four hundred men, with two guns.) The Chief Commissioner still held the cantonments, but had been obliged by ill health to delegate his authority. Major Banks succeeded to the civil, and Brigadier Inglis to the military, command; but the former was almost immediately killed, and Inglis assumed the supreme authority. The heat of the weather was excessive. On June 30th news of the fall of Cawnpore arrived; and now some few of the native soldiers within the garrison, who had hitherto remained faithful, revolted. Rain at last began to fall heavily. On June 29th a large force of the rebels advanced to Chinhat, a village eight miles from the Residency. Sir Henry marched out and gave them battle; but through the treachery of the Oude artillery had to retreat with considerable loss to Lucknow, the siege of which—ever memorable in history and song—now commenced. On July 1st the magazine in one of the forts from which it was thought necessary to withdraw the garrison was exploded, destroying 240 barrels of gunpowder and 594,000 rounds of ball and gun ammunition. The Residency was now completely invested by a circle of the enemy's guns; the houses around were also occupied by the enemy, and the little force was surrounded by thousands of bloodthirsty foes who had had the advantage of British military training, and who poured in upon them constantly a heavy fire. Sir Henry Lawrence was mortally wounded by a shell on July 2nd, died two days after, and was buried in the Residency garden. (His tomb bears the inscription, "Here lies Henry Lawrence, *who tried to do his duty*. May God have mercy on him.") Assault followed assault; there were mines and countermines. For nearly three months, night and day, the garrison were employed in beating back their assailants, who were able to take up positions on the mosques and other buildings outside the town, whence, at short distances, they could fire tremendous volleys into the British position:—

> "Ah! then day and night, day and night, coming down on the still shattered walls,
> Millions of musket balls, and thousands of cannon balls.
> *But ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew.*"[1]

By the end of July the investing force amounted to more than 100,000 men, while the strength of the besieged had dwindled away; the heat was

[1] "There does not stand recorded in the annals of war an achievement more truly heroic than the defence of the Residency at Lucknow."—*Canning.*

thankful to have visited Oude without hurt or molestation from man or beast; though it would seem that (under intense; the hospital was crowded; the stench from dead animals was dreadful; swarms of flies, rats, and other vermin plagued them; smallpox broke out; and their condition was miserable indeed. Heavy showers of rain fell continually. In September, Outram, "the Bayard of India" (who on the annexation of Oude had been appointed Resident at the Court of Lucknow, but had been obliged, from ill health, to retire and go home,—had subsequently been engaged in the expedition against Persia, and had again returned to England, had been appointed to the command of the expedition against Oude—had just arrived at Calcutta with reinforcements—and had chivalrously placed himself under the orders of Havelock, his junior, at Cawnpore, where the latter had defeated Nana Sahib), marched, with Havelock, to the relief of the imprisoned garrison. Every village on the road was loopholed, and had to be taken, and that amid deluges of rain. On the 22nd they arrived at the Alumbagh (a walled garden on the Cawnpore road, held by the enemy), stormed and took it, and left a small party there (who were soon surrounded by the foe), fought their way, step by step, to the Residency, which they gained on the 25th, and received a warm welcome from the garrison, *now reduced to half their original numbers*. Cannon balls and musket balls, shells and rockets, fever, cholera, dysentery, and smallpox, burning suns and drenching rains, toil, privation, want of sleep, the stench of half-buried bodies, and plague, had done their destructive work, and carried them off. The relieving force, too, had *lost nearly a third of their numbers by the way*, and now that they had got in found that they could be of no use, as the rebels continued to surround the Residency; and the combined forces were unequal to the task of cutting their way through such tremendous odds, and at the same time safely conveying with them the wounded, the sick, the women, and the children; they were obliged, therefore, to await further reinforcements, feeling that they had increased rather than diminished the perils of the garrison by the necessity of drawing on their provisions. Outram, however, who had now assumed the chief command, made frequent sorties, and brought many important works within the limits of the defence, though the enemy kept up a continual fire. Meanwhile some eighty ships had reached Calcutta from England, with Sir Colin Campbell, the new Commander-in-Chief, and 30,000 English soldiers. As the latter arrived they were sent up the country, to the mutinous provinces; some of them to Cawnpore, whence on November 9th, Sir Colin advanced with 4700 men, including Peel's famous "Blue Jackets" from the *Shannon*. Sir Colin swept away the besiegers from the Alumbagh, and in the course of a few days reached the neighbourhood of the capital, and occupied the Dilkousha and the Martiniere. The story of the Scotch nurse, who, when hope had almost abandoned the beleaguered garrison, suddenly started up and declared that she heard the bagpipes of the Highland regiments on the march to their relief, will be remembered by all. Sir Colin next attacked the Secundra Bagh, the rebels' stronghold, and here 2000 of the mutineers fell before the bayonets of our infuriated soldiers. Still they pushed on, and at length, on the 17th, reached the Mootee Mahul, on the outskirts of the Residency. Outram and Havelock came forth from the intrenchments through a hail of grapeshot to meet them, and *the second relief was accomplished*. Sir Colin, however, soon perceived that it would still be impossible under present circumstances to complete the task set before him, and determined, in undertaking any further operations, to vacate the Residency, escort to Cawnpore the wounded, sick, women, and children, and afterwards return and crush out the rebellion. By a dexterous movement the wounded and

Providence) only the *ægis* which Britannia throws over her the sick were quietly borne away on the night of November 18th to the Dilkousha garden (five miles distant), and during the two next days the women, children, and non-combatants followed to the same place. Here Havelock died of dysentery, and was buried amid the tears of his mourning comrades, headed by Campbell and Outram. The latter now proceeded to the Alumbagh, where Campbell left him with 4000 men (*a token that England retained her title to Oude, and that the avenger would return*), while he himself proceeded with his charge to Cawnpore, whence the women and children ultimately reached Calcutta. Meanwhile the rebels at Lucknow, seeing that Outram, though he had vacated the Residency, remained at the Alumbagh, and anticipating, as it would seem, the return of Campbell with a yet mightier force than they had hitherto had to encounter, extended and strengthened their fortifications, adding an external line of defence surrounding the greater part of the city in a circuit of twenty miles, and getting together many great guns and mortars. And now came the final struggle. On March 2nd, after affording most timely aid to Windham at Cawnpore, against a renewed attack of Nana Sahib, and utterly defeating the latter, Sir Colin approached the Alumbagh, was joined by Outram (who for four months had there sustained and defeated the attacks of more than 120,000 rebels), and with an army of 25,000, infantry, cavalry, artillery, and engineers, of whom two-thirds were Europeans, and many of these veterans who had been victors at Delhi and in the previous expeditions to Lucknow, advanced on the great city. With Outram were such commanders as Franks, Hope Grant, Sir Archdale Wilson, Sir Robert Napier, Peel, Adrian Hope, Tombs, Turner, Norman, Mansfield, Hodson, and other distinguished officers. Some 70,000 or 80,000 of the foe awaited them, brave, resolute, and cunning, and full of hate and fanaticism; and the onslaught was terrible. To Campbell during the operations came Jung Bahadoor of Nepaul, with 12,000 Ghoorkas. In twelve days of almost consecutive fighting the victory was won, and the city taken, with a loss of 500 killed and wounded on our side (Peel and Hodson being among the slain), and many more on that of the enemy, of whom 3000 were buried.

Lucknow was finally left with a powerful garrison commanded by Sir Hope Grant under the direction of Sir James Outram, Chief Commissioner. The insurgents of Oude generally, who yet remained, were left to be dealt with by troops sent through the country for that purpose, under selected commanders; and the estates of all the talookdars, which had been confiscated by their rebellion, were restored to such as laid down their arms and swore fealty to the British Government.

It may be added that before peace was restored "the eyes of the Church Missionary Society were upon Lucknow, as a place to be occupied in the name of Christ." Sir Henry Lawrence had earnestly desired that a Mission should be established there; and Sir Robert Montgomery, on his appointment as first Chief Commissioner, lost no time in expressing the same wish. Mr. Leupolt, of Benares, was the first Missionary to visit Lucknow. On September 24th, the eve of the first anniversary of the relief of the city by Havelock, and while the sound of distant artillery could still be heard, of troops pursuing parties of rebels, a Church Missionary Association was formed among the English Christians at Lucknow, with the Commissioner himself as President. Missionaries were soon appointed to occupy the station permanently, and their work appears to have been very successful. The Zahur Bahksh, an old Mahommedan palace, has been let by the Government at a nominal rent to the Church Missionary Society.

"The ruins (of the Residency) have been left most wisely," said Mr. Grant Duff, in 1875, "just as they were after the storm had passed by; but tablets fixed here and there mark the most famous spots—Jahannes's

children has protected me from the former,* and that same good Providence itself alone from the latter, wolves being very numerous.† Before leaving India, I have had a glimpse of a great City under Native Rule, and am pleased to think that my lot is not cast in it, or in any part of the dominion of which it is the capital.

House, the Baillie Guard-gate, the room where Sir Henry Lawrence died, etc. Here, too, the scenes of that fearful struggle which, like many and many an Indian battlefield, deserves to be remembered with Thermopylæ, have been veiled in gardens. A model in the Museum (or in native parlance, the 'House of Wonders') hard by, is said accurately to represent the ground as it was when the conflict commenced."

* Sleeman has constructed a map showing no less than 274 wayside THUG *stations* in Oude for *regularly* committing the murder of travellers.

† A curious account is given by Captain Egerton in his "Winter Tour in India" of some "wolf children." "Some time ago two of the King of Oude's sowars, riding along the banks of the river Goomtee, saw three animals come down to drink. Two of them were evidently young wolves, but the third was some other animal. They rode up and captured the whole three, and to their great surprise found that the doubtful animal was a small naked boy. He was on all fours, like his companions, had callosities on his knees and elbows, evidently caused by the attitude used in moving about, and bit and scratched his captors as any wolf might have done. The boy was brought into Lucknow, and after a long time to a certain extent tamed. At first he could not speak at all, but he seemed to have a dog-like faculty for finding out what was meant by signs. He lived some time at Lucknow. Another boy found under somewhat similar circumstances lived with two English people for some time. He learnt at last to pronounce one word —the name of a lady who was kind to him—but his intellect was always clouded, more like the instinct of an animal than the mind of a human being. There was another more wonderful but less well-authenticated story of a boy, who after his recapture was seen to be visited by three wolves one evening. They came evidently with evil intentions; but after examining him closely, he apparently not the least alarmed, they fraternised with him, played with him, and subsequently brought the rest of the family, until the wolves were five in number; which was also the number of the litter the boy had been taken from. A curious part of this story is the statement that this boy always had about him, in spite of ablutions, etc., a strong wolfish smell. This story my informant did not vouch for, but he said he knew of five instances of his own personal knowledge. The fact of no grown-up person having been found among wolves may easily be accounted for, on the ground that probably when grown up to a certain age, the wolves may have lost the remembrance of their adoption of the children; or that they may have met with members of other litters not acquainted with the family."

Mr. Ball, in his "Jungle Life in India," bears witness to similar cases. He says, moreover: "Most of the recorded Indian cases, I believe, come from the province of Oude. This is possibly in a great measure attributable to the fact that the number of children carried away and killed by wolves is greater there than elsewhere. According to a table which I possess, the loss of life in this province attributable to this cause, for the seven years from 1867 to 1873 inclusive, averaged upwards of 100 *per annum*. . . . The number of little victims carried off to be devoured is so great in some parts of India, that people make a living by collecting from the dens of wild animals the gold ornaments with which children in India are always decked out by their parents."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE HOMEWARD JOURNEY AND VOYAGE DOWN THE GANGES.

WE now bid adieu to our old friends, whom it is possible that we may never see again; and to our old haunts, whose chief features are stamped ineffaceably upon our memory.

Jan. 2nd, '44.—Since my last entry the Old Year has passed away and a New Year has begun. This, to us so memorable an occurrence, is to most of those around us no event at all. Both the Hindoo and the Mahommedan calendars differ from our own. The Hindoo year does not agree with the Solar year, and they have various ways of reconciling them in different parts of India (as calculations based on several eras are in force in various provinces), so that New Years' Days do not occur in all quarters simultaneously with each other. The Hindoo months are called *lunar* months, but have thirty days each; and every third year their calendar contains thirteen months. Among Moslem nations, as is well known, the year has no fixed position in relation to the sun's course or the seasons, being invariably a *lunar* year, which begins annually ten, eleven, or twelve days earlier in the season than the previous year; so that in the course of thirty-three years the commencement of the Mahommedan year runs through the whole of the seasons; while the Era dates from the first day of the Mohurrum preceding the Hegira, or emigration of Mahommed from Mecca (A.D. 622); and each New Year's Day is the first day of the Mohurrum, *which is itself regulated by the moon.** Of course neither the Hindoo nor the Mahommedan months correspond with our own.

* "It is ordinarily reckoned from the first observed appearance of the new moon, or, in cloudy weather, from the time at which it would be visible;

I proceed on my journey this day towards Calcutta. At this period of the year the road swarms with pilgrims for the great January festival at Allahabad which we have already described. Among these the *fakirs* are ever conspicuous, and we have imagined to ourselves the song of such an one—a Yogi—as he travels along.

SONG OF THE YOGI.

O I am a Yogi! A Yogi am I!
Ho haha aha! Ho haha aha!
And sorrow, vexation, and pain I defy!
Ho haha aha! Ho haha aha!
With my bottle, my staff, and my cloak of a skin,
I've all that I want, and seek nothing to win;
While no one will rob me, they give who pass by,
And I would not exchange with a Rajah—not I!
For I am a Yogi! a Yogi!

Yes, I am a Yogi, devoted to Brahm,
Ho haha aha! Ho haha aha!
For ever a Yogi, a Yogi, I am—
Ho haha aha! Ho haha aha!
No infants climb laughingly up to my knee;
No sons of my youth in my age shall I see;
I've no brothers, no sister, no mother—ah! ah!
My wife now embraces another—ah! ah!
For I am a Yogi, a Yogi!

But my time's all my own to spend as I choose,
Ho haha aha! Ho haha aha!
So I sleep away half, and the rest—why, I muse,
Ho haha aha! Ho haha aha!
I live quite alone, and do just what I please;
Kings may die, war may rage, I know nothing of these;
On the wings of abstraction to heaven I fly,
And a god I shall be—aye, a god by-and-by; *
FOR I AM A YOGI, A YOGI!

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and this can scarcely happen earlier than twenty-four or later than forty-eight hours after the conjunction. In this manner each separate month is reckoned, and as a few cloudy days may thus retard its commencement, two parts of the same country may sometimes differ a day in their reckoning."—Extract from a Native Calendar, given in the Christmas Number (1883) of *India's Women* (a monthly magazine published by Nisbet & Co.), in which the English, Hindu, and Mahommedan calendars for 1884 are shown side by side.

* We have modified in this line the thought entertained by the Yogi. He believes that he will be *one* hereafter *with the Supreme Spirit.*

January 5th.—Arrive at Allahabad, where we once more see the "MEETING OF THE WATERS" of the clear blue Jumna, with the turbid yellow current of the Ganges. Here, again, is the fine old fort, and all the familiar scenery.

That great Jewish missionary, Dr. Joseph Wolff,* stayed a short time at Allahabad on his return from Bokhara. He lectured and preached in the Fort to crowded congregations. It would appear that he greatly interested our people by singing, in the course of his sermons, some Hebrew hymns and chants. Some curious anecdotes are told of him. A lady on whom he called says: "On his arrival he introduced himself in these words, 'I am of the tribe of Benjamin, and Benjamin was a ravening wolf—and so they call me Wolff.'" It is said that he once encountered two fakirs, whose faces, as usual, were besmeared with dirt. Wolff asked them "why they befouled their faces in such a way?" They replied, "To indicate that man was created of dirt." Wolff answered, "If man is created of dirt, you need not make yourselves more dirty than you are by nature." They said, "You have entirely convinced us of the truth of your remarks; and we will give you an immediate proof that we will reform." They then spat on their hands, washed their faces, and wiped the dirt off with their arms.

January 9th.—At 10 p.m. I leave Allahabad for Benares;

* An old Indian officer, Major Vetch, who met Dr. Wolff abroad, commemorated a visit which he afterwards received from him in the following lines:—

SONNET

On receiving a visit from Joseph Wolff, in my Hindoo cottage, Haddington, 1851.

Champion of Heaven! chief of heroic men!
Dauntless as lion when thou rov'st the wild!
Guileless and gentle as a little child
When seated smiling in the social scene!
In other lands I seized my artless lyre,
To hail thy burst from slavery and snow
(A conqueror's might in mendicant's attire),
And sang thy triumph with exulting glow;
How sweet to bid thee welcome to the place
That bless'd my boyhood in my native land,
And 'neath its shade to talk of other days—
Our first fond meeting on the distant strand.
Immortal fame to poet's bower is given,
For it has shelter'd the beloved of Heaven.

crossing the river by a bridge of boats.* The road to the ferry lies over a deep bed of sand, about two miles wide, and without any path or track to guide the traveller save the mark of cart wheels. It was a fine moonlight night, or I should have lost my way; as it was, I arrived early on the morning of

January 10*th* at Mirzapore (after again crossing the river). This is a large and thriving commercial town, the Kidderminster and Manchester of the Ganges, *which has grown up with our own sovereignty*, and has no historic antecedents. The inhabitants are remarkably active and industrious. Carpets of excellent quality are made here, and are not unknown in England; it is also the principal cotton mart of the province of Allahabad (in which it is situated). They have a large establishment here for *screwing* cotton. That intended for sale in Calcutta, or for export, is sent hither from the farms loosely packed, and subjected to extreme pressure. About five shillings a bale is charged for this operation, which being finished, the cotton is put on board the native boats, and taken to Calcutta. Shellac and lac dye, sugar and saltpetre, brass washing and cooking utensils, are also made at Mirzapore, which has an extensive inland trade. The bazaar, like that of most other native towns, is close, dirty, and insalubrious; but open squares and broad streets are found here and there. Numerous wealthy commercial men reside here, and there are consequently some handsome native dwellings. There are two fine ghats, with several temples,† and the view from

* Such bridges are common in India. They are but temporary erections, however, for the currents are so violent during the rains that these would be swept away, and are therefore always removed at the commencement of the wet season. They are put up by the Government, and superintended by the magistrates, who farm them out to the zemindars and other wealthy natives. After all expenses are paid, the surplus goes into a fund which is applied to keeping the water communication free from impediment, maintaining police, repairing roads, and general local improvement.

† The author of the "Autobiography of an Indian Army Surgeon" mentions a curious feature here: "Just above this trading emporium is a 'cutcha,' or unbuilt ghat or landing-place. It is marked by a miniature temple, on which a large peepul tree obliquely throws its shade, with much the air of a giant holding an umbrella over a pigmy. These serve to mark a ferry of some note; for here the road to Central India leaves the Ganges. If, reader, you ever chance to pass this landing-place, you may probably find it occupied by a group such as is not seen every day elsewhere; for, suddenly brought up by the great Gangetic vein, travellers from the Nerbudda valley are here rapidly collected from hour to hour; that Moslem

the river must be very picturesque and impressive. They carve idols here from freestone.* Many stately Hindoo pagodas are to be seen in the neighbourhood; and one, very ancient, at Bindachun,† in which the Thugs consecrate themselves to their murderous goddess, and "offer human sacrifices whenever they can procure them."‡ Mango trees abound here, and the land is well cultivated.

The Civil Station, with the Judge's, Magistrates', and Collector's offices, is some little distance from the town, and is graced by an elegant Church, the spire of which is seen rising just above the ghat. The houses of the resident European merchants are fine buildings. At a distance of two miles from the town rises the Military Cantonment, the white buildings of which stretch along the right bank on a high cliff.

January 12th.—Reach Chunar, which derives its name from the footsteps of a "deity" who descended upon the spot in the heroic period. It is a small military station, with a fine fortress of native construction on the banks of the Ganges, in which the European military invalids are quartered. The fortress is said by the Hindoos to have been built by a giant in a single night. It stands on a very high and isolated freestone rock, which juts out into the river, and reaches so far across it that in the "Rains," when the stream is high and rapid, it is somewhat dangerous to pass down. From its position it entirely commands the passage of the river, which, however, is said to be undermining it. It has been in the hands of the Afghans (1530), from whom it was taken in 1575 by the Moguls, and was in 1763 given up to the British, who have ever since retained it.§

tomb, and the leafy awning over it, form a sort of trap for human flies; and the grim ascetic or gossain, who, all ash-bestrewn and nude to eye-offending, makes that tree a home, is the mammoth spider of the cobweb."

* We learnt that in 1838 Mr. Mather, of the London Missionary Society, came to Mirzapore from Benares, and founded here a very important mission.

† See a description of this temple in "Wanderings of a Pilgrim in Search of the Picturesque," ii. 448.

‡ Hon. Emily Eden.

§ "Colonel Robertson told me that the ammunition on which he should most depend for the defence of Chunar are stone cylinders, rudely made, and pretty much like garden rollers, which are piled up in great numbers throughout the interior of the fort, and for which the rock on which the fort stands affords an inexhaustible quarry. These, which are called 'muturlas' (drunkards), from their staggering motion, are rolled over the

State prisoners are sometimes kept here; the Queen of Ghazee-ood-Deen, Hyder, and Moonajah are here now. It was here that Bishop Heber found the chieftain Trunbukjee, long the inveterate enemy of the British power, like a caged tiger, confined; here also that he was shown the old Hindoo palace where, before the Mussulman conquest, all the marriages of the kings of Benares and their families were celebrated; the ancient subterranean State prison, forty feet square, in front of it, to which entrance was obtained by four round holes just large enough for a man to pass through, and which had neither light, air, nor access except what those apertures supplied; and (greatest curiosity of all) "THE MOST HOLY PLACE IN ALL INDIA," a small square court, and a slab of black marble within it,* on which the Hindoos all believe the Almighty is seated personally, though invisibly, for nine hours every day (during which the sepoys apprehend that Chunar can never be taken by an enemy).

The Bishop gives a very interesting account in his "Journal" of his official engagements while at Chunar, the church meetings he held here, and the numerous old soldiers and native Christians that attended them. There is an interesting Church belonging to the Church Missionary Society, with a tall Gothic tower, like that of a parish church in England.†

So many old soldiers die off at Chunar that it is called by the army "The Exile's Grave." ‡ It should be remembered, however, that they *are* old soldiers, and many of them, it is to be feared, old *drunkards*; that they are not sent there till

parapet down the steep face of the hill, to impede the advances and overwhelm the ranks of an assaulting army; and when a place has not been regularly breached, or where, as at Chunar, the scarped and sloping rock itself serves as a rampart, few troops will so much as face them."—*Heber's Journal.*

It will be remembered that the greater part of Benares is built of Chunar stone.

* On the walls opposite was a rudely carved rose, inclosed in a triangle, which seems to have been the only symbol to be seen. "I was struck," says the Bishop, "with the absence of idols, and with the feeling of propriety which made even a Hindoo reject external symbols in the supposed actual presence of the Deity; and I prayed inwardly that God would always preserve in my mind, and in His own good time instruct these poor people, in what manner and how truly He is indeed present both here and everywhere."

† It is mentioned by the Bishop as an imitation of that in Mr. Corrie's native village.

‡ The *pensioners* have, of course, had their choice of residence.

considered invalids, capable only of garrison duty; and that they drink freely of the toddy trees that abound there. And no doubt it is an exceptionally hot place. "Such a sun," says Heber, "thank Heaven! never glared on England as this day rained its lightnings on Chunar. I thought myself fortunate in getting housed by ten o'clock, and before the worst came on, but it was still enough to sicken one. There was little wind, and what there was was hot; and the reflection and glare of the light grey rock, the light grey castle, the light grey sand, and the hot bright river, were about as much as I could endure. Yet I trust it is not a little that overpowers me." It may be added that snakes abound, and that *there is a pretty little cemetery on the banks of the river.**

Chunar is famous for its excellent tobacco; and for its black and red earthenware water coolers, and other vessels. Crossing the Ganges, and passing on through Sultanpore, where a Regiment of Cavalry is generally stationed, two hours after leaving Chunar I again reached Benares. It is remarkable that, while the roads leading to this city are beautifully shaded with groves of trees, Benares itself is almost without them.

January 19th.—I once more reach the rose-fields of Ghazeepore. Here I meet with a man whose history is singularly interesting. Born in France in 1773, he enlisted in the French army; fought under Napoleon, who made him a captain; was engaged against Nelson in the Bay of Aboukir, and against the English army in other fights; on the termination of the Republic came to India as an indigo planter, proved unfortunate, took employment under Government as a schoolmaster, and is now vegetating in that capacity on one hundred rupees a month.

Having travelled more than seven hundred miles on horseback since October, and beginning to get tired, for the present, of equestrian exercise, I determine on taking a boat here, and going down the Ganges to Calcutta. The experiment I had thus tried of the fatigue and exposure Europeans are capable of enduring in India has fully satisfied me that, with *a good constitution, abstemious habits*, and *carefulness*, there is not half so much to dread in a tropical climate as is generally supposed.

* It is interesting to note that Mr. "Phil Robinson, author of "My Indian Garden," and other works, was born at Chunar (1849).

With some little trouble I arranged for a "Boat," but it took us some few days to complete all we had to do. The "Boat" was a somewhat rough one*—no change of type, I presume, occurs in the several classes of such "Boats" from age to age—it was perhaps forty feet long and fifteen broad, and covered in from the weather; a portion of the deck was appropriated to my own use, and the remainder to that of the crew, which consisted of a *manjee* (master) and several *dandies* (sailors). I fear there were some passengers besides myself; though unseen in the daytime, I doubt not they might have been found by any one looking for them—cockroaches, centipedes, etc., besides, as was to be expected, rats.† My table, too, was somewhat coarse. I had but a small stock of provisions, and was content to rough it. My own portion of the vessel was divided into two parts, one half of which was my day, and the other my sleeping, "den." There was a little verandah.

At length we were off. The boatmen, sitting in front, with long bamboo paddles, pulled their craft along, while the helmsman sat at the end, plying a huge oar-like rudder. These boats, being loaded high on the roof, which is used as a deposit for luggage, frequently upset, through the sudden squalls of wind to which the Ganges is subject; but, as I had little encumbrance, I was likely to escape such an accident. I found that sails were ordinarily used; but that, when there was no wind, the towrope was employed, with which the crew dragged the boat along, all the men then going ashore, except two who remained on board, one to attend to the helm, the other to keep the boat clear of shoals and banks.

* "So dangerous and expensive is the navigation of the Ganges at present, and so wide the field for improvement, that the writer has long considered the improvement of boats to be one of the few fields open for successful enterprise on the part of Englishmen in India; since abundant employment would be afforded by their countrymen for the conveyance of stores and of merchandise."—*(Dr.) Julius Jeffreys, F.R.S.* (1858).

† As to rats in the boats on the Ganges, Dr. Jeffreys relates an experience: "The thatch of the boat had to be thrust up, when a large nest of stinking rats was upset into the river. The captain of the boat leaped into the water as he was, and, swimming to the eddy in which the creatures were struggling, he caught them up one by one by the tail, and chucked them, old and young, upon the thatch again. Upon the object being inquired, what led him to reverse what had been supposed a good service and riddance, he replied, 'Pardon your servant; when any of us boatmen are not well, and our stomachs too weak to relish our ordinary fare, we treat ourselves to a rat or two, which we breed in the thatch.'"

We are now afloat on the Ganges, that famous river—the chief of all the rivers of India—of which we have heard from our childhood,—which is and has been for many ages deified, and an object of worship to countless millions, and is renowned alike in the Mahâbhârata, the Ramayana, and the Puranas. The fertiliser and highway* of Northern India from within two hundred miles of its source in the Himalaya to the ocean, the Ganges, with its mighty feeders, has created, as it were, and fertilised for man, thousands of square miles of land. It has not, indeed, been an unmitigated blessing; for, by continually changing its course, especially in this lower portion of its way, and so removing the landmarks and altering the boundaries, it has given rise to frequent disputes and much litigation; while, in its inundations †—which begin in April and continue till the end of August—it has sometimes swept away multitudes of people, with all their property and cattle. Many a hamlet, and ricefield, and ancient grove of trees is remorselessly eaten up each autumn by the current; and we learn that a Bengal proprietor has often to look on helplessly while his estate is being carried off, and converted into the bed of a broad, deep river. Moreover, the process of eating away land from the bank against which the current sets, and depositing silt ‡ in the still waters along the other bank, is constantly at

* Notwithstanding the introduction of railways into North India, the Ganges is still one of the most frequented highways for heavy goods in the world.

† "Abdullah ascribed the inundations of Gunga to the combined influence of the North and South Poles on the mountain Meru! I endeavoured to explain the matter a little better, but could not convince him that the Ganges did not rise immediately under the North Pole. This is orthodox Hindoo geography, and it is curious to find that the Mussulmans in India have so completely adopted it."—*Heber.*

‡ "It has been calculated that the Ganges discharges 6368 millions of cubic feet of silt per annum at Ghazeepore. This would alone suffice to supply 353 millions of tons a year, or nearly the weight of sixty replicas of the Great Pyramid. This calculation has been accepted by Sir Charles Lyell. 'It is scarcely possible,' he says, 'to present any picture to the mind which will convey an adequate conception of the mighty scale of this operation, so tranquilly and almost insensibly carried on by the Ganges.' About 96 per cent. of the whole deposits are brought down during the four months of the rainy season, or as much as could be carried by 240,000 ships, each of 1400 tons burthen. The work thus done in that season may be realised if we suppose that a daily succession of fleets, each of 2000 great ships, sailed down the river during the four months, and that each ship of the daily 2000 vessels deposited a freight of 1400 tons of mud every morning into the estuary."—Sir W. Hunter (*Gazetteer of India*).

work; and so, even in their quiet moods, the rivers steadily steal land from its old owners and give it to new ones,* while in the rains they operate with uncontrollable fury. In the cases of great public works and extensive constructions the damage done is sometimes irreparable, as will be seen, if we mistake not, as we go down the Ganges, some of whose cities have been ruined and forsaken from these causes. Their work, however, is on the whole beneficent; embankments are required in but a few places to restrain the inundations, for the alluvial soil they distribute every year over the land affords to the fields a top dressing of inexhaustible fertility; and if one crop be carried off by the flood, the next crop will yield an abundant recompense. None of the other rivers of India equal the Ganges in beneficence, or utility to navigation and agriculture. She and her tributaries are the unwearied water-carriers for the densely populated provinces of Northern India; and her peasantry, who affectionately call her *Mother* Gunga,† reverence the bountiful stream that fertilises their fields and distributes their produce. And we shall find that history, tradition, legend, and poetic fancy will attend us all our way down this noble river.

We are presently in the middle of the stream, which is here, perhaps, about four miles wide, and as a bit of a breeze springs up soon lose sight of Ghazeepore. The river is very shallow, however, and we several times get aground, which greatly delays us. Numerous boats are passing up and down, but none concern themselves to give us any help.

Now and then the body of a Hindoo is seen floating down the stream. Of old the river from Calcutta to Benares was infested with Thug boats during five months of the year. The murderous crews decoyed well-to-do pilgrims to the holy shrines by offering them a comfortable passage, and when they succeeded in getting them on board, while some of the gang sang and played, and so engaged the travellers' attention, others rushed upon them, strangled them in the usual manner, doubled them up, broke their backs, and threw

* An important branch of Indian legislation deals with the proprietary charges thus caused by alluvion and diluvion.

† See note, p. 146.

their bodies into the stream, where they passed down among many more unnoticed. Some two hundred and fifty boats are said to have been at one period engaged annually in this nefarious employment. Thanks to Major Sleeman and his officers, however, the business seems now to be extinct.

We presently enter the great province of BAHAR, which the Ganges divides into two almost equal parts; which abounds with large rivers; and which is consequently liable to frequent inundations during a considerable part of the year. It is one of the four great provinces of Bengal, comprehends 44,139 square miles, with 77,407 villages, and is by far the most densely populated province in India. The inhabitants are chiefly Hindoos, but many are Mahommedans. The most important towns are Patna, Gaya, and Bahar. The climate is divided into three seasons, as in Bengal; but is not so hot or so moist, while the cold season is chillier. Its chief productions are opium, indigo, wheat, barley, rice, pulse, sugar, cotton, hemp, betel, and tobacco.* Its most important minerals are coal and mica. The latter is remarkably pellucid, and is sometimes found in blocks yielding plates of 36 inches by 18. Its manufactures are muslins, silks, carpets, woollen goods, glass, cutlery, pottery, leather, and numerous flower essences. Tigers, wolves, hyænas, bears, and baboons are among the fauna of Bahar.

The province is specially interesting to the student from its ancient history.† Once the domain of the Kings of Maghada, the lords paramount of India, whose court is said to have been of matchless splendour and of fabulous duration, it some

* "Crops change as we go down the river; in the north, wheat, barley, Indian corn, millets; in the delta rice is the staple crop. Sugarcane, oil seeds, flax, mustard, sesamum, palma christi, cotton, tobacco, indigo, safflower and other dyes, ginger, coriander, red pepper, capsicum, and precious spices are grown both in the Upper Provinces and in the moister valleys and delta of Lower Bengal. And a whole pharmacopœia of medicines—aloe, castor oil, obscure but valuable febrifuges from shrubs, herbs, and roots; resins, gums, varnishes, perfumes, and a hundred other articles of commerce or luxury—are obtained from the fields and the forests. The melon and huge yellow pumpkins spread themselves over the thatched roofs; fields of potato, brinjal, and yams are attached to the homesteads. The jute is essentially a crop of the delta."—*Sir W. Hunter.*

† "The present state of Bahar is as different from the past as is that of Judea now from what it was in the days of Solomon. Behar, once the Athens of India, is a place of ruins; crumbling temples, cave temples, remains of granite columns, towers, palaces and cities are found in districts now quite wild and depopulated."—*Calcutta Review.*

2300 years since rose in revolt against the Brahminical rule which had prevailed, became the cradle of Buddhism, and sent the missionaries of that faith hence to Ceylon, China, Burmah, Tartary, and Thibet; and though the Brahmins in turn, after seven centuries, drove the Buddhists out by fire and sword, it is still regarded as sacred by all Buddhist nations. Numerous Buddhist remains have been found in its soil. In 1202 the province fell into the hands of the Mahommedans, and from that time till we came into its possession it was ruled by the Nawabs of Bengal.

We now pass the junction of the KURRUMASA (supposed by Rennel to be the *Commenassis* of Arrian). Most Hindoos abstain, even in crossing it, from touching its waters, believing that if they do they will be excluded from paradise; and that even if a pilgrim returning from Benares do so, all the sins the Ganges had washed away will return upon him doubled. The people who live on its banks appear to think themselves exempted from this penalty, and use, though they seem to dislike it. But whatever prejudices they may entertain on this point, they have none whatever against pillage and robbery, but are notorious for their thievish propensities. We did not stay, therefore, but went on a little farther; and as, on account of the windings of the river, and the shoals and sandbanks that abound in it, it is seldom navigated after dusk, made fast (*lugaoed*) for the night along shore,* when

* A Native Poet, Baboo Kasiprasad Ghosh, who has learned our language, thus describes an

"EVENING ON THE GANGES.

"'Tis evening—to the western heaven
His golden car the sun has driven;
And to the Ganges' waters bright
Weary directs his homeward flight.
Hail, brightest ornament of day!
Resplendent gem of ruby ray!
How rich with many a glittering hue
Of gold and purple, red and blue,
Yon flaming orb of heaven doth shine,
Made by thy parting ray divine!
How bright beneath thy various beam
Wanders the sacred Ganges' stream!
But lo! beneath the waters now,
To rest from labour, sinkest thou.
Bereft of thee, so famed in lays,
The lotus of the ancient days,
Upon the holy wave behold,
Begins its petals now to fold.

the boatmen cooked their daily meal of curry and rice, flour and vegetables, sang their favourite ditties, and amused themselves.

But with the night came the howling of jackals, the baying of wolves, and the noises of other beasts of prey; while the lighting of our evening lamp attracts flying bugs and a multitude of visitors of the insect tribe who "call" and "leave their cards." We have reason to believe that other nocturnal visitors made their appearance while we slept; but all retired with the first rays of morn and the cheerful songs of birds that ushered in the day.

Among the birds* to be found in this part of India—besides the ever-present crows and kites, the blue rock pigeons and the swallows, the skimmers (which frequent the Ganges in flocks), the Brahminy ducks (associated with Hindoo legend),† the beautiful demoiselle crane, and the bank-myna ‡ (which breeds in large numbers in the river bank)—are the tawny eagle, the Indian skylark (which, like our own, rises into the air singing)—the Indian titlark, the reed-babbler (whose note

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The pale hue of dejectedness
Its drooping head doth now express,
And darkness growing in the rear,
Bereft of thee, doth eve appear,
As if, in widowhood's despair,
A maiden rushed with loosened hair."

* Miss Roberts tells us that a work on Ornithology which issues regularly from the Bahar press contains coloured drawings from living subjects of the most interesting individuals of the feathered tribe to be found in the continent of India.

† The legend is that two lovers for some indiscretion were transformed into Brahminy ducks, that they are condemned to pass the night apart from each other on opposite banks of the river, and that all night long each, in its turn, asks its mate if it shall come across, but the question is always met by a negative—"Chakwa, shall I come?" "No, Chakwi." "Chakwi, shall I come?" "No, Chakwa."

‡ The Mynas are of many kinds, several of which appear to be generally spread throughout India. The so-called *common* Myna frequents "towns, villages, and the neighbourhood of man, rather than the jungles. It roosts generally in large numbers in some particular tree in a village or cantonment, and morning and evening keeps up a noisy chattering concert. Soon after sunrise the birds disperse, and in parties of two, six, or more wing their way in different directions to their various feeding grounds. Some remain about villages and cantonments, looking out, like the crows, for any fragments of cooked rice that may be thrown out by the side of a house, or even coming into a verandah for that purpose; others attend flocks of cattle, which they follow while grazing, picking up the grasshoppers disturbed by their feet, while some hunt for grain or fruit."—*Jerdan.*

is often the only sound heard while tracking along the river banks), the Indian roller, the magpie-robin (a favourite cage and fighting bird), the Indian bee-eater (shining like gold in the sunbeams, and oft repeating its loud but pleasant whistling note), the swift (frequenting old buildings, chattering much in the evening, and often piping monotonously at night), the starling (feeding in large flocks), the brown shrike (warbling very prettily), the ringdove (with fond "coo"), the tern (passing in numbers up the Ganges), the brilliant but noisy rose-ringed parrakeet (roosting together in hundreds in the fruit gardens),* the industrious tailor-bird and interesting weaver-bird,† the night-jar (crying "tyook, tyook, tyook"), and the Indian screech, rock-horned, and spotted OWLS.

January 26th.—That many a tale of war is associated with the districts through the midst of which we have already passed since leaving Ghazeepore, is probable from the ruined forts of Bherepore and Chousa, which yet occupy the banks of the river. And now we have reached Buxar (seventy miles south of Benares, and four hundred and eighty-five north of Calcutta), a place of special interest as the scene of the battle on October 23rd, 1764, between our forces and the allied armies of Sujah-ood-Dowlah and Cassim Ali Khan, which resulted in a victory that secured to the British the peaceable

* We are told by Mr. Jerdan, in his "Birds of India," that "at Saugor all the parrakeets, mynas, crows, bee-eaters, etc., of the neighbourhood, for some miles around, roost in company in a large grove of bamboos; and the deafening noise heard there from before sunset till dark, and from the first dawn of day till long after sunrise, gives to the listener the idea of numberless noisy steam machines at work."

† The weaver-bird is most famous for its nest, but is also remarkable for its docility and, when trained, for its cleverness. Jerdan observes that "it is trained to pick up rings or such-like articles dropped down a well, to carry a note to a particular place on a given signal" and (quoting from Blyth) adds: "The feats performed by trained bayas are really wonderful, and must be witnessed to be fully credited. Exhibitors carry them about, we believe, to all parts of the country; and the usual procedure is, when ladies are present, for the bird on a sign from its master to take a cardamom or sweatmeat in its bill, and deposit it between a lady's lips, and repeat this offering to every lady present, the bird following the look and gesture of its master. A miniature cannon is then brought, which the bird loads with coarse grains of powder made up for this purpose; it next seizes and skilfully uses a small ramrod; and then takes a lighted match from its master, which it applies to the touch-hole. We have seen the little bird apply the match five or six times successively before the powder ignited, which it finally did with a report loud enough to alarm all the crows in the neighbourhood, while the little baya remained perched on the gun apparently quite elated with its performance."

possession of Bengal and Bahar. The enemy outnumbered us more than five times; but want of discipline and of military skill led, by the providence of God, to their defeat, and they were routed with immense slaughter. The "bit of a fort," which we then "occupied" (and which is now an invalid depôt), like that of Chunar, commands the passage of the river. It was, however, the limit of Clive's conquest.

Not far off is the Government Stud, for the Army. We were told: "About six hundred horses are here. You may have the choice of the stable for £100. They come from the best English, Arab, and Persian horses, and are reared with great care." The stud is consequently one of high character. It would appear that every morning, from seven o'clock to eight, the whole of the young horses are turned loose into a paddock, to run and gallop about at pleasure, which must be a pleasant sight.

The neighbourhood of Buxar has its traditions, and even, it is said, its memorials of the "god" Ram, who here learned the art of the bow, in which he became, as a matter of course, highly proficient. This part of the country was once, moreover, the domain of Rajah Bhoja, "the Necromancer King."

Bishop Heber gives a very interesting account in his "Journal" of his visit to Buxar, of the Church Missionary School under the Mussulman convert Kureem Masseh, and of the little Native Christian community. "I heartily wished," observes he, "for some of the enemies of missions to see in this small and detached instance the good which in a quiet and unpretending way is really doing among these poor people."

On the other side of the river is Kurruntadea, a native town of no particular interest to the stranger.

We are told that sometimes whole fleets of "boats," of from thirty or forty to perhaps a hundred vessels, of many sorts and sizes, are seen passing up or down the Ganges. Our troops, European and Native, are thus often conveyed from station to station. Occasionally a solitary officer, or two or three together, may be met with alone, going to some station to "join." The *voyage*, as it may be termed (for it occupies almost as long a time as a sea-passage) is both tedious and inconvenient; yet the absence of good roads

(except the Grand Trunk Road), and the wear and tear of the march may, perhaps, make it preferable.

The river would seem to be almost always alive with craft of various kinds. Sometimes they are big bungling vessels, laden with wood and grass, looking like great haystacks; now and then a fleet of opium boats (well guarded) proceeding from Ghazeepore to Patna; at other times trading boats, with floating shops, on their way from Calcutta to the Upper Provinces, or *vice versâ*; or perhaps a number of fast-sailing fish-boats, taking their stock for sale to the neighbouring towns and villages.

The Ganges swarms with fish; but has not, as it would seem, any great *variety*. The carp is the most abundant; and the *rooee*, one of this family, sometimes weighs seventy or eighty pounds. The hilsa, a remarkable fish, of sable hue, which looks like a sort of fat salmon, is one of the richest and most delicious of Indian fishes. The mahuseer, of the size of a large cod, is common to Indian rivers, and affords splendid sport to the angler. The most delicate and high flavoured is the mango-fish * (which derives its name either from its brilliant orange colour, like a ripe mango, or from its coming up the Hooghly branch of the Ganges in the mango-season), but it is only to be had about two months in the year.† It may be added that the *siluridæ* are very numerous; that the Gangetic dolphin wallows in the muddy bed of the river, and only at intervals comes to the surface; and that turtle, though poor and inferior, are found.

We arrive at Bhuligan, a large village, the people of which prove themselves great cheats, and are abominably sulky. Passing the junction of the GOGRAH, which gives great breadth to the stream, and the beautiful village of Revelgunge, the seat of a profitable indigo factory—a mart also for the sale of grain and saltpetre, and well known for boat-building—we reach Chupprah, a considerable town stretching about a mile along the north bank of the Ganges, which was once spoken

* It has been called "the greatest delicacy in the world," is esteemed by some of the Calcutta epicures as itself worth a voyage of 15,000 miles, and is as beautiful to the eye as it is delightful to the taste; with the flavour of the mango-fruit it combines the colour and richness of the trout; and when salted bears the name of Burtah.

† The roes, however, are preserved, and always appear at table.

of as "containing French, English, and Dutch factories," and as the seat of an active trade in cotton, sugar, etc. It was first entered by our troops in 1757 when in pursuit of a French regiment, and now possesses a small civil station. There are many Moslem and Hindoo ruins about here, but they are not visible from the boat. In this neighbourhood, we are told, quail and black partridge abound. We presently arrive at the confluence of the SOANE, the Golden River (famous for its beautiful pebbles and petrifactions), over the sands of which we so well remember trudging in our march to Hazareebaugh,* and the deep blue colour of which—whence it derives its *alternative* name of the Black Water—contrasts so remarkably with the hue of the Ganges. Here stands Moneah, which contains a remarkable and splendid tomb, the mausoleum of Mirkdoon Shah Dowlah—reminding us of the rule which preceded our own.

Now and then an alligator may be seen sleeping on a sand bank,† or perhaps one or two following the boat, and showing their black noses and sometimes their black fore feet above the water. (They *say* that the dandies catch, kill, and eat

* P. 120.

† It is well known that our people often shoot the alligators; and the following account of an adventure with one of these, though it has been printed before, is worth reproduction. "Then came another fight (between man and beast), such as I never wish again to see, the pair eventually disappearing beneath the water. We hauled away at the rope, thinking it was still attached to Abbott, when unexpectedly we saw him come up a few yards from the bank, evidently almost senseless. A Rajpoot peon jumped in and dragged his master up the slope. He was bleeding awfully, and was a gruesome sight—shirt in ribbons, arms and chest torn all over, both hands badly maimed, and the right foot completely crushed. He came to at once, and only said, "The rope's safe over his nose"; and so it was, sure enough; for the natives to whom I had thrown the rope were now busily engaged in hauling the defunct saurian on shore.

"I never saw a man in such a mess; and, to add to the horror, down to the edge of the river, just as we had dragged up her half-killed husband, rushed his young wife, wringing her hands, and naturally half out of her wits with terror. While she was standing over him, and the servants were carrying him to the house, he started singing, 'Home they brought her warrior dead.' A nice time of it we had out in a jungle with no appliances to tie the severed arteries, and with a patient who would insist in trying to get out of bed to see how the skinning of the alligator was getting on. We tried to hire kahars, but the whole country was under water, and they refused to budge from home; so we put him into a shampony and took him in to the doctor at Mozufferpore, taking from ten on Tuesday till seven the next morning to do the twenty miles."

some portions of them, but—*I don't know.*)* Porpoises tumble around us. Numerous birds skim the air, especially in the mornings and evenings; gulls and terns are seen in flocks at night; and also wild geese and pelicans. A steamer passes on her way to Allahabad, towing her "accommodation-boat" with numerous European passengers, and equally numerous native attendants. On the shore the tall conical nests of the white ants are numerous. "The pyramids," says Heber, "when the comparative bulk of the *insects* which reared *them* is taken into the estimate, are as nothing to the works of the termites. The counterpart of one of those hills which I passed to-day would be if a nation should set to work to build up an artificial Snowdon, and bore it full of holes and galleries."†

January 29th.—Reach the great Military Station of Dinapore, on the south bank of the Ganges, 380 miles by land, and 510 by water, from Calcutta. Its central position, its command of the Ganges, and its proximity to Nepaul make this an important Station; both European and Native troops are therefore quartered here.‡ The cantonments—barracks and bungalows—are very extensive; and the latter have

* Dr. Jeffreys, however (whom we have before quoted), relates the following: "On another occasion, when travelling by water, having towed to land the huge carcass of a putrid alligator, with the vain hope of extricating, without the aid of thorough decomposition, its skeleton from the almost ferreous bands of ligament and sinew, upon my abandoning it, after notching and blunting every hatchet at command, the boatmen petitioned for the eggs. Ripping the creature up, they took out bushels full of the blue and putrid shell-less spheroids, which the men of all the half-dozen boats devoured day by day, keeping them in baskets in the sun, until a gust from the roof of the boat on which they were—no 'spicy gale from Araby the blest'—bringing to mind their existence, I ordered them to be thrown overboard. Yielding, however, to a request that they might be finished off that evening, it was no small trial to the stomach, when some men and boys entering our boat to bale out the water, the exudations trickling down their skins were rank with the odour distilled from within. Taxing one almost naked boy with the cause of the visible rotundity of his stomach, he replied, patting it complacently, '*Hán Khodawun unde se bhurguya*' ('Yes, your worship, it is brimful of the eggs.')"

† "The structure appears to me not an independent one, but the *débris* of clumps of bamboos, or of the trunks of large trees, which these insects have destroyed. As they work up a tree from the ground, they coat the bark with particles of sand glued together, carrying up this artificial sheath or covered way as they ascend. A clump of bamboos is thus speedily killed, and the dead stems fall away, leaving the mass of stumps coated with sand, which the action of the weather soon fashions into a cone of earthy matter."—*Hooker.*

‡ The sepoys at Dinapore took part in the Mutiny of 1857, but after a short conflict with the European troops retired from the town.

beautiful gardens attached to them, which are famous for their trees, fruit, and flowers, many of which are exotics from Nepaul, Lower Bengal, Africa, Arabia, etc. The barracks, however, are said to be hot and unhealthy, having been laid out and built in such a manner that they lose the benefit of the breeze in warm weather. Moreover, the toddy tree is very abundant; and as the soldiers are fond of the beverage it produces, and drink it in large quantities, it creates a great mortality among them. It is, nevertheless, a very lively Station, as the river steamers stop here to coal, and to embark and disembark passengers; and the fleets of boats conveying troops up and down the Ganges often pass and frequently call here. The military bands which play in the evening attract great crowds to the parade ground.

Dinapore is familiar to us as the Station to which our heroic Missionary clergyman Henry Martyn was first appointed* as Military Chaplain, and where he was associated with the Sherwoods in friendly intercourse. It was here that he translated the New Testament and the Book of Common Prayer into Hindostanee, and brought to a conclusion his "Commentary on the Parables." From this Station, where he had been the means of getting a Church built, he was transferred in 1809 to Cawnpore. The existing Church is a large and elegant one, but, strange to say, is deficient of a spire.†

Dinapore is one of the cheapest Stations in India. Swarms of pedlars haunt the river-side, and especially boot and shoe sellers. A pair of shoes of excellent quality may be bought for about half a rupee (one shilling), and a pair of good Wellingtons for two rupees. Table linen, towels, wax candles, lacquered toys, talc pictures from Patna, and supplies of many kinds may also be had at a low figure. Several European tradesmen reside here, whose signboards look curiously strange in this far-away country.

Not far off, we are told, is the Digah Farm, described by Bishop Heber,‡ who visited it. It was established, it would

* Sept. 13th, 1803.

† We learn from the "Travels and Adventures of Dr. Joseph Wolff" that "he had the gratification of preaching at Dinapore from the same pulpit which the great Henry Martyn often occupied when he was missionary of that place, before he set out on his missionary tour to Persia."

‡ "Journal," i., 326.

seem, as a *model* farm by an Englishman named Howell, who became "the butcher, corn-dealer, brewer, wine merchant, confectioner, and wax chandler of all this part of India," exercised great hospitality, and made a large fortune there. Though still existing, it appears to have now sunk into insignificance.

We by-and-by reach the old and famous city of Patna—the Palibothra of the Greeks (visited by the ambassadors of the successors of Alexander, and described by Megasthenes as the capital of India); celebrated, too, in the annals of Hindooism* as the metropolis of Bahar. Here reigned the great king of all India, ASOKA (272—236 B.C.), whose inscribed pillars we have seen at Allahabad and Delhi. The first native city of wealth and importance on the Ganges, it has always been a place of considerable trade. It is said to be "the last resting-place of the camel." In the early days of our Indian history it was much resorted to by the English, Dutch, French, and Danes; all of whom had factories here (the English trading in opium, rice, etc.). It may be remembered that Mr. Ellis, our representative at that time (1763), sent troops to Monghyr after some deserters from the little force we then maintained, and thereby gave offence to Meer Cossim, Nabob of Bengal, whose soldiery surprised Patna by night, and made many of our people prisoners,—that 150 of these were massacred at his instigation by the adventurer Sumroo,†—and that the English then stormed the city, and gained a victory, which was followed by the entire defeat of Meer Cossim *and his allies.* This settled the fate of Mahommedan rule in Bengal. (The association of Patna with the history of Clive is well known.) Since then the Civil Establishment has been transferred to Bankipore, six miles from the city, where the Opium warehouses, the Courts of Justice, and the residences of the principal Europeans are situated. Dinapore is now regarded as the Military Station of Patna.

Patna itself is a large and straggling city, intersected by

* It is said, however, that there is no existing building more than 200 years old in Patna.

† A monument—a column of black and yellow stone, about thirty feet high—to the memory of the 150 victims, still stands in the old burial-ground at Patna.

marshes and gardens, and is said to extend nearly nine miles along the bank of the Ganges. The city proper, however, forms a quadrangle extending a mile and a half only along the river-side, and three-quarters of a mile from north to south. It stands high, on a steep bank; and, having fine stone ghats, and lofty buildings, with many remains of old walls, towers, and bastions, shadowed abundantly with banyan and peepul trees, presents a highly picturesque appearance from the river, which is thronged with hundreds of boats employed in its commerce. But within the town is not so pleasing. A long avenue—the only wide street, and itself by no means straight or regularly built—stretches from one end of the city to the other, and affords an interesting walk, in which the varied forms of Mogul and Hindoo architecture, together with that nondescript order which seems common to both, are mingled. It is a great Mahommedan city, remarkable for the pride and bigotry of its Mussulman population (the Moslem Festivals are observed with great splendour, 100,000 people assembling at the Imaumbarrah to celebrate the Mohurrum); but there are also many Hindoo inhabitants, and the pagodas of the latter are seen with the mosques of the Mussulmans in the view.* There is,

* A most interesting account is given by an old writer[1] of a visit he paid to the "COLLEGE" of the Seeks (Sikhs), which he tells us he found in one of the narrow streets of Patna. After describing the building—an edifice about forty feet square, raised from the ground about six or eight steps, and having a central hall—which he says he was permitted to enter on taking off his shoes, he relates what he saw. The hall was carpeted, and furnished with some half-dozen desks, on which stood as many books of the law; and the walls were hung with looking-glasses and pictures of Mussulman princes and Hindoo gods. In a small room at the left hand stood an altar, raised a little above the ground, and covered with a cloth of gold, on which was laid a round black shield over a long broad sword, and, on either side, a *chowry* of peacock's feathers, mounted on a silver handle. Before the altar stood a low kind of throne, round and about which were deposited several silver flower pots, rose-water bottles, etc., and near the altar was a low desk, with a great book, from which some portions (as he learned) were read in the daily service. It was covered over with a blue mantle, on which were printed in silver letters some select passages of their law. "Notice was given that it was noon, and the hour of divine service. The congregation arranged themselves upon the carpet on each side of the hall, so as to leave a space before the altar from end to end. The great book, desk and all, was brought with some little ceremony from the altar, and placed at the opposite extremity of the hall. An old man, with a reverend silver beard, kneeled down before the desk with his face towards the altar; and on one side of him sat a man

[1] Charles Wilkins (1781).

however, no great temple or edifice worthy so famous a city. Many of the native houses of the better sort, which are handsome structures *as seen from the Ganges*, with their flat roofs and carved balustrades, present from the street side a gloomy aspect with their almost windowless walls and quadrangular courts. The dwellings of the masses—somewhat quaint, and very many of them of brick and wood, with overhanging verandahs—many, too, of mud, with tiled roofs—are mean and dirty; the streets are more correctly *alleys*, and are said to be covered in winter with mud and slime, which is converted into thick and choking dust in summer, when the temperature is very high, and a narrow sheet of water, in the centre of the town, becomes exceedingly dirty, offensive, and malarious. There are, however, many beautiful gardens and groves about Patna; though the soil is in parts so thickly encrusted with soda, which effloresces on the surface, that vegetation is entirely prevented thereby.

The Emperor Akbar is said to have received a Royalty of £80,000 per annum from the diamond mines of Patna, which appear to be no longer worked.

with a small drum, and two or three with cymbals. The book was now opened, and the old man began to chant to the time of the drum and the cymbals; and, at the conclusion of every verse, most of the congregation joined chorus in a response, with countenances exhibiting great marks of joy. Their tones were by no means harsh; the time was quick; and I learnt that the subject was a hymn in praise of the Unity, the Omnipresence, and the Omnipotence of the Deity. I was singularly delighted with the gestures of the old man; I never saw a countenance so expressive of infelt joy, whilst he turned about from one to another, as it were, bespeaking their assents to those truths which his very soul seemed to be engaged in chanting forth. The hymn being concluded, which consisted of about twenty verses, the whole congregation got up and presented their faces with joined hands towards the altar, in the attitude of prayer. A young man now stood forth; and, with a loud voice and distinct accent, solemnly pronounced a long prayer or kind of liturgy, at certain periods of which all the people joined in a general response, saying *Wâ Gooroo!* They prayed against temptation; for grace to do good; for the general good of Mankind; and a particular blessing to the *Seeks*; and for the safety of those who at that time were on their travels. This prayer was followed by a short blessing from the old man, and an invitation to the assembly to partake of a friendly feast. The book was then closed, and restored to its place at the altar, the people being seated as before." The writer then describes the feast, in which he was invited to share, and which appears to have been a simple curry, followed by sweetmeats. "They told me," he adds, "that the religious part of the ceremony was daily repeated five times."

We are informed that no one should visit Patna without seeing the Mahommedan burial ground.

The manufactures of the city—besides cotton goods, wax candles,* lacquered toys, talc pictures, etc., to which we have already alluded (and here, as at Calcutta, Benares, and Delhi, the manipulations of the native operative may be studied with pleasure and advantage)—include elegant bird-cages inlaid with ivory; and a large trade is carried on in grain, rice, etc. (The rice of Patna is well known in England.) It may here be mentioned that a "granary" was built at Patna by the Government in 1783, as a resource in time of famine. It is, however, only a hundred feet high, and perhaps sixty in circumference, and is a strange and grotesque building. It was intended that the corn should be poured in at the top, and steps were built round it for the purpose of ascending with that view to the summit; but the architect—who seems to have been an idiot—made the door at the bottom to open inwards, and, consequently, had the granary been filled, it could never have been opened at all! Hence it seems it was never used.†

But perhaps the most important (and, it may be added, the most generally interesting) of the wares of Patna is OPIUM,‡ the manufacture of which, as is well known, is under

* "In India wax candles are always burned when candles are used at all. A bearer will not touch a mould, because they say it is made of pig's fat. We burn spermaceti generally. The first time the bearers saw them they would not touch the spermaceti, and I had great difficulty in persuading them the candles were made from the fat of a great fish. Some bearers in Calcutta will not snuff a candle if it be on the dinner-table, but a Khidmutgar having put it on the ground the bearer will snuff it, when the other man replaces it."—*Pilgrim in Search of the Picturesque.*

† "Inside there is a most extraordinary echo. If you stand in the centre your words, and even the noise of your footsteps, come back with a wonderful celerity and exactitude, the return wave of sound seeming actually to strike you on the top of the head. I could not for some little time believe but that there was some one mimicking me; and, indeed, at first I turned sharply round on the custodian of the place, to rebuke him for what I conceived to be his impertinence. I could not help contrasting the echo in this building with that in the Taj at Agra. While the latter has a wonderfully mellowing and softening effect, the former produces a harsh and particularly unpleasant sound."—BALL'S *Jungle Life in India.*

‡ "A very interesting description of this, and of the establishment at Bankipore, is given by Dr. Hooker in his 'Himalayan Journals,' i. 75-78. Before the second capture of Serampore, in 1808, a considerable sum had been paid annually by the British Government in India to the Danes, and also to the French, as a compensation for relinquishing the manufacture of opium at Patna. During the negotiations at the congress, Prince Talleyrand secured the restoration of this allowance to the French, and it is at present the chief support of their settlements in India; but the representative of the King of Denmark did not succeed in regaining the opium annuity."—*Marshman.*

the immediate superintendence of Government, is entirely a Government monopoly, and is a great source of revenue; and the magazines of which, as we have already intimated, are at Bankipore, "a sort of Battersea to Patna." *

It cannot be doubted that this manufacture involves moral questions of a very serious character. While as a medicine Opium is the most precious of all drugs in the *materia medica*, and of greater commercial value than any other, its habitual use as a narcotic appears to be terribly destructive, and at the same time its fascination so great as to render it all but irresistible.† Its importation into China (to which its export is chiefly confined) was prohibited as early as 1796‡ by the Government of that country, which denounced it as a ruinous poison, and forbade its use under the severest penalties; yet it appears to have been forced on the Chinese at the cost of WAR, and is yearly sent thither in large quantities; and its use is now rapidly spreading, to the ruin of multitudes of people and the demoralisation of the nation. It may well be

* "There is opium to the value of £1,500,000 in their storehouses; and Mr. T. says that they wash every workman who comes out, because the little boys even, who are employed in making it up, will contrive to roll about in it, and that the *washing* of a little boy well rolled in opium is worth four annas (or sixpence) in the bazaar if he can escape to it."—*Hon. Emily Eden.*

"In passing, by water, the chief opium magazine of the East India Company at Patna, I paid a visit to a friend who had charge of the scientific department of it. After he had led me through storey after storey, and gallery after gallery of the factory, with opium balls right and left tiered in shelves to the ceiling, upon my expressing amazement at an exhibition of opium enough to supply the medical wants of the world for years, he replied, nearly in these words, 'I see you are very innocent; these stores of opium have no such beneficent destination. It is all going to debauch the Chinese, and my duty is to maintain its smack as attractive to them as possible. Come to my laboratory.' There I saw broken balls of opium, procured from China, by the Bengal Government, as approved musters for imitation by the cultivators. Though I had been several years in India, this was the first I knew of the nature of the traffic, and thankful was I for the accidental visit, and the painful impression it left, and that the next person whom the Governor-General did the honour of selecting for the office upon the death of my friend, felt bound to decline it.

"Upon looking around for information, I heard that the natives, where they ventured an opinion, the Mahommedans especially, were equally scandalised at the engagement of the Company in such a traffic."—*Dr. Julius Jeffreys, F.R.S.*

† Of this we have sad illustrations in the cases of De Quincey and Coleridge.

‡ Before the year 1800 the quantity sent there was inconsiderable, and in 1817 did not exceed 2435 chests; but in 1832 had increased tenfold, and has gone on increasing.

questioned, many say, whether it is consistent with the character of a Christian Government to derive any portion of its revenue from so polluted a source; and still more whether our Missions to the people of India and China can succeed while we hold out the BIBLE to them with one hand and POISON (as it is said) *with the other.*

One singular practice prevails in Patna: the inhabitants marry only in the months of January and February. Another remarkable custom exists among the Hindoos: they never burn their dead here, but on the opposite shore.

In 1831 an English School was established in Patna by the Church Missionary Society. A Hindoo School was also opened, but, although supported by the residents, was soon discontinued.

An Annual Festival and Fair of great note is held at Sonepore, a fertile and beautiful plain opposite Patna, on the occasion of the yearly bathing of the people at the confluence of the GUNDUCK with the Ganges. A lofty white temple indicates the meeting of the waters; for every junction of a tributary with the Ganges is sacred. As many as two thousand elephants, ten thousand horses—it is said that the horse-dealers are as crafty as the same class elsewhere—and thirty thousand cattle are sometimes brought together for sale, and perhaps two hundred thousand people assemble; while hundreds of tents are pitched for the rajahs, zemindars, and other great men, forming quite a canvas city; whole streets of booths and shops display their glittering wares; the river is crowded with boats, at night there are splendid illuminations both afloat and ashore; and all sorts of popular amusements go on. Very many Europeans attend the Fair, some of them in great pomp and state; they form their own camps, and for two successive weeks races, balls, concerts, theatricals, and dinner-parties occupy all their attention.

Near Bankipore is GAYA, a most famous place* of

* A curious and interesting paper relative to the origin of its celebrity and the Buddhist Faith appears in "Literature of Asia," vol. ii. (1792); it is *so* curious, indeed, that we venture to quote it. "TRANSLATION OF A SANSCRIT INSCRIPTION FROM A STONE AT BOODHA-GAYA. BY MR. WILMOT, 1785. TRANSLATED BY CHARLES WILKINS, ESQ."—"In the midst of a wild and dreadful forest, flourishing with trees of sweet-scented flowers, and abounding in fruits and roots; infested with lions and tigers; destitute of human society, and frequented by the *Moonees*, resided

Hindoo, and in former days of Chinese and Burmese

Bood-dha, the Author of Happiness, and a portion of *Narayan*. This Deity *Haree*, who is the Lord *Hareesa*, the possessor of all, appeared in this ocean of natural Beings at the close of the *Devapara* and beginning of the *Kalee Yoog*; he who is omnipresent and everlastingly to be contemplated, the Supreme Being, the Eternal One, the Divinity worthy to be adored by the most praiseworthy of mankind, appeared here with a portion of his divine nature.

"Once upon a time the illustrious *Amara*, renowned amongst men, coming here, discovered the place of the Supreme Being, *Bood-dha*, in the great forest. The wise *Amara* endeavoured to render the God *Bood-dha* propitious by superior service; and he remained in the forest for the space of twelve years, feeding upon roots and fruits, and sleeping upon the bare earth; and he performed the vow of a *Moonee*, and was without transgression. He performed acts of severe mortification, for he was a man of infinite resolution, with a compassionate heart. One night he had a vision and heard a voice saying, 'Name whatever boon thou wantest.' *Amara Deva* having heard this, was astonished, and with due reverence replied, 'First, give me a visitation, and then grant me such a boon.' He had another dream in the night, and the voice said, 'How can there be an apparition in the *Kalee Yoog*? The same reward may be obtained from the sight of an Image, or from the worship of an Image, as may be derived from the immediate visitation of a Deity.' Having heard this he caused an image of the Supreme Spirit *Bood-dha* to be made, and he worshipped it, according to the law, with perfumes, incenses, and the like; and he thus glorified the name of the Supreme Being, the incarnation of a portion of *Veeshnoo*: 'Reverence be with thee in the form of *Bood-dha*! Reverence be unto the Lord of the Earth! Reverence be unto thee, an incarnation of the Deity, and the Eternal One! Reverence be unto thee, O God, in the form of the God of Mercy; the dispeller of pain and trouble, the Lord of all things, the Deity who overcometh the sins of the *Kalee Yoog*, the Guardian of the Universe, the Emblem of Mercy towards those who serve thee—O M, the possessor of all things in vital form. Thou art *Brahma*, *Veeshnoo*, and *Mahesa*! Thou art Lord of the Universe! Thou art, under the proper form of all things movable and immovable, the possessor of the whole! and thus I adore thee. Reverence be unto the bestower of salvation, and *Resh-ee-Kusa*, the ruler of the faculties! Reverence be unto thee (*Kesavah*), the destroyer of the evil spirit *Kesee*! O *Damodara*, show me favour! Thou art he who resteth upon the face of the milky ocean, and who lieth upon the serpent *Sesa*. Thou art *Treeviekrama* (who at three strides encompassed the earth)! I adore thee, who art celebrated by a thousand names, and under various forms, in the shape of *Bood-dha*, the God of Mercy! Be propitious, O Most High God!'

"Having thus worshipped the Guardian of Mankind, he became like one of the just. He joyfully caused a holy temple to be built of a wonderful construction, and therein were set up the divine foot of *Veeshnoo*, for ever Purifier of the sins of mankind, the images of the *Pandoos*, and of the descent of *Veeshnoo*, and in like manner of *Brahma*, and the rest of the divinities.

"This place is renowned; and it is celebrated by the name of *Bood-dha Gaya*. The forefathers of him who shall perform the ceremony of the *Sradha* at this place shall obtain salvation. The great virtue of the *Sradha* performed here is to be found in the book called *Vayoopoorana*, an epitome of which hath by me been engraved upon stone.

"VECKAMADEETYA was certainly a king renowned in the world. So in his court there were nine learned men, celebrated under the name of the *Nowa-ratnanee*, or nine jewels; one of whom was *Amara Deva*, who was

pilgrimage,* celebrated as the spot on which flourished the sacred peepul tree—the Bodhidruma—under whose shadow Sakya-Muni, the founder of Buddhism, who was born here† 600 years before Christ, sat six whole years absorbed in contemplation "till he attained the perfect wisdom of the Buddha." This, it will be remembered, was the great object of all his

the King's chief counsellor, a man of great genius, and profound learning, and the greatest favourite of his prince. He it certainly was who built the holy temple which destroyeth sin, in a place in *Jamboodweep*, where, the mind being steady, it obtains its wishes, and in a place where it may obtain salvation, reputation, and enjoyment, even in the country of *Bharata*, and the province of *Keekata*, where the place of *Bood-dha*, purifier of the sinful, is renowned. A crime of an hundredfold shall undoubtedly be expiated from a sight thereof, of a thousandfold from a touch thereof, and of a hundred-thousandfold from worshipping thereof. But where is the use of saying so much of the great virtues of this place? Even the Hosts of Heaven worship with joyful service both day and night.

"That it may be known to learned men, that he verily erected the house of *Bood-dha*, I have recorded upon a stone, the authority of the place, as a self-evident testimony, on Friday the fourth day of the new moon in the month of *Madhoo* when in the seventh or mansion of *Ganesa*, and in the year of the *Era* of *Veekramadeetya* 1005."

* "Gaya, however, is resorted to, not so much for the benefit of the living as of the dead; for the Sradha, or funeral ceremonies for the departed, is considered to be of far greater benefit if performed here than elsewhere; translating their ancestors for a hundred generations, as well as themselves, to heaven."—*Wilkins.*

Gaya had in 1890 become a large tussoor cocoon collecting centre, and a seat, moreover, to some extent of the manufacture of tussoor silk cloth (see p. 504).

† "Thou, who wouldst see where dawned the light at last,
North-westward from the 'Thousand Gardens,' go
By Gunga's valley till thy steps be set
On the green hills where those twin streamlets spring,
Nilajân and Mohâna; follow them,
Winding beneath broad-leaved mahwa trees,
'Mid thickets of the sansar and the bir,
Till on the plain the shining sisters meet
In Phalgû's bed, flowing by rocky banks
To Gaya and the red Barabar hills.

"Near it the village of Sanani[1] reared
Its roof of grass, nestled amidst the palms,
Peaceful with simple folk and pastoral toils.
There in the sylvan solitudes once more
Lord Buddha lived, musing the woes of men,
The ways of fate, the doctrines of the books,
The lessons of the creatures of the brake,
The secrets of the silence whence all come,
The secrets of the gloom whereto all go,
The life that lies between."

Sir E. Arnold.

[1] Gaya.

study and self-denial. The Buddhists believe the spot on which he is said to have won this final triumph to be the centre of the earth. From Gaya Sakya-Muni proceeded to Benares and Ceylon, to propagate his doctrines, returning hither to Bahar, to itinerate. Rajguha, "the mountain-girt city," to the south of Gaya, was a celebrated metropolis, the seat of empire, and the centre of Buddhism in Bahar, until the court was removed to Palibothra by Asoka. It is said that the Chinese pilgrim Hiouen-Thsang, twelve hundred years after Buddha's death, found the Bodhidruma still standing. "There is a temple," says Chunder, "more than two thousand years old, in which three complete arches have been observed by Baboo Rajendro Lall Mittra, as affording 'a remarkable proof of the Hindoos having had a knowledge of the principle of the arch at a very early period, though the credit of it has been denied them by all our Anglo-Indian antiquaries.'"

February 1st.—We leave Patna on our left, and proceed down the river. The fan-palm, which has hitherto been scarce, now begins to be abundant.* Passing the towns of Futwa—famous for a College of Mussulman law and divinity, the moulvies of which are widely renowned—and Phoolbarrea; and going on through highly-cultivated lands, at about thirty-five miles from Patna we reach Bar, a most picturesque and lovely place, where extensive groves of banyan, palm, mango, peepul, tamarind, and other noble trees are seen stretching out for miles in the distance, amid gleaming waters descending from the hills through undulating grounds in the rear. The whole district is richly cultivated, and abounds

* "Along the upper and middle courses of the Bengal rivers the country rises gently from their banks in fertile undulations, dotted with mud villages, and adorned with noble trees. Mango groves scent the air with their blossoms in spring, and yield their abundant fruit in summer. The spreading banyan with its colonnade of hanging roots, the stately pipul with its green masses of foliage; the wild cotton tree, glowing while still leafless with heavy crimson flowers; the tall, daintily-shaped tamarind and the quick-growing bebul, rear their heads above the crop fields. As the rivers approach the coast, the palm trees take possession of the scene. The ordinary landscape of the delta is a flat stretch of ricefields, fringed round with an evergreen border of bamboos, cocoa-nuts, date trees, areca, and other coroneted palms. This densely peopled tract seems at first sight bare of villages, for each hamlet is hidden away amid its own grove of plantains and wealth-giving trees. The bamboo and cocoa-nut play a conspicuous part in the industrial life of the people; and the numerous products derived from them include rope, oil, food, fodder, fuel, and timber."—*Sir W. Hunter.*

with cattle that are seen grazing near the river and bathing in the stream. There are two or three drawbacks, however —the meanness of the people's dwellings, the abundance of beggars, and the pigs, the *pigs*! Swine—not of the portly kind, but lanky, black, and unpromising—may be seen running and scampering about everywhere, and the people after them, as though they had nothing else to do. It is the same all along the river here for miles and miles. *Apropos*, saltpetre manufactories abound; so that the inhabitants can pickle their pork cheaply.*

Again and again dead bodies are seen floating upon the waters.

The Korruckpore hills on our right, as we approach Monghyr, afford us a succession of beautiful prospects. An important work presently presents itself—a "bund" or embankment, constructed to check the incursions of the river. It is about forty-five feet wide at the bottom, ten at the top, and nine feet high, and forms an elevated road, over which carriages may be driven. Another cross bund, with sluices for irrigation, is constructed in the same neighbourhood; and it is said that "in the opinion of competent judges, the solidity of the

* A work published many years after our visit to Patna says:—"The legend which ascribes to the eating of human flesh the origin of one of the most loathsome of diseases scarce offers a more horrible picture to the imagination than is presented by a letter recently published in the *Ceylon Examiner*. The beautiful islands of Mauritius and Bourbon are largely supplied with pork from Patna, a province of Hindostan that has been overrun by the cholera. Both there and at Calcutta the bodies of the natives are consigned to the Ganges, instead of being interred. 'Let any person,' says the writer in the Ceylon paper, 'at daybreak start from the gates of Government House, Calcutta, and, whether his walk will be to the banks of the river or to the banks of the canals which on three sides surround the city, he will see pigs feeding on the dead bodies of the natives that have been thrown there during the night.[1] During the day the river police clear away and sink all that remains of the bodies. Bad as is the metropolis of India, it is nothing compared to Patna. Hundreds upon hundreds of human corpses are there strewn along the strand; and, fattening, ghoul-like, upon these, are droves upon droves of swine. These swine are slaughtered, cut up, and salted into hams, bacon, and pickled pork, and then despatched to Calcutta. The great market for this poisonous swine-produce is the Mauritius and Bourbon, where it is foisted upon the inhabitants as the produce of Europe. Moreover, as these swine are sold in Calcutta at R.3 or R.4 each carcass, it is stated that the inferior class of homeward-bound vessels are provisioned with them, and thus this human-fed pork is introduced into Europe and America."—SIMMONDS' *Curiosities of Food* (1859).

[1] See p. 19.

construction is such as to defy the utmost force of the river for many ages to come."

The view of herds of cattle crossing or floating down the stream (which here, as elsewhere, may now and then be witnessed) gives an agreeable impression of the pleasure it must afford these animals, whose noses only sometimes show above the water, while the herdsmen may be seen sitting on the shoulders of one of them or hanging on at the tail. Sometimes, too, an elephant may be seen, or perhaps a number, crossing the stream, his head and the tip of his trunk alone visible, while the mahout in each case sits upon his shoulders, and guides the animal according to his will.

February 5th.—Monghyr,* at which we have now arrived, is one of the prettiest spots on the Ganges, and the site of a noble fort which stands on a rocky promontory (a difficult and dangerous point for the navigator); and presents from the river a striking and beautiful object. It is of native construction, is about two miles square, was the stronghold of Sultan Suja during his rebellion against his father, Shah Jehan, and was captured by our forces October 10th, 1763, after a siege of nine days. It subsequently became one of the principal stations of the British Army; but with the extension of our territories to the north-west its importance diminished, till it is now left to the care of a few invalid soldiers, and may be regarded as purely a Civil Station. The public offices and the residences of the Europeans are situated within the fort, and have a very pleasant and stately appearance. The climate is healthy, being free alike from the hot winds of the Upper Provinces and the steamy vapours of Bengal; and Monghyr is a favourite residence of old military officers, who select it as a place of retirement for its beauty, salubrity,† and cheapness.

All kinds of goods of native manufacture may be had here, and there is a continual hubbub among the sellers, who throng the landing-place (and with whom not a few beggars are associated). It is, indeed, a kind of Birmingham, but of somewhat doubtful reputation. Guns and gunpowder

* Bishop Heber visited this station, and gives a long and interesting account of it in his "Journey."

† It must be observed, however, that among the native population cholera appears to be chronically prevalent.

for sportsmen, and necklaces for ladies; pistols and bracelets; toys for good children, and canes for bad ones; bamboo walking-sticks, straw hats and straw bonnets; work-tables, footstools, boxes, and baskets; pretty and sweet-singing birds;* chameleons, ugly and talkative monkeys and baboons, are among the commodities offered and urged on the stranger. It is said that a very small and beautiful species of deer, not above a foot high, which is found in the neighbouring forests, is sometimes to be purchased here.

I went ashore for a few minutes, and visited the fort and cemetery. From the heights of the former I enjoyed a beautiful prospect. In the latter—full of obelisk tombs—I found two peculiarly affecting memorials: one erected in memory of Walter Fletcher, a youth who fell a prey to the Indian climate at the age of sixteen, immediately after his arrival in the country; and the other of Captain Page, an excellent man, one of whose daughters continued to reside in Monghyr after his death, and, with an earnest desire to be useful, made herself thoroughly acquainted with the native languages, established a school, and without any earthly recompense or reward taught Christianity from the Bible itself to the youthful native population. She subsequently founded a small hospital, and, having given considerable study to medicine, took upon herself to prescribe for and administer to the more simple diseases with which the poor in her neighbourhood were afflicted. Thus, and in many other ways, did she act as the physician of both mind and body to the people among whom she lived. Her name will long be cherished with affection in their memory.

By the side of the fort the two Setts, the great bankers of Moorshedabad,† were thrown into the Ganges, on the charge of favouring the English cause.

* Among these may be particularly mentioned the Shama, brought from the Nepaul Terai. Its song is a most gushing melody, of great power; surpassed by no Indian bird. It is chiefly heard in the evening, both before and after sunset. In confinement it imitates the notes of other birds, and of various animals, with ease and accuracy. The hill mynas and drongos are also brought for sale—the latter a very remarkable bird, called by some Hazar-dastan, or "the bird with a thousand tales," from its imitating all sorts of sounds, the cries of various animals, and the notes of many birds.

† "The famous *Setts*, of whom Burke remarked in the House of Commons, that 'their transactions were as extensive as those of the Bank of England,' and of whom the natives say that they proposed to block up

In this neighbourhood, it would seem, once flourished GAPAAL, *King of the World*, who was "*Lord of two Brides, the* EARTH *and her* WEALTH." When his innumerable army marched, the heavens were so filled with the dust of their feet that the birds of the air could rest upon it. "*Here* encamped his victorious army; across the river a bridge of boats," it was said, "is constructed for a road, which is mistaken for a chain of mountains; *here* immense herds of elephants, like thick, black clouds, darken the face of day, so that people think it the season of the rains; *hither* the princes of the north send so many troops of horse that the dust of their hoofs spreads darkness on all sides; and so many mighty chiefs resort to pay their respects, that the earth sinks beneath the weight of the feet of their attendants." * Yet, strange to say, there are no buildings or ruins in Monghyr of any archæological interest. There *are*, however (as we are told), here and there in the villages some fragments of ancient *idols*, which were destroyed by the Mahommedans on their conquest. But, after all, it would seem that most of the people now living here are Hindoos.

The native town is a pretty one, situated in a green valley, amid the umbrageous shelter of magnificent groves, with the broad river washing it on two sides, and hills in the background. The river-side view is very picturesque, having high stone ghats, temples, and shady groups of ancient trees. (The palm is particularly abundant in this neighbourhood, and it is said that many of the people are drunkards.) Monghyr has long been celebrated for its smiths, "who," says Heber,† "derived their art from the Hindoo Vulcan, who had been solemnly worshipped, and is supposed to have had a work-

the passage of the Bhagaruttee with rupees, are now reduced to the greatest poverty. One of their descendants still lives, and occupies the ancient ancestral residence, which is in a very dilapidated state. He subsisted for many years by the sale of the family jewels, till at last the British Government granted him a monthly pension of twelve hundred rupees. His ancestors are reported to have possessed ten crores of rupees. The title of 'Jagat Sett,' or the Banker of the World, was conferred upon the family by the Emperor of Delhi. However reduced in circumstances now, the descendant of the Setts still has his musnud on the left in the durbar of the Nabob Nazim."—*Chunder* (1869).

* Inscription on a copper plate discovered among the ruins at Monghyr, and dated 23 B.C.

† The Bishop's account of Monghyr (which we may again mention) is well worth reading throughout.

shop here." Its gardeners are considered the best in this part of India. Sandal-wood carving and artistic bamboo work are also carried on here.

The town of Monghyr is the capital of a district of the same name, which was one of the centres of the Mahommedan government, and figures prominently in the history of Moslem rule from the time of Akbar. This district—which comprises some four thousand square miles—is divided into two nearly equal parts by the Ganges, and the difference in their products is most remarkable, both in the animal and vegetable kingdoms. There are great forests * in the southern division, which abound in valuable timber, wild beasts, peacocks, jungle fowl, and partridge; and the poppy and rice are largely cultivated. In the northern division few, if any, wild beasts are found; nine-tenths of the trees are cultivated mango trees; and wheat, Indian corn, millet, peas, oats, oil seeds, and indigo are the principal crops. A large extent of land on the banks of the great rivers is permanently devoted to pasture, and immense numbers of cattle are sent every hot season to graze there; the ghee made from the milk forms an important article of trade with Calcutta.

One of the most notable products of the south is the Mahwa tree. The wood is hard and valuable; the bark medicinal; the fruit yields an important oil; but it is the flower that is most remarkable, being used extensively as an article of food. Thousands of tons of these succulent petals are collected annually by the jungle tribes; they are eaten, both fresh and dried, by the poor, and sometimes form their almost sole dependence;† and a wine, or rather spirit, resembling whiskey, is distilled from that portion of the crop which remains uneaten. On the other hand, the north depends

* The creepers of the Indian forests deserve mention. "The variety of their appearance is inexhaustible. Sometimes they hang in beautiful festoons from branch to branch; sometimes their thick stems encircled the trunks of the trees like crushing snakes, yet darting out harmless limbs from above, that enclosed a thousand giants of the forest in one embrace; sometimes they fall from high branches to the ground, twisting into complicated knots by the way; and sometimes they covered the crowns of the pine trees with a hood of beautiful flowers that made a complete arbour beneath."

† It is not only man that feeds upon the mahwa. Birds, squirrels, and other creatures feast among its branches by day; and bears, peacocks, jungle fowl, etc., in the evening and night.

very much on the Mango crop, the mango being, as we have already said, largely cultivated. On the whole, there is probably no other place in the world where food is so cheap as at Monghyr. Fish swarm in its waters.* Altogether, Monghyr is a delightful place for a lover of nature; geology, botany, ornithology, entomology, and zoology, may all be studied here with advantage.

But we resume our voyage. Boats are often detained in great numbers at Monghyr by contrary winds, and are liable to be wrecked by the strong currents among the rocks; but we manage to get safely away.

The beautiful Korruckpore hills in our vicinity are a portion of the Rajmahal and Parisnath range, peopled, as we have already seen,† by descendants of the aborigines of India, who find, as their ancestors found, a shelter in the backwood recesses. An aerolite, weighing about 160 lb., which had been discovered by the natives embedded in the soil of one of these hills, and had been for many years *worshipped by them as a god*, came some time since into the possession of the Asiatic Society.

Not far from Monghyr, amid beautiful scenery, is the famous hot spring of Seeta-Coond, a very remarkable and beautiful phenomenon. Large quantities of gas are discharged every instant from the centre of the basin or tank, in which the clear, bright, blue water is collected. The latter is so pure (though it is said to owe its purity to the ablutions of Seeta) that in Monghyr it is used in the manufacture of soda-water; and our countrymen returning to Europe sometimes take a supply with them for the voyage. It is stated that its temperature is so high as to cause the death of any animal venturing into it; and that an European soldier who once attempted to swim across it was so miserably scalded as not to survive the perilous exploit. The heat, however, differs at various periods. A temple has been built close at hand, and pilgrims bathe in a pool adjoining. There are several *cold* springs in the immediate vicinity.

* A valuable work on Monghyr, entitled "Natural History, Sport, and Travel," from the pen of Mr. Edward Lockwood, Magistrate of that Station, was published in 1878.

The Church Missionary Society and the Baptist Missionary Society both have stations here.

† P. 95, *et seq.*

In the evening we passed the celebrated JUNGEERAH, *the Fakir's Rock*, a picturesque stony mass about a hundred feet high, covered with verdure, and adorned by the chisel, that rises out of the midst of the river, and has a temple on its summit, which is the shrine of the famous idol Naragan, and the most holy temple on the Ganges. It has for ages been a resort of Hindoo pilgrims. Here dwelt a number of fakirs, one of whom hailed my boat as I went by. His appearance, however, was so uninviting that I would not stay. It appears that he exacts a toll from the river passengers, to whom he sometimes puts off in a boat, and whom he follows till he gets it; but we escaped from his importunities. Bacon * says that during the reign of Aurungzebe the temple, which has since been rebuilt, was the haunt of a band of *jogis*, who had made this place their headquarters, and the depôt of an immense treasure, the fruits of their extortion. When Aurungzebe marched upon Benares, he detached a small division from his forces, against Monghyr, with orders, if they were successful in their first object, to proceed down the river to Jungeerah, and sack the treasury of the miserly devotees. The party were fortunate in the execution of these orders, and carried off from the latter place an enormous amount of specie, besides vast numbers of valuable jewels, and vessels of gold, worth fifty lakhs of rupees, or £500,000 of English money. The *jogis* were driven forth from their hive, and the original temple was partially destroyed; that which now stands upon the island is a modern erection, though built on the foundation of the materials of the former one. This fact is borne out by the evidence of the masonry, "but," he adds, "for the verity of the details just given I will not be answerable, my information being collected from rather a doubtful source." Be that as it may, it would appear that this rock is associated with many a tale of love and arms.

Now and then, here and elsewhere, along the banks, as we proceed, a *charpoy* is to be seen, on which some dying Hindoo is, or has been, laid before the committal of his remains to the waters. When he has relatives, they may be perceived dipping water and mud out of the river with their hands, and putting them to the nose and mouth of the dying man, or preparing

* "First Impressions from Studies of Nature in Hindostan."

his body for cremation. Sometimes the smoking pile may be observed. (Happily there is now no widow-burning to be witnessed.) Should the poor man have no relative to attend to these duties, his remains will form a meal for the pariah dogs, crows, adjutants, and vultures; shared, should the rising flood wash it into the stream, by the alligators.

Sometimes may be seen in the trees the hut, or some remains of the hut, of a watcher, who, in the season, we suppose, looks after the crops, and scares, or attempts to scare away, the wild beasts who come to devour them, and from whose ruthless jaws he is thus protected.*

A Village Festival now and then claims the passing *voyageur's* attention. Seated under a banyan, or in a grove of mangoes, the little community are gathered, some in their simple white robes, others less distinguished by apparel, the old men sitting and (seemingly) reciting and listening to stories (which they are fond of telling); the younger, perhaps—some of them—engaged in cock-fighting; the lads, playing at quoits, marbles, etc.; while the drumming of tom-toms, the blowing of horns, the clattering of cymbals, and the noise of other deafening instruments mingle with the voices of song and laughter, and here and there a nautch girl, or a dancing boy, gather a group around them.

February 6th.—We reach Bhagulpore, a prettily-situated place on the left bank of the Ganges, which derives its name

* The total number of persons killed by wild animals and venomous snakes *in the ten divisions of Bengal* during the official year 1885-86 was the highest in the last five years, and amounted to 11,823. As is usual, nine-tenths of these deaths were caused by snakes. But of 12,823 buffaloes, oxen, horses, and ponies destroyed in this manner, only 311 were killed by snakes. These annual returns do not take account of sheep, goats, pigs, and monkeys, the destruction of which is very large. The hyena is credited with the destruction of 773 head of cattle. In BHAGULPORE the number of wolves killed fell to 86 from 337 in the year before; and the reason given was that a shikari had been punished for an attempt to pass off jackals' heads for the heads of wolves. Passing over the most formidable wild animals, it appears that 548 persons were killed by jackals, 221 by crocodiles or alligators, 84 by pigs, and 22 by elephants,—whether wild or domestic is not stated,—12 by buffaloes and oxen, 1 by a horse, 1 by a deer, and 2 by musk-rats, the bite of the latter having brought on mortification or tetanus. Only 18 deaths were put down to mad dogs, which is regarded as a manifest understatement. Not a single death was caused by wild animals in the town and suburbs of Calcutta; but 13 persons died from snake-bite. The total amount of Rs.29,884 was paid for the destruction of wild animals and venomous snakes, as compared with Rs.42,374 in the preceding year.

from having been formerly a place of refuge from hill banditti. (The hills lying to the north and north-east are visible for many miles along the course of the river. We are told that at the foot of the hills are large jheels, or lakes.) Bhagulpore is a Civil Station; the Hill Rangers, originally formed into a corps by Mr. Cleveland,* and who are commanded by the Magistrate, protect it. The monument erected to the memory of Mr. Cleveland by the highland chiefs and lowland zemindars is seen here. The inscription is in Persian.† The Government have erected another monument to this truly great man, which bears the following remarkable and noteworthy inscription :—

TO THE MEMORY OF AUGUSTUS CLEVELAND, ESQ.,
LATE COLLECTOR OF THE DISTRICTS OF BHAGULPORE AND RAJMAHAL,
WHO, WITHOUT BLOODSHED OR THE TERRORS OF AUTHORITY,
EMPLOYING ONLY THE MEANS OF CONCILIATION, CONFIDENCE, AND BENEVOLENCE,
ATTEMPTED AND ACCOMPLISHED
THE ENTIRE SUBJECTION OF THE LAWLESS AND SAVAGE INHABITANTS OF
THE JUNGLETARY OF RAJMAHAL,
WHO HAD LONG INFESTED THE NEIGHBOURING LANDS BY THEIR
PREDATORY INCURSIONS,
INSPIRED THEM WITH A TASTE FOR THE ARTS OF CIVILISED LIFE,
AND ATTACHED THEM TO THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT BY A CONQUEST OVER
THEIR MINDS—
THE MOST PERMANENT AS THE MOST RATIONAL MODE OF DOMINION.
THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL AND COUNCIL OF BENGAL,
IN HONOUR OF HIS CHARACTER, AND FOR EXAMPLE TO OTHERS,
HAVE ORDERED THIS MONUMENT TO BE ERECTED.
HE DEPARTED THIS LIFE ON THE 13TH DAY OF JANUARY, 1784, AGED 29.

How wonderful an example of the good that one man may do in a very short lifetime!

The town of Bhagulpore lies in a low valley, surrounded with vegetation, and hence is undoubtedly malarious, while it has a bad reputation for *snakes*.‡ Though formerly supposed

* See p. 100.

† A translation is given by Heber at the end of the first volume of his "Journey."

‡ As an instance of the abundance of these reptiles here, take the following narrative of Mr. R——, late Chief Conservator of Forests: "I was ordered by the Government of India to report on the state of some forests in Bengal. Accordingly I sent a servant down to Bhangalpore, with instructions to find out and rent a good bungalow, as I intended to make that station my headquarters. The place is a small one, and the only house available was one which had not been tenanted for years; hence, for

to be the ancient Palibothra (!), an honour that has been claimed for as many cities as have claimed to be the birth-place of Homer, it has little remarkable about it * except two round towers, some seventy feet high, of which no one knows anything, but which seem to be of Buddhist origin. It commands a distant view of Mount Mandar,† an insulated conical

lack of choice, this was taken for me. On arriving at Bhangalpore, I put up the first day at the house of a friend, and in the afternoon we went to inspect the bungalow which was to be my residence. It was a thatched one, with the usual pyramid-shaped roof; but though apparently clean, it was in a most dilapidated condition. The 'chut' (the whitewashed ceiling-cloth, which is stretched horizontally at the height of the walls, and hides the unsightly-looking beams and rafters) was full of large holes; so in truth was the thatch, for I could see patches of blue sky here and there. Of course this would never do. I therefore sent for the owner of the house, a Bengalee Baboo, and ordered him to make the building thoroughly habitable. 'Sir,' he replied, 'it is the dry season; you only want the house for a month or so, and during that time there will not be a drop of rain. What need is there for these repairs?' The native was plausible, but I did not quite see the force of his arguments, and insisted on having the place put to rights. The next day, when I reached the bungalow, I found four or five thatchers and some servants loitering outside; but not a hand's-turn of work had been done; moreover, it was evident they had not the slightest intention of beginning, for one of the thatchers approached me with joined hands, and said, 'You may hang me, if you like, sahib, but I cannot work at that house.' 'Why, what is the matter with it?' I asked wonderingly. 'Come and see,' replied the native; and calling the other workmen, who had tied their hooked iron tools to the extremities of long bamboos, they approached the house, and then, standing by the doorways, commenced cautiously and apprehensively to pull down the chut, or ceiling-cloth, when the sight that met our eyes absolutely beggared description. The whole roof, thatch, rafters, and beams, seemed literally alive with cobras. They swarmed in hundreds; hooded crests and angry heads hissed at us from every nook and corner overhead. It certainly was the most appalling spectacle I ever witnessed; all the more horrible as I had only just escaped the chance of living, or rather, perhaps, dying among them. On examining the house further, we found that the walls (made of sun-dried bricks) were completely honeycombed with holes and snake-channels; and it was evident the cobras had used the building as a nursery for the propagation and nurture of their kind for years. I am glad to add that the next day the bungalow was burnt to the ground by the order of the magistrate and collector of the district."

* Horticultural Gardens have since been established at Bhagulpore, which were visited by Sir J. D. Hooker, Director of Kew Gardens, and of which he speaks highly. See "Himalayan Journals," i. 62.

† Described in the Mahabharat as "*a mighty mountain whose rocky summits are like tow'ring clouds.* It is clothed in a net of the entangled tendrils of the twining creeper, and resounds with the harmony of various birds. Innumerable savage beasts infest its borders, and it is the respected haunt of *Kennars*, *Dews*, and *Apsars*. It standeth 11,000 yojan above the earth, and 11,000 *more below its surface.*" The hill is fully described by Colonel Francklin (some time Regulating Officer at Bhagulpore and Tirhoot); and would appear from that description to be one of the greatest *natural* curiosities in India. See "Modern Traveller," ix. 175.

hill, with which, they tell us, the gods churned the ocean to obtain THE ELIXIR OF IMMORTALITY* (the Hindoo Ambrosia). A spirited version of the churning (from the MAHÂBHÂRAT) is given by Mr. Henry Meredith Parker, of the Bengal Civil Service (whose acquaintance we have already made),† in his poem, "The Draught of Immortality." ‡ Mount Mandar is

* See notes to Southey's "KEHAMA," vol. ii., p. 205.

† See p. 201.

‡ We quote a few lines as a sample of the poem (he sings of the "*gods*"):—

"Each on a cloud is resting there,
Floating about on the rosy air;
And they debate how they may gain
The blest AMREETA, which shall be
A DRAUGHT OF IMMORTALITY.

* * * *

'Hear me,' said Brahma: 'Dins and Assoors,
Spirits who sport in the cold moon's ray;
Spirits who dwell in the frost-fog grey,
Over the haunted Himalay!

* * * *

Hear me! Thus I do advise:
Ye shall the mountain Mandar take,
Plunge it into the flashing ocean,
And whirl it round with a furious motion,
Till the solid earth doth reel and shake;
Whirl it about, as the peasants turn,
With rapid hands, the smoking churn;
Whirl it about, and your toil shall earn
The amreeta cup—the glorious prize.

* * * *

Then was Mount Mandar lifted up,—
Mandar, the cloud-crowned king of hills;
With its waving flowers and silver rills,
Its shaggy rocks and groaning woods,
Its snowy peaks and rushing floods;
And plunged into the shrinking main,
Which flashed and roared and smoked again,
And round it—round it—nine times round,
Vasooake, the sacred snake, was bound,
Whilst his diamond scales did crack and rattle,
Like the sound of armies joining battle,
And flashed and blazed, as the flames that dwell
For ever on Seeta's burning well;
But he must be the rope to turn
Mount Mandar in its mighty churn.
Then seized the Dins the head of the snake:
Hold of his tail, which was curling and lashing
With a noise like that of a cataract dashing,
The Assoors, one and all, did take;
And they whirled Mount Mandar round and round,

renowned as a place of Buddhist and Hindoo pilgrimage, and it is said that as many as five hundred and forty temples formerly existed there.

Leaving on our left Colgong,* a small town—in the neighbourhood of which the bed of the river is exceedingly rocky

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While the hot sea groaned with a dreadful sound.
Away from the mountain,—away—away,
Flew rivers and lakes in mist and spray;
Which, rolled in many a thunder-cloud,
Cast o'er the sky a purple shroud,
Through which the sun peered darkly red,
As the blood that is newly shed.
Round went the mountain, whirling fast;
The huge grey rocks away were cast,
As sparks before the midnight blast,
And whirled through the air with a lurid light,
Like the track of a burning arrow's flight.
Round went the mountain, with furious whirl;
Away shot the plantain and babul trees,
As feathers fly on the southern breeze;
Away flew the pepul, the forest king,
Away it flew, as when warriors hurl
The pebble from the whizzing sling;
And then a mighty thundering
Over the mountain Mandar came:
It was wrapped in smoke and dusky flame,
Like that which some lost city palls,
Whilst storm and havoc fill its walls,
And prayers are drowned, and shrieks expire,
Amidst the roar of war and fire.
And through the gloom, as thick as hail,
That devastates some summer vale,
Storm-ruling Indra from his bow
Shot the blue lightnings: from the brow
Of Mandar rolled its snowy crown,
And many a vast peak, icy-crested,
On which no shade had ever rested,
Came crashing, toppling down.
Red meteors darted to and fro;
The sky was hid in a pitchy shroud,
And the tempest-fiends howled long and loud
To the sea—which like a watery hell
In boiling billows rose, and fell,
And raged, and tossed below.'
Round went Mount Mandar still,
With a dull and terrible noise,"
etc., etc., etc.

* Here the Ganges reaches its delta, and enters on the third stage of its life; the first stage being from its source to the plains; the second from its entrance on the plains to Colgong; and the third hence, where its bed becomes more level, and whence it splits into channels which themselves throw out distributaries right and left to the sea.

and the navigation dangerous, and which was famous of old for its banditti,* who descended upon it from their eyries in the neighbouring hills of Rajmahal—we pass three picturesque hills of granite, rising abruptly from the bosom of the river, rudely sculptured with mythological devices, covered with trees and shrubs, and inhabited by numbers of the feathered race (and also, as we hear, by some Hindoo devotees, whose wretched habitations form a hideous contrast to the beauty of all around them); and come to the junction of the river Koosie with the Ganges. Opposite this stands another lofty hill (Pattergutta), on which is a Temple with a cave, into which, it is said, a native prince once entered with a hundred thousand followers at his heels, each holding a torch in his hand, and carrying a measure of oil, and *never came back*! Truly this is a land of wonders! Next we come to Secreegully, a village at the foot of a high rocky eminence, on the summit of which gleams the white tomb of the Mahommedan saint, Peer Pointee, one of the conquerors of Bengal, "as devout as he was valiant." It is stated to be three hundred years old. Tradition says that every Thursday night a tiger visits the tomb, couches close to the grave, and remains there till morning. Farther on we pass the Mootee Jhurna waterfall, a beautiful cascade. The country about here affords capital sport, and is often visited by shooting parties from a great distance. Here game laws are unknown. Tiger, hog, rhinoceros, leopard, and boar hunting may be enjoyed in perfection.

We now approach the Rajmahal hills, the home of that interesting tribe the Santhals (referred to in our first upward march), and pass the desolate city of Rajmahal (also before alluded to), where once stood the palace of the Emperor Jehanghire, and where, amid a luxuriant bamboo jungle, still stand the remains of that of Sultan Sujah, visited and described by Heber.† The ruins are very picturesque as seen from the river, and remind the visitor familiar with our Anglo-Indian poet Richardson of his memorable lines written

See page 495.

† Much of this has disappeared, having been removed in the construction of the railway which now connects Rajmahal with Calcutta. The hall, of black marble, which once formed Sultan Sujah's *baitakana*, now makes a comfortable room for the railway engineer.

there.* The ancient graveyard yet contains the dust of Surgeon Boughton, who went from Surat to Agra in 1636, cured the daughter of Shah Jehan, obtained permission for his countrymen to trade, and virtually laid the foundation of our Eastern empire. (It seems ungrateful to let him lie in this desolate wilderness.) Old Rajmahal once stretched three miles along what was then the bank of the Ganges, and it is said that no artificers or common people were then allowed to live in that Belgravia. There, in Clive's time, resided one of the famous family of Sett (referred to at Monghyr), who was said to be worth £8,000,000. A series of forts formerly extended hence to Bhagulpore, and many a raid has taken place between the former chieftains of those hills and the Moslems of the plains. Alligators abound about here, and they say there is a village in the vicinity whose inhabitants live on their flesh.† Farther on—we are now in

* "LINES WRITTEN ON THE RUINS OF RAJMAHAL.

"Hail! stranger, hail! whose eye shall here survey
The path of Time, where ruin marks his way,
When wildly moans the solemn midnight bird,
And the gaunt jackal's piercing cry is heard;
If thine the soul with sacred ardour fraught,
Rapt in the poet's dream or sage's thought,
To thee these mouldering walls a voice shall raise,
And sadly tell how earthly pride decays;
How human hopes, like human works, depart,
And leave behind the ruins of the heart!"

† Our commercial men might have an eye on these animals, and might not only rid India of a fearful plague, but also enrich themselves by so doing. We read that in the United States some fifty thousand or sixty thousand alligators' hides are annually utilised, and that other commercial products are obtained from these monsters. . . . The teeth, which are round, white, and conical, and as long as two joints of an average finger, are mounted with gold or silver, and used for jewellery, trinkets, and for teething babies to play with. They are also carved into a variety of forms, such as whistles, buttons, and cane handles. This industry is carried on principally in Florida. Among Chinese druggists there is a great demand for alligators' teeth, which are said to be powdered and administered as a remedy. As much as a dollar apiece is paid by them for fine teeth. All the teeth of the alligator are of the class of conical tusks, with no cutting or grinding apparatus; and hence the animal is forced to feed chiefly on carrion which is ready prepared for his digestion. Other commercial products of the alligator are the oil and musk pods. The tail of an alligator of twelve feet in length, on boiling, furnishes from fifty to seventy pints of excellent oil, which, in Brazil, is used for lighting and in medicine. The oil has been recommended for the cure of quite a variety of diseases. It has a high reputation among the swampers as a remedy for rheumatism, being given both inwardly and outwardly. The crocodiles and alligators possess four musk glands, two situated in the groin and two in the throat,

the Province of BENGAL—we pass (at a distance) historic GOUR, founded, as it would seem, about 750 B.C., and said to have been twenty miles in circumference, enclosed by a wall sixty feet high, and inhabited by two millions of people; the rival of Delhi, the capital of a hundred kings, the seat of wealth and luxury, the finest city in the empire, and called by the Emperor Jehanghire "an earthly Paradise"; but depopulated by pestilence three hundred years ago, and from that time abandoned;* whose wharves and ghats—now four or five miles from the river, which sealed the ruin of the city by deserting it†—are yet to be seen, and the remains‡ of whose palaces, fort, mosques, gates, columns, tombs—built, many of them, with enamelled porcelain-like bricks—are shrouded in the wildest luxuriance of vegetation,—banyans, peepuls, palms, silk-cotton trees, parasitical climbing plants, and jungle grass, abounding with tigers, hogs, monkeys, jackals, and other wild creatures; while the innumerable tanks, often covered with the lotus flower, swarm with alligators. It may well remind one of Isa. xxxiv. 12-15, which seems marvellously to describe its condition. Happily for us, perhaps, we have no time to visit it.

But we are about to leave the Ganges. Ere we do so, let us tell you a tale of the same we have somewhere met with, and which is so appropriate that we must quote it:—

"THE EMPEROR AND THE CHILD.—A HINDOO STORY.

"Many years ago the sun was shining over the great plain of Northern India when a tall, dark, stern-looking man in a long white robe came slowly along the bank of the Ganges, and stood looking down into the dark

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a little in advance of the fore legs. Sir Samuel Baker says they are much prized by the Arab women, who wear them strung like beads upon a necklace.

* The Hooghly has been well named by Sir W. W. Hunter "*A River of Ruined Capitals.*"

† "It is impossible to pass it," says Bishop Heber, "without recollecting that what Gour is Calcutta may one day become, unless the river in its fresh channel should assume a more fatal direction, and sweep in its new track our churches, markets, and palaces to that salt-water lake which seems its natural estuary." (See note as to the river Hooghly, on p. 516.)

‡ The masonry of Hindostan is of wonderful strength; and it is remarkable that, while the durability of Roman architecture is ascribed to the admixture of sugar with their mortar, the builders of India impute the strength of their masonry to the use of *jaggery*—the inspissated juice of the sugar-cane—in the manufacture of their cement.

water with such a grave, earnest face that it was plain he had something very serious to think about. For a full half-hour he stood there without moving or uttering a word, while his face grew darker and sterner every moment.

"Two or three men who were coming up from drawing water caught sight of him, and as they passed one of them pointed at him, and said, with a laugh:

"'See, there's Gohur Kshetriya (Gohur the soldier) waiting for the fish to come out and cook themselves for his supper!'

"And then they all laughed and walked on, thinking no more about him. But had they known what he was thinking of just then they might not have laughed quite so loud; for at that very moment Gohur was making up his mind to kill a man, and that man was the Emperor Baber, who reigned over the whole of that country.

"'And what harm had the Emperor Baber ever done to *him*?' you will ask.

"Well, in the first place, Baber was not a native Hindoo at all, but had come with a great army from a country away beyond the Himalaya mountains, and had conquered India. Then, having conquered it, he made very strict laws to keep it in order, punishing severely any one who broke them; so that, although he was really a very good man, and a very kind one, there were many people who hated him bitterly, and thought him cruel and unjust. So Gohur made up his mind that, as the Emperor seemed to be making the people unhappy, the Emperor ought to die, and that *he* would be the man to kill him. He knew well enough that he would be killed himself for doing it; but that did not frighten him a bit, for he thought he was doing right, although, as we shall see presently, he found himself mistaken there.

"Now, to meet with the Emperor was no difficult matter; for instead of shutting himself up in his palace, like most other kings of that day, he was fond of going about into all parts of the town, dressed in rough clothes like a workman, to see how his orders were obeyed, and whether his people were well or ill-treated. So Gohur hid a short sword under his robe, and away he went into the city.

"But when he got there he found such an uproar and confusion as he had never seen in his life. The whole air was filled with flying dust, amid which a crowd of men, women, and children were running and screaming as if frightened out of their wits, while every now and then came a crash, as if a house had fallen or a great tree been torn up by the roots. And presently, right down the middle of the street, came rushing an enormous elephant, which had broken loose in a fit of rage from one of the great bazaars, and gone charging through the town, destroying all before it.

"A fearful sight it was, that great black mass of savage strength tearing along like the rush of a locomotive, and beating down the huts on either side with one lash of its trunk as it swept by, its huge white tusks gleaming like sword-blades, and the floam flying from its open mouth. Right and left the people fled shrieking before it, and all was terror and disorder.

"Now, I should tell you that in that country there are a set of people

called pariahs, or outcasts, whom everybody hates, and looks down upon and avoids as if they had the plague; and nobody will shake hands with them or speak to them, or be friendly with them in any way. Why this is so would be too long a story to tell you here; but for a Hindoo to have anything to say to a pariah would be thought quite as bad as for one of us to be friendly with a thief or a murderer.

"Well, it happened that one of the pariah children—a poor little half-starved creature—had slipped and fallen right in the elephant's track. Another moment, and it would have been crushed to death; but a man dressed as a labourer sprang out right in front of the furious beast, caught up the child, and leaped back just in time to escape the charge of the elephant, which went rushing blindly down towards the river. But as the man jumped back the turban that hid his face fell off, and every one saw that this man who had risked his life for one of the 'outcasts' was no other than the Emperor Baber himself.

"Then a great hush fell upon the crowd, and every man looked blankly at his neighbour, as if he could hardly believe his own eyes. In the midst of that dead silence another man suddenly stepped forth. It was Gohur; and he knelt at the Emperor's feet, and holding out his sword to him, said firmly:

"'Prince, I am thine enemy, and I meant to have slain thee this day; but he who saves life is greater than he who destroys it. My hands are weak against him whom God protects. Take my sword, and kill him who would have killed thee!'

"Over the young Emperor's noble face came a strange smile as he listened to the grim confession. He stretched forth his hand, and raised the kneeling man gently from the earth.

"'Not so, my brother,' said he kindly. 'Thou hast said truly that it is better to save life than to destroy it; and should *I* kill any man who has confessed his fault and been sorry for it? Take back thy sword and use it in my service, for from this day I shall make thee one of my palace-guards.'

"The stern Hindoo bowed his head and wept like a child.

"But Baber's words came true, sure enough; for in after years Gohur was one of his bravest soldiers, and saved him many a time in battle. And to the end of his days he was never weary of telling how the Emperor had spared him, or of repeating the words that he had spoken: 'It is better to save life than to destroy it.'"

We are now, as we have said, in Bengal, the mother-province of our Northern Indian Empire, which, it will be remembered, is a magnificent plain (having hills only on its south-west frontier), stretching some 350 miles from east to west, with an average of about 300 miles from north to south, and an area of about 100,000 square miles; a land of burning suns, deluging rains, great rivers, many lakes, alluvial soil,

and exuberant vegetation; associated in our minds with nabobs and pagodas; Clive and his victories; Warren Hastings and his impeachment: a province in which thousands of our countrymen have fallen in battle, or perished from diseases incident to a foreign military life; while many others have died from indigenous disease, or lingered out their lives in almost hopeless, if easy, and, it may be thought, luxurious, exile; a land of thick jungles, fierce tigers, wild elephants, deadly serpents, and devouring alligators;—though withal, a land of inexhaustible natural riches, densely inhabited by a somewhat effeminate race, "wholly given to idolatry"; who, save when visited by famine, raise year by year their rice, opium, cotton, indigo, and countless other products; and manufacture their silks,* thin cotton cloth, and their muslins (for which they have been famous for centuries); but who have been the prey of invaders and domestic tyrants from age to age, and are still an impoverished people, yet are beginning to improve their condition under our mild and fostering sway.

Ere we leave the Ganges, let us take, with Heber,

"AN EVENING WALK IN BENGAL. †

"Our task is done! on Gunga's breast
The sun is sinking down to rest;
And, moored beneath the tamarind bough,
Our bark has found its harbour now.

* "Bengal," says Dr. Hunter, "is the only part of India where sericulture, or the rearing of the silkworm proper on mulberry, can be said to flourish." In 1860 the attention of Government was first called by Dr. (now Sir George) Birdwood, of Bombay, to the value of tussur, or the wild silk of India, and the importance of cultivating it. Since then the manufacture has considerably developed, and is now (1892) carried on in several districts of Bengal, and especially among the Santhals (of whom we have already spoken, p. 95), who it seems are capable of producing it "in inconceivable quantity." By the introduction of improved methods of reeling and dyeing its value has been greatly increased, and its manufacture has now been introduced into England. (See an important paper on this subject by Thomas Wardle, Esq., F.C.S., F.G.S., read before the Society of Arts on May 14th, 1891, and published in the Society's *Journal*, June 12th, 1891.) It appears that the culture of tussur silk might be carried on over the greater part of India.

† We hope we shall be pardoned for reproducing this beautiful picture. It is, so far as we know, unequalled for comprehensiveness, charm, and fidelity, and our sketch of Bengal would be incomplete without it.

With furlèd sail, and painted side,
Behold the tiny frigate ride.
Upon her deck, 'mid charcoal gleams,
The Moslems' savoury supper steams,
While all apart, beneath the wood,
The Hindoo cooks his simple food.
Come walk with me the jungle through;
If yonder hunter told us true,
Far off, in desert dank and rude,
The tyger holds his solitude:
(Nor taught by recent harm, to shun
The thunders of the English gun);
A dreadful guest, but rarely seen,
Returns to scare the village green.
Come boldly on! no venom'd snake
Can shelter in so cool a brake.
Child of the sun! he loves to lie
'Midst Nature's embers, parch'd and dry,
Where o'er some tower in ruin laid,
The peepul spreads its haunted shade;
Or round a tomb his scales to wreathe,
Fit warder in the gate of Death!
Come on! Yet pause! behold us now
Beneath the bamboo's archèd bough,
Where, gemming oft that sacred gloom,
Gleams the geranium's scarlet bloom,
And winds our path through many a bower
Of fragrant tree and giant flower;
The ceiba's crimson pomp displayed
O'er the broad plantain's humbler shade,
And dusk anana's prickly blade;
While o'er the brake, so wild and fair,
The betel waves his crest in air.
With pendent train and rushing wings,
Aloft the gorgeous peacock springs;
And he, the bird of hundred dyes,
Whose plumes the dames of Ava prize.
So rich a shade, so green a sod,
Our English fairies never trod!
Yet, who in Indian bower has stood,
But thought of England's 'good green wood'?
And bless'd, beneath the palmy shade,
Her hazel and her hawthorn glade,
And breathed a prayer, (how oft in vain!)
To gaze upon her oaks again?
A truce to thought. The jackal's cry
Resounds like sylvan revelry;
And through the trees yon failing ray

Will scantly serve to guide our way.
Yet mark! as fade the upper skies,
Each thicket opes ten thousand eyes.
Before, beside us, and above,
The fire-fly lights his lamp of love,
Retreating, chasing, sinking, soaring,
The darkness of the copse exploring;
While to this cooler air confest
The broad Dhatura bares her breast,
Of fragrant scent and virgin white,
A pearl around the locks of night!
Still as we pass in softened hum,
Along the breezy alleys come
The village song, the horn, the drum.
Still as we pass, from bush and briar,
The shrill cigala strikes his lyre.
And what is she whose liquid strain
Thrills through yon copse of sugar-cane?
I know that soul-entrancing swell!
It is—it must be—Philomel!
Enough, enough; the rustling trees
Announce a shower upon the breeze
The flashes of the summer sky
Assume a deeper, ruddier dye;
Yon lamp that trembles on the stream,
From forth our cabin sheds its beam;
And we must early sleep, to find
Betimes the morning's healthy wind.
But oh! with thankful hearts confess
Ev'n here there may be happiness;
And He, the bounteous Sire, has given
His peace on earth, His hope of heaven!"

The celebrated native poet, JAYADEVA, whose festival is annually commemorated, was born in Lower Bengal.

We now—*as is asserted*—leave the GANGES—that mighty stream with which we have become so familiar—and enter, at the northern extremity of the Moorshedabad district, the Bhagaruttee* river, *which, however, is really after all the most sacred branch of the Ganges.* It is only during three months of the year that this is sufficiently deep to admit boats of

* "Bhagarut was a thirsty man of sanctity who introduced teetotalising, as a punishment I suppose, among the great Hindoo saints many thousand years ago. In a fit of this new virtue, he drank the sources of the river dry at one pull; but having again relented, it was subsequently honoured with his cognomen."—*Pilgrim to Nainee Tal.*

large tonnage, which are at other times therefore obliged in going to Calcutta to follow the broader stream through the picturesque, but marshy, fever-haunted, and alligator- and tiger-abounding Sunderbunds,* a distance more than double

* "An immense wilderness, full fifty miles in depth, and in length about a hundred and eighty miles, in the south of Bengal. This wilderness, which borders the coast to the water's edge, forming a strong natural barrier in that quarter, occupies the whole of what is called the Delta of the Ganges, everywhere intersected by great rivers and innumerable creeks, in which the tides are so intermixed that a pilot is absolutely necessary, both to thread the intricacies of the passage, and to point out at what particular parts the current will at certain times be favourable in proceeding either to the eastward or to the westward. In many places there is scarcely breadth for the passing of a single boat, and even then the boughs of the immense trees and of the subordinate jungle frequently are found so to hang over as nearly to debar the progress of ordinary trading vessels. Fortunately these narrow creeks are short, or, at least, have in various parts such little bays as enable boats to pass. The water being brackish, or rather absolutely salt, throughout the Sunderbunds, it is necessary for all who navigate this passage to take a good stock of fresh water for their own consumption, calculating for at least a fortnight's service. Even the villages which here and there are to be found on the banks of the great rivers are sometimes supplied from a great distance, especially during the dry season, when the tides are very powerful."—*Stocqueler.*

A writer in the *New York Sun* describes how a surveying party, of which he was a member, was impeded and annoyed by alligators in the mouths of the Ganges. These reptiles, he says, several times attacked their boats in broad daylight, and they lived in constant dread of them. One evening as a party of six (two whites and four natives) were returning in a boat from exploring a lagoon, alligators began to rise to the surface around them in great numbers, and they landed on an island to save themselves. "I do not believe," the writer says, "I exaggerate in the least when I say that there were two hundred and fifty of the saurians splashing about us when we landed. Indeed, the two of us were using our firearms to keep 'em off while the natives pulled for the shore. We had two double-barrelled shot-guns, but not over a dozen charges of ammunition, and we used half of those before the boat landed. The island was a bit of spongy land not over fifty feet across, with three or four small trees growing in the centre. I had never seen the natives so badly rattled. The moment the boat touched the ground they sprang ashore and ran to the centre of the island; and, in their haste to abandon the craft, two of the oars were allowed to go overboard and float away. It seemed for a moment as if the reptiles meant to crawl right over us; but the flash of the guns and the death of three or four of them produced something of a scare, and after a bit they drew away from the boat. I stood up on the thwart and looked around in the twilight, and it seemed to me that the water all around the little island was alive with our enemies. They swam here and there, they turned and twisted and lashed the water; and the odour from their bodies and the mud soon became almost unbearable. It was plain enough that we could not stop long on that bit of land, and we called to the natives to return to the boat and be off. The poor wretches had no courage left, and they began to cry and whimper like children. We threatened to turn our guns on them if they did not obey orders, and then they came running to the boat. The oars which had gone overboard had floated away and could not be recovered,

that down the Bhagaruttee. The passage of this river is often obstructed by sands. These are removed yearly, after the annual rains, when the river has somewhat fallen. A heavy toll on all boats passing up or down is said to be levied by the Government, which appears, however, to do little to keep the stream clear for navigation, as great expense is now frequently incurred in obtaining assistance to help them over the shallows.

The rise of the Bhagaruttee during the rains always inundates the villages near it, even deluviating some lands

and when they discovered this the most intelligent of them said: 'You do not understand these reptiles. They are so fierce and hungry, and are so bold by night, that they will even climb into the boat. Any one can upset us by a blow of his tail.' 'What would you advise?' I asked. 'That all go ashore and to the other end of the island. We will attract the crocodiles to that locality, and then return here in all haste and row away.' The plan was the only one which promised relief, and in two minutes after it was proposed we were hurrying to the lower end of the island. The saurians pursued us in both channels, thrashing the water in a terrible way, and we had scarcely stopped when a full score of them attempted to land, and would have done so had we not driven them back by the fire of our guns. The four natives removed their hats and shirts, rolled them into four respective bundles, and at a signal these were tossed far out into the lagoon. There was a terrific rush of the reptiles, and at the same moment we skurried for the boat and pushed off. We had nicely outwitted the enemy, and as we started away the two oarsmen pulled a stout stroke. We were three hundred feet from the island, and almost in the river, when there was a sudden shock which threw us all down, and two of the natives went overboard. We had struck a snag and stove our boat, and the water rushed in so fast that she swamped inside of two minutes. The four natives set up a dismal wail, and started off in a body to swim to the island. Had they swum quietly they might have reached it; but the poor fellows were half-crazed with fear, and they splashed the water about and kept up a sort of wailing, and the alligators were at once put on the scent. 'Great God! but we are to be eaten alive!' gasped my companion, as the boat settled down with us. 'Don't follow,' I warned, as he prepared to strike out after the natives. 'If we have any show at all, it is in drifting out into the river with the boat.' The gunwales of the boat were awash, and we were both in the water clinging to the craft, he on one side and I on the other. There was a sluggish current there, but we had not drifted thirty feet from the snag when we heard the shrieks and screams of the natives as the reptiles rushed upon them. There was a terrible fight over the victims, and the waves kicked up helped to drive us from the locality and were probably the means of saving our lives. After the first few words neither of us spoke. Any attempt to cheer and encourage would have been a mockery. The moment we were sighted by a saurian our time had come. As we drifted slowly along one passed me by not more than ten feet, as he made for the island, and for a few seconds I was blind with terror. Foot by foot we drifted away, and at length struck the current of the river, and it was not five minutes later when a boat from the steamer picked us up. They had heard the firing and knew that we were in trouble, but had come too late to save our helpers from a terrible death."

(after the manner of the Ganges), and removing the land-marks; thus occasioning great annual disputes among the proprietors of the soil, as it is difficult to identify their particular property. Endless litigation, and perjury, and robbery are the result.

At the branching-off of the Bhagaruttee from the Ganges stands Sooti, in the neighbourhood of which a battle was fought, in 1763, between the British forces and Meer Cossim.

The town of Jungeepore on the right bank, and Gurka and Kidderpore opposite, on the left, are the next objects of notice. When the East India Company kept their own silk factories, Jungeepore was the chief of them. Lord Valentia in 1802 speaks of it as "employing three thousand persons." On their giving up the trade, this factory was purchased from them by a Mr. Lauraletto, who, though the Company actually lost by the speculation, has found it a very profitable one.

The way in which the silk-producing business is transacted is very curious, and may be interesting to the reader. A certain sum of money is paid in advance by the proprietor of the factory to a native agent, who contracts with a worm-breeder to supply a particular quantity of cocoon, and advances him a sufficient sum to enable him to buy food for his worms, which the latter does from a person who makes the cultivation of the mulberry his business. When the cocoons are ready, they are brought to the factory by the worm-breeder. But it often happens that the hopes of the speculator are blasted, and the worms nearly all die; in which case the manufacturer loses the greater part of, if not all, the money he advanced. The system is considered a bad one; and speculators are beginning to see this; for some have adopted a new plan, which is, to advance no money, but to purchase the cocoons of the worm-breeders when brought to the factory. It is difficult to understand why they did not do this long ago. It would have prevented the great losses many have sustained, and stimulated the industry and care of the worm-breeders.

The women who come to the river for water, and also to bathe here, present a peculiarly graceful aspect. The scene is well described by "A Pilgrim in Search of the Picturesque":* "I was much amused watching the women bathing. They

* Mrs. Fanny Parkes.

wade into the stream, wash their dresses, and put them on again all wet, as they stand in the water; wash their hair and their bodies, retaining all the time some part of their drapery, which assumes the most classical appearance. They wear their hair fastened behind in the Grecian fashion, large silver nose rings, a great number of ivory bracelets on their arms, with a pair of very large silver bangles on the wrists, and massive ornaments of silver on their ankles; their drapery, white, with perhaps an edge of some gay colour; bright brass vessels, for water, or of porous red earthenware, in which they carry back the river water to their dwellings. Having bathed, they repeat their prayers, with their hands, palm to palm, raised to their faces, and turning in pooja to particular points. After sipping the water a certain number of times, taking it up in their hands, they trip away in their wet drapery, which dries as they walk. The skin of the women in Bengal is of a better tinge than that of the up-country women. They are small, well-formed, and particularly graceful in their movements."

As we pass down the Bhagaruttee the river views are exceedingly varied and beautiful.

Among the birds of Lower Bengal, besides the lordly peacock (often almost domesticated, and much honoured) and some others we have already mentioned, are the noisy serpent-eagle, the white-tailed and the grey-backed sea-eagles, the cormorant, the Indian snake-bird (often to be seen floating on the water, with only its head and neck visible), the purple heron, the pond heron, the bittern, the spoonbill, the white and the shell ibis, the kingfisher of various species, the black-bird, the hawk cuckoo (whose loud crescendo notes, "*Pipeeah, pipeeah, pipeeah!*"* repeated several times, each time higher than the last, till they become exceedingly loud and shrill, are heard in the season in every garden and avenue), the Indian cuckoo, the pleasantly-chirruping and lively hill-bulbul, the purple honey-sucker, the water-cock (a shrill crier and furious fighter), the pretty yellow-breasted wren warbler, the lesser reed-warbler, the (well-named) Bengal Babbler† (one

* So Jerdan gives it; but Elliott, *why-wheeha.*

† "Also called the 'Seven Brothers,' or 'Seven Sisters,' from being always found in a company of about that number. The flock is constantly on the move, now upon the ground, then on a tree; when one starts, all

of the most chattering and noisiest birds in India), the marsh babbler (with flute-like note), the blue-throated barbet, the wax-bill (a pleasant singer and fighting bird), the ruddy and the blue-breasted rail, the hoopoe, the palm-swift (to be found wherever the cocoa-nut palm is seen), and the mischievous magpie.*

February 12th.—Reach the large and famous city of Moorshedabad, which extends for some eight miles along both banks of the Bhagaruttee. It is said to have been founded by Akbar, and to have rapidly risen to importance. From 1704, when it became the seat of Mahommedan Government, until the British took possession of Bengal (a period of about fifty years), it was the metropolitan city of the province. Hence, as history informs us, Suraj-u-Dowlah, the cruel and infamous Viceroy in Bengal of the Great Mogul, sent forth against the small English fort and factory at Cossimbazaar, and subsequently against our little fort at Calcutta, an expedition which ended in the discomfiture of both garrisons, and the imprisonment of the remnant of the defenders of Fort William in the Black Hole; after which he returned, dragging the survivors in chains, to Moorshedabad, whither Clive, "the Avenger," eventually followed him, and defeated him at Plassey (25 miles distant). Suraj-u-Dowlah (it will be remembered) fled,† but was brought back and put to death,

the rest follow it, one after the other, making generally but a short flight of not more than forty or fifty yards at a time; and when alighted they hold a sort of consultation, hopping and chattering about all the time, till, after a few minutes, they move up to another tree, and so on for the greater part of the day, rarely staying for more than half an hour in the same place."—*Birds of India.*

* "Mr. Smith says he has known this bird enter a covered verandah of a house, and nip off half a dozen young geraniums, visit a cage of small birds, begin by stealing the grain, and end by killing and eating the birds, and repeating these visits daily, till destroyed. Mr. Buckland informs me that he has known it enter a verandah and catch bats. It has a variety of notes: the usual harsh cry of the magpie; a clear, whistling, somewhat metallic call, which Sundevall syllabizes into *Kohlee-oh-koor*, or *Kohlee-oh*, the Bengalees into *Kotee*; and it has also a feeble, indistinct note at the pairing season, which the male utters, and the female responds to in a sort of chuckle.—*Jerdan.*

† The close of his career was dramatic, and affords an illustration of an avenging Providence overtaking a cruel and remorseless tyrant: "On July 2nd Meer Jaffier received the glad tidings that he had been taken at Rajmahal, through the information of a poor fakir, or dervish, who had recognised him in his disguise, having had good reason to remember the person of the tyrant, inasmuch as he had been deprived of his ears about

by the son of his successor, in his own palace. And here, in Moorshedabad, Clive placed Meer Jaffier, who had aided in the overthrow of his master, on the musnud. "This city," said Clive, "is as extensive, populous, and rich as the city of London." He found the vaults of the palace piled with heaps of gold and silver, and quantities of rubies and diamonds. The first instalment of the indemnity was at once claimed by the English; "in addition to which Clive had taken or accepted from Meer Jaffier, as his own private reward, about £200,000 sterling, or, according to his own statement, £160,000. The money filled 700 chests, embarked in 100 boats; which proceeded, under the care of soldiers, to Nuddea, whence they were escorted to Fort William by all the boats of the English squadron (which had been sent from Madras and Bombay), with banners flying and music sounding; a scene of triumph and joy; and a remarkable contrast to the scene of the preceding year, when Suraj-u-Dowlah had ascended the same stream triumphant from the conquest and plunder of Calcutta."*

Moorshedabad, while so extensive, is but meanly built, and is reputed unhealthy; and though still the principal Civil Station of the district, and a place of extensive inland traffic, has lost many of its commercial advantages through the

thirteen months before by order of this nabob. This earless wight led a brother of Meer Jaffier, who was residing at Rajmahal, to the fugitive's hiding-place, and Suraj-u-Dowlah was seized, and hastily conveyed by a strong guard back to Moorshedabad. At the hour of midnight he was brought, like a felon, into the presence of Meer Jaffier, in the palace which had so recently been his own. He behaved in the most abject manner, crawling in the dust at the new nabob's feet, weeping and praying for mercy. It is said that Meer Jaffier, moved both by contempt and pity, intended to spare his life; but that Meeran, his son, as vile and ferocious a scoundrel as the fallen nabob, insisted that he ought to be put to death, to render the musnud and his succession to it the more secure. The victim was carried off by the soldiers to a distant chamber, the vilest in the palace, and there secured, with a guard at the door. Before the day dawned Meeran sent a trusty servant and assassin to the chamber with an order to the guard to make an end of the prisoner. As the door flew open, Suraj-u-Dowlah saw the intention and fell into an agony of fear and horror. When he could speak he implored for a short respite to make his ablutions like a true Mussulman, and say his prayers, in order that his soul might not perish with his body. There chanced to be a pot of water close at hand, and while the water was trickling to the earth Meeran's servant plunged a dagger into his body. The soldiers finished the butchery with their swords, and in the course of the following day the mangled remains of Suraj-u-Dowlah were exposed on an elephant in the streets of Moorshedabad, and then deposited in the tomb of his predecessor."—*MacFarlane.*

* *MacFarlane.*

silting up of the river, and seems decaying. It is famous for its silk manufacture, its boat-building, and its carved ivory work. The principal object of attraction is the new Palace of the Nabob, a magnificent structure of dazzling whiteness, standing amid stately groves of flowering trees, and supposed to have cost about £200,000; a suitable residence, perhaps, for a British pensioner—for such His Highness now is—on an allowance of £160,000 a year. Some remains of the stately Palace of Black Marble from the ruins of Gour, built by Suraj-u-Dowlah, are still to be seen. On the right bank is the Nabobs' Cemetery.*

The river presents a scene of great animation. Numerous fine boats of elegant form, especially near the palace, cover the stream; and various craft in great numbers move to and fro.

Five miles beyond the new palace of Moorshedabad, on the left bank of the river, stands Berhampore, a large Military and Civil Station,† exceedingly beautiful in appearance, and abounding in noble trees of luxuriant growth. The barracks are well laid out and handsomely built, with a grand square and spacious parade ground; they are, perhaps, the finest in India, and have been occupied by European troops. But, alas! the beauty of Berhampore is like that of the serpent: from its low and moist situation its climate has proved most deadly,‡ and to this the graveyard bears indisputable and touching evidence. Two very different characters are interred here among the multitude: George Thomas, the Irish rajah of Hurrianah (whose adventures are said to have formed the basis of Sir Walter Scott's story of "The Surgeon's Daughter"); § and "Little Henry," the subject of Mrs. Sherwood's well-known tale.

* "As an illustration of the spirit of Mahommedan rule, it is said that the nabobs of Moorshedabad used to confine men, for arrears of revenue, to *a house of bugs.*"—*Chunder.*

† HERE THE SEPOY MUTINY OF 1857 MAY BE SAID TO HAVE COMMENCED. "On February 26th the 19th Bengal Infantry, quartered at this Station, being directed to parade for exercise with blank ammunition refused to obey the command, and in the course of the following night turned out with a great noise of drumming and shouting, broke open the *bells* of arms, and committed other acts of open mutiny. By order of the Governor-General the regiment was disarmed, marched down to Barrackpore, and there disbanded."

‡ Berhampore has been so much improved by sanitary measures that it is now regarded as second to no spot in Bengal for salubrity.

§ See page 244.

A silk manufactory is carried on at Berhampore, and here the famous bandana handkerchiefs are manufactured.

As we are approaching the end of our journey, and shall soon be taking leave, for awhile, of the Country, we may now fitly introduce our Anglo-Indian poet, Major Calder Campbell's *

"FAREWELL TO INDIA.

"Let me unclasp the book of love, and show how fair thou art
To such as leave—like me—their mark within a friendly heart;
For, like the wind-harp, answering each breeze that wanders by,
A tone of all the past is brought by each fond memory.

"The jungle, with its tortile tracks—the forest with its flowers—
The rough ravine where craftily the lurking libbard cowers—
The tiger's dark and dreaded den, beside the nulla's bed—
The woods where elephants are found, 'neath graceful bamboos spread.

"The topes of dark-green tamarinds, full-podded through each bough—
The fertile marsh, where fields of rice in emerald ridges grow—
And groves of mango, freighted well with globes of luscious taste—
And orange arbours, rich in fruits, by richer flowers embraced.

"The tall palmyra on the sand, a vegetable dome—
The feathery cocoa, with its nuts and wine of silvery foam—
The wild wood-apple's spicy leaves—the banyan's broad arcade,
Where holy mendicants with snakes divide the tent-like shade.

"The shaddock bowers, the moorgra clumps, whose breath is like a draught;
The sombre thirdoo fane, whence floods of gummy incense waft—
The painted shrine, where Brahmins kneel and lay in reverence down
Sweet powders, peacocks' plumes, rich oils, and many a floral crown.

"The Moslem's haughtier place of prayer, the mosque which gleams afar,
With many a clustering cupola, and many a white minar—
These swell the solemn symphony of the muezzin's cry,
Who, in the darkness of the night, says, 'FEAR NOT!—*God is nigh!*'

"I'll think of all! The tombs lit up with lamps and lily-buds—
The playful squirrel on the tree—the monkey in the woods—
The harmless lizard on the walls—the mongoose frisking by—
Oh! all, when I am far away, shall rise to memory's eye!

"'Tis ever thus, 'tis ever thus!—The past is aye the best;
An absent spot is sweetest still—most loved the absent breast;
And there are some I leave behind whom I may never see,
More dear to this sad heart of mine than others e'er can be!

* See p. 84.

Seventy miles more—it is a long way round by water—and we behold the glorious field of PLASSEY,* where that famous battle was fought of which we have just spoken, which "transformed the East India Company from merchants to Sovereigns," and gave into our hands Bengal, Bahar, and Orissa, and eventually all India. It is said that there is *one* tree left of the memorable mango grove in which Clive encamped the evening before the engagement, and where he decided, after the Council of War which had negatived the proposal, to encounter the foe. We need hardly remind the reader that the following day—June 23rd, 1757—four thousand British troops under Clive defeated here an army of fifty thousand Native soldiers.

A little farther on the Adji, or Adgar, river (the Amystis of Megasthenes) joins the Bhagaruttee. Near this stands the town of Cutwa, famous as a place of pilgrimage, for various events in Hindoo history,† for a hard-fought battle between the English and Meer Cossim Ali in 1753, and for its manufactories of silks, muslins, and cloth. Passing Dawangunge, once a commercial mart, but now only a fuel depôt, we arrive off Nuddea, a large and ancient village, once—on the *original* site—a fine town, the capital of a Native Principality; and, in *very* old time, of Bengal itself;‡ celebrated as "the Oxford of India," and the scene of the life and labours of the great teacher Choitunya (who is worshipped by some as a god), and as the seat (in Bengal) of Hindoo orthodoxy. Numerous tales, legends, and traditions refer to it. Nearly all our great Oriental scholars, including Sir William Jones, Drs. Carey,

* See "*Clive's Dream before the Battle of Plassey*," by H. G. Keene. It appears that the battlefield has since our visit been entirely swept away by the river.

† "The retreat of Ali Verdikhan, in 1742, before a large army of Mahrattas, under Bhaskur Pundit, from Midnapore to Cutwa, through a mining country, without any food for his troops but grass and leaves of trees, and any shelter from the heavy rains, has been remarked to parallel the 'Retreat of the Ten Thousand' under Xenophon."—*Baboo Chunder.*

A peculiar custom prevails in Cutwa. It is usual for the women of the lower classes to parade the streets when people are married, and sing nuptial songs.

‡ "It was from Nuddea that the last Hindoo King of Bengal, on the approach of the Mahommedan invader in 1203, fled from his palace in the middle of dinner, as the story runs, with his sandals snatched up in his hand."—*Hunter.*

Wilson, and Leyden, have visited it;* and Dr. Carey speaks of it as "the bulwark of heathenism, which if once carried, all the rest of the country must be laid open to us." The population, we are told, is still chiefly Hindoo.† *The number of Brahmin bulls is also very great, and they have peculiar honours paid them.* Here was formerly a Brahmins' Sanscrit College, but as it was considered to be of a very inferior character, the British Government in 1821 established in the stead of it a similar one at Tirhoot, the present Sanscrit College of Calcutta. At Nuddea the Jelinghee and Bhagaruttee rivers unite to form the broad and stately HOOGHLY, the most commercially important channel by which the Ganges enters the Bay of Bengal.‡

This neighbourhood abounds with monkeys, regarded here, as elsewhere, as *objects of worship.* "I was about," says a Missionary,§ "to enter the court of a large (monkey) temple at Nuddea, when the officiating Brahmin said, 'No person must visit the court of Huniman' (the monkey god) 'with his shoes on.' I reasoned with him, and he became very abusive; but at length, after patiently bearing his attack with calmness and composure, we were permitted to enter with our shoes on, and were requested to make an offering to the monkeys, either of fruit or sweetmeats, plenty of which were for sale at the gates of the enclosure; but this we declined." On another occasion he adds: "In passing up the country, when near to Nuddea, I happened to stroll into a bamboo tope or jungle, when the boat had put to for the night. I had

* Baboo Chunder, to whom we are indebted for these particulars, adds; "The Brahmins heard Dr. Wilson with great wonder speak the Sanscrit language fluently. In the midst of his speech he chanced to quote a passage from the Vedas, on which the Brahmins closed their ears against him, but the doctor good-humouredly reminded them, 'Well, sirs, don't you know that your Veda remains no Veda when it is uttered by a Mletcha?'"

† "Nuddea still produces an annual almanac regulating the principal festivals, journeys, and pilgrimages, launchings of boats, sowings of corn, reapings of harvests, and celebrations of marriages, in half Bengal."—*Chunder.*

‡ "A special staff is appointed to watch and control the movements of the Hooghly and its associated rivers; and it is due to the careful attention thus paid to the head waters of the Hooghly that Calcutta has not shared the fate of almost every other deltaic capital in India, and been shut off from the sea by the silting up of the river on which its prosperity depends. —*Hunter.*

§ Mr. Statham.

not advanced far, before I heard a terrible uproar all around, and was not a little alarmed, on looking up, to behold a whole army of the largest species of monkeys making towards me from all quarters. Some jumped on the ground before me, others swung by the bamboos over my head, and many closed up the path in my rear. Several females had young ones clinging to them, but this did not seem to render them less agile than the others. A few of the largest, and apparently the oldest, chattered for about half a minute together, then the whole tribe responded, all closing nearer to me at every chatter. What to do I knew not; however, I hallooed as loud as I could to make my people hear, and to my great comfort the monkeys retreated a few paces every time I did so; this encouraged me to persevere, but I perceived that when I began to retreat they closed upon me again, without being affected by my noise. Once more I stood still, and gave a tremendous shout, when back they went again. I gained full twenty yards this time, before they came jumping round; and just as I was about to commence another call, my hopes were raised in beholding a poor decrepid old woman come hobbling through the midst of them, with whom they seemed to be very familiar, as she shook two or three by the paws as she passed them; but no sooner had she come within hearing, than she opened a torrent of abuse against me for disturbing the sacred animals in their retirement, and motioned me, with almost frantic gestures, to depart quickly, her tongue never ceasing till I was quite out of hearing. I was not long in fulfilling her commands, as the monkeys all seemed implicitly to obey her bidding, and made a way for my retreat. When I quitted the jungle I met my servant, who said he was coming to tell me not to disturb the monkeys, as Huniman owned that bamboo grove, the old woman being employed by the Brahmins to give them food every day; and that they were worshipped by all the people in the country round, who brought offerings of rice and sweetmeats to them continually."

Near Nuddea is Krishnagur, a Station since 1831 of the Church Missionary Society, which proved very successful, and which Christian benevolence to the sufferers from the famine of 1838 greatly promoted, so that some three thousand people placed themselves under instruction; and when Bishop

Wilson visited Krishnagur no less than nine hundred converts were baptised.

Eleven miles more bring us to the steam works of Dhobah. Here excellent sugar is made from canes grown in the district, which are extensively cultivated, and very productive. A little beyond this, on the left bank, stands Culna, and the cemetery (if it can be so called) of the Rajahs of Burdwan, where a thousand priests are supported,* and which consists of a house of sepulture (in which *a bone* † of every deceased member of the Royal Family is deposited), together with several noble buildings and lofty temples—the latter arranged in two circles, one within the other, enclosing a large circular paved courtyard, and forming a grand amphitheatre—and where there is also an almshouse in which several hundred beggars are daily fed; the whole establishment being maintained, as it has been created, at the expense of the Rajahs of Burdwan.† Culna is noted also for its indigo and sugar factories. Santipore, a little beyond, is a town of ancient origin and some celebrity.

Numerous rafts of timber are seen here proceeding down the river, each raft under the care of two men, and accompanied by a boat hollowed out of a tree.

At the junction of the MATABANGAH, twenty miles lower down, is Chandah, the village in which the aged and sick find refuge who, after having been carried to the banks of the Ganges, and left there to die, manage to crawl away.‡ They

* We have already noticed, (page 68), the generosity of the Rajah of Burdwan towards the Brahmins. We learn that when the Rajah lost his mother, a great funeral feast was held, and five hundred Brahmins received gifts, some of them princely donations, such as an elephant with a magnificent howdah, a splendid horse richly caparisoned, silver vessels, sums of money, etc. One hundred and twenty thousand beggars assembled on the occasion, all of whom got presents to the value of one shilling, and children sixpence a head. "I went," says Mr. Weitbrecht, "to see the vast congregation, and found it difficult to make my way through the streets of Burdwan. It was near sunset, and as the swarms arrived they were packed into spacious courtyards and other open places, and penned in by fences of bamboos, like cattle. The distribution lasted all night, and one hundred thousand rupees were thus thrown away."

† "They show you here the bone of the last Rajah, wrapt up in a rich cloth. It is regarded as if the Rajah was living himself, and is placed on a velvet *musnud* with cushions, and silver salvers, tumblers, hookahs, rose-water and other holders in front of the seat, just as the late Rajah used to sit with all the paraphernalia of state about him."—*Chunder.*

‡ See page 58.

form a distinct community, as no one will associate with them.

Opposite Chandah is Bullagar, a rendezvous of Gossains, Kulins, and others; and near it Goopteeparah, another seat of Hindoo learning, which has produced some remarkable scholars, but is even more famous for its monkeys than for its Pundits. It has become a national proverb that to ask a man whether he comes from Goopteeparah is as much as to call him a monkey. Rajah Krishna Chunder Roy is said to have procured monkeys from thence, and to have *married them* * at Krishnagur, on which occasion he invited Pundits from Nuddea, Goopteeparah, Ula, and Santipore, and incurred an expense of about half a lac (£5000) for the nuptials.

Bandel, Hooghly, and Chinsurah join each other, stretching pleasantly along the western bank of the river, and are passed in regular succession. The first—once a Portuguese settlement, and the place in which Dr. Carey took up his abode soon after his arrival in India—is famous for an ancient Church, the *earliest* Christian Church erected in Bengal (1599), on which guns have been mounted, making it indeed appear to be a "Church *militant*." The second also is supposed to have been founded by the Portuguese, in 1537, and was once a place of great commercial consequence; the French, English, Dutch, and Danes, as well as Portuguese, having each had factories there. It is celebrated as the scene of a serious conflict between the Moguls and Portuguese in 1632, when the former besieged the town, of which the latter were then in possession; for fourteen weeks all offers of compromise were rejected; it was then taken with great slaughter. It was also the scene of the first battle fought in Bengal by our own troops, about fifty years after. Hooghly is likewise famous for a very noble and very curious mosque, most richly decorated; besides which it has a College (founded by Government on a legacy bequeathed for this purpose by a Mahommedan), where English, Arabic and Persian are taught. Hooghly is yet more distinguished as THE FIRST PLACE IN INDIA IN WHICH, IN 1778, THE PRINTING PRESS WAS SET UP.†

* See page 141.

† Baboo Chunder rightly says: "No circumstance should render the name of Hooghly so memorable as its being the place where was first set up in our country the Press, which Bulwer emphatically calls 'our second

Chinsurah is a Military Station which we have already visited. Each of these places is noted for supplying some particular article of consumption. Bandel gives excellent cheese; Hooghly, ice; and Chinsurah, as is well known, cheroots.

And now we reach the French settlement of Chandernagore, which occupies a fine elevated position on the right bank of the Hooghly, was founded by the French in 1676, and was for a time the rival of Calcutta; was taken by Clive and Admiral Watson in 1757, after a protracted and bloody defence; and was restored to the French in 1816. It presents, however, but a poor spectacle. The silting up of the river seems to have deprived it of whatever commercial advantages it may formerly have had. Even in Heber's day, the good Bishop said, "The houses are mostly small, and the streets presented a remarkable picture of solitude and desolation. I saw no boats loading or unloading at the quay, no porters with burdens in the streets, no carts, no market people, and, in fact, only a small native bazaar and a few dismal-looking European shops. In the streets I met two or three Europeans smoking cigars, and apparently with very little to do, having almost all the characteristic features and appearance of Frenchmen." It seems to be much the same now, "*only more so.*"

The German settlement and port of Bankipore once stood yonder, but it is now altogether obliterated.

We have reached Barrackpore, the Military Station of Calcutta,* and the country seat of the Governor-General, sixteen miles only from the metropolis by water. The view from the river is a charming one—trees, lawns, gardens, fine houses; and the view *of* the river from the land, with the

Saviour.' It was put up in 1778 by Messrs. Halhed and Wilkins, on the occasion of the publication of a Bengalee Grammar by the first of these two gentlemen. From that year was Hindoo literature emancipated, and emancipated for ever, from the mystification and falsification of the Brahmins. The great event is scarcely remembered, and has not been thought worth taking notice of by any of our historians, though it has done far more for our civilisation and well-being than can be hoped for from railroads and telegraphs."

Our English schools are flourishing wonderfully. "At the single town of Hooghly," writes Macaulay, "fourteen hundred boys are learning English."

* Six regiments of Native Infantry are stationed here; and with the Artillery at Dum-Dum, and the Garrison of Fort William, constitute the Presidency Division of the Army of Bengal.

opposite shore, and the numerous boats passing up and down the stream, must be equally delightful. Job Charnock, the founder of Calcutta, erected a bungalow here for himself in 1689, and successive Governors and Governors-General have since continued to resort to Barrackpore on account of its salubrity, beauty, and convenient position.* The Viceregal Palace was founded by Lord Wellesley, but is of no overwhelming grandeur. It has a fine park of two hundred and fifty acres stretching for a mile along the margin of the river, and also a menagerie. It was at Barrackpore that, in 1824, the Sepoy Regiment which refused to embark for Burmah was subjected to a discharge of grapeshot—a measure that at once checked the rising mutiny.†

On the other side of the river stands the Danish ‡ town of Serampore, presenting a complete contrast to Chandernagore in the neatness and even elegance of its appearance. Like the French settlement, it has ceased to be a commercial port; but will always retain its celebrity as the little harbour of refuge for the Christian Missionaries of England when British India was closed against them, and as the place where the first Native church in Bengal was planted.§ There, in "a centre of the Vishnoo-worship of Jagganath, second only to that of Poonee in all India," did the now famous Dr. William Carey, "the Father and Founder of Modern Missions," who was afterwards joined by Marshman, Ward, and others, live and labour from 1793 till his death in 1834; and there did the little band, "whose literary achievements," says Bishop Heber,

* Lord Auckland established a native school at Barrackpore, and left funds for its support.

† It is remarkable that in the Mutiny of 1857 *the first blood was spilt at this Station* (on March 29th), when an intoxicated sepoy named Mungal Pandy (from whom the insurgents generally derived the name of "Pandies," afterwards given them by our soldiery), attacked and wounded one of his officers.

‡ The Danes about two years before the Battle of Plassey were allowed by the Nabob to purchase some twenty acres of land, on which they founded this settlement, which gradually became a port of trade. In the war between England and Denmark it was taken possession of by the British (May 8th, 1801), but subsequently relinquished; in a similar case was again seized on Jan. 28th, 1808, when its commerce received a blow from which it has never since recovered, though it was restored to Denmark in 1815. (The settlement was eventually purchased by our Government in 1845.)

§ To Denmark belongs the honour of having equipped and sent forth the first Protestant Mission to India, which was stationed at Tranquebar.

"have excited the admiration of all Europe," address themselves to the prodigious task of first mastering the principal languages of India, and then of translating into them the Holy Scriptures, casting founts of type for printing the same, and printing, publishing, and circulating them.* There, while maintaining themselves, after a little while, by their own exertions, and subsequently contributing largely for many years to the expenses of their mission, did they—besides carrying on this grand work, and constantly preaching the Gospel—establish Schools and Missionary Stations in different parts of the Presidency, print and circulate tracts in the vernacular languages, and found the now famous College for giving a superior education to the children of Christian converts and training Native Preachers. Dr. Carey, as we have said,† held the distinguished

* "Only fourteen years have elapsed," wrote Southey in 1809, in the *Quarterly Review*, since Thomas and Carey set foot in India, and in that time have these missionaries done more towards spreading a knowledge of the Scriptures among the heathen than has been accomplished, or even attempted, by all the princes and potentates of the world—and all the universities and establishments into the bargain." "The whole number of completely translated and published versions of the Sacred Scriptures which Carey sent forth before his death, with the help of his brethren, was twenty-eight," says Dr. George Smith, in his "Life of Carey." "Of these seven included the whole Bible, and twenty-one contained the books of the New Testament. Each translation has a history, a spiritual romance of its own. Each became almost immediately a silent, but effectual missionary to the peoples of Asia, as well as the scholarly and literary pioneer of those later editions and versions from which the native churches of farther Asia derive the materials of their lively growth."

Dr. Smith further observes: "In 1825 Carey completed his great "Dictionary of Bengali and English," in three quarto volumes, abridged two years afterwards. No language, not even in Europe, could show a work of such industry, ambition, and philological completeness at that time. Professor H. H. Wilson declared that it must ever be regarded as a standard authority, especially because of its etymological references to the Sanskrit." It may be added that from the Serampore Mission House (where he had himself laid out and planted five acres of ground on the Linnæan system) Carey first issued a prospectus, in 1820, of an *Agricultural and Horticultural Society in India*, which led to the formation, and, under the patronage and continued support of the Government to the present day, the establishment of that well-known society; which became the model, moreover, of the Royal Agricultural Society of England (founded 1838). He led the way in the publication of those *Transactions* which gave rise to a series of special periodicals representing Indian agriculture generally, tea and forestry, and probably to the existing economic Museums by the various Governments of India, and of the Revenue and Agricultural Department by the Supreme Government. His influence, more than that of any other one man, at last prevailed to put out for ever the murderous pyre of *SATI*; and he did not rest till he had brought about the establishment of a *LEPER ASYLUM* in Calcutta.

† See page 61.

appointment of Professor of Oriental languages in the College of Fort William from 1800 to 1830, a noble instance of the power of intellect, devotion, and zeal, to accomplish apparent impossibilities. He was also a great example of humility. While occupying this eminent position, and dining one day at Barrackpore with the Governor-General, he overheard one of the guests, a general in the army, inquiring of his aides-de-camp whether Dr. Carey had not once been a shoemaker; on which he stepped forward, and exclaimed, "No, sir—only a cobbler." "I do not know," said Wilberforce, "a greater instance of the moral sublime than that a poor cobbler, working in his stall, should conceive the idea of converting the Hindoos to Christianity,—yet such was Dr. Carey."*

Under the care of Carey and his brother Missionaries Serampore became, and continues to be,† THE PRINCIPAL ORIENTAL TYPE-FOUNDRY OF THE EAST. From the Serampore press issued on May 31st, 1818, THE FIRST NEWSPAPER EVER PRINTED IN ANY ORIENTAL LANGUAGE, the *Samachar Dapran*, and, subsequently, the FRIEND OF INDIA, which, first published as a monthly and then as a quarterly magazine, eventually became the well-known weekly which has obtained so large a circulation. It may be added that THE FIRST STEAM ENGINE EVER ERECTED IN INDIA WAS SET UP AT SERAMPORE, where it was employed in the manufacture of paper for the mission; which manufacture has led to the introduction of an entirely new paper, known as "Serampore" all over India, possessing, it would seem, the invaluable property of being impervious to insects.‡

* Carey outlived nearly all who were associated with him in the establishment of his mission: Fuller, Sutcliff, Pearce, Fawcett, Ryland, amongst those at home; and Thomas, Ward, Chamberlain, and others, who had been his fellow-labourers in the work abroad. He died on June 9th, 1834, at Serampore, where his tomb may yet be seen. During his lifetime his great attainments and distinguished merits called forth honourable recognition from scientific societies; men of the highest position in the service of the State, such as the Marquis of Wellesley, Lord Hastings, and Lord William Bentinck, appreciated and extolled his worth; and Robert Hall, John Foster, and other eminent authors, have expressed their admiration of his work and character.

† It remained so *till* 1869.

‡ "Native paper, whether mill or hand made, being sized with rice-paste, attracted the bookworm and white ant, so that, as Mr. J. Marshman tells us, *the first sheets of a work which lingered in the press were often devoured by these insects before the last sheets were printed off.* Carey used to preserve his most valuable manuscripts by writing on arsenicated

We pass on. Among the men whom Carey drew to India —"perhaps the loftiest and most loving spirit of them all"— was the lamented Henry Martyn, to whom we have already referred. Near Serampore stands the interesting old pagoda "Aldeen"—now, alas! on its way to ruin—in which, soon after his arrival, he took up his residence for a while, in order that he might enjoy a cool retirement, and at the same time be near his friend, the Rev. David Brown, Senior Chaplain and provost of Fort William College, who resided in the house still standing hard by. The pagoda, *which had been a temple of Radhabullub*, one of the most popular of the Hindoo gods, but was deserted in consequence of the encroachment of the river, had been secured by Mr. Brown in the purchase of some land, and fitted up as a Christian oratory for Martyn. There Clergy and Baptist Missionaries united in prayer for a blessing on their several labours; *there* Brown, Corrie (afterwards first Bishop of Madras), and Parsons met Martyn before he started for his post at Dinapore. There, for years afterwards, Carey and his Nonconformist friends, with Claudius Buchanan and other members of the Church of England, often met; and there Martyn himself came once again, worn out with toil at Dinapore and Cawnpore, on his way to Persia.* It has ever since been a place of interest to Christian visitors, and will doubtless remain so as long as it stands.

We pass Tittaghur and its sylvan dwellings, and Cossipore,† with its villas, foundries,‡ and factories. *We are drawing near the end of our river journey.* We have pursued our route day by day, now sailing, now hauled along, on the broad but oft shallow Ganges, amid numerous vessels of all sorts and sizes passing up and down the stream, among shoals and sand-

paper, which became a hideous yellow colour; though it is to this alone we owe the preservation in the library of Serampore College of five colossal volumes of a polyglot dictionary prepared by his pundits for the Bible translation work."—*Smith's "Life of Carey."* (See page 50.)

* See "Life of Sir John Malcolm."

† "I am now sitting at my window at Cossipore in the drawing-room, which opens upon a verandah. The Hooghly is flowing by with its turbid waters. The opposite shore is all jungle, rice fields, and bamboos. The river is crowded with boats, with their tiny ragged sails. The baggage heavy boats are of the same construction as in the time of Alexander the Great, and the shoutings of the coolies loading and unloading the vessels give a liveliness to the scene."—*Bishop Daniel Wilson.*

‡ Here is the great Government Foundry for the supply of brass ordnance for the whole of India.

banks, and swarming alligators, and with so many interruptions that, leaving Ghazeepore on January 25th, we shall not reach Calcutta till the middle of February. The day has perhaps generally been pleasant, as we have sailed down peacefully amid picturesque and varied scenery. At times, indeed, the banks have been high, and have shut out the landscape; or featureless stretches of sandy waste have spread themselves out before us. But (meeting many tributary rivers on our way) we have passed villages, towns, cities, and ghats, with their temples, minarets, and domes; their bazaars, factories, and masses of dwellings; their multitudes of people, Hindoos and Mussulmans; their toilers, idlers, and beggars; their numerous bathers and worshippers of Gunga; their women, oft bearing water-jar on head and child on hip, on their way to and from the river; their dead and dying on the banks; their funeral pyres, and their floating remains. We have seen their wheat, barley, and rice fields (with distant views of hilly ranges), their opium and their indigo plantations, their palm, banyan, peepul, and tamarind groves, so often inhabited by troops of monkeys and innumerable other animated creatures. We have passed battlefields, forts, old castles, and seats of learning. We have seen our Civil Stations and Military Stations, with their churches, cutcherries, bungalows, barracks, and quiet cemeteries, indicating the presence of a great ruling, administrative, and warlike, yet Christian power. Last of all, we have just passed a great Missionary Station, whence have gone forth among the people many able and zealous preachers of the Gospel, and whence have issued publications which show the learning, the devotion, and the religion of those who, giving up home and friends, have come from their native land to diffuse the knowledge of Christianity over all the region which the Ganges and its tributaries water, and all the broad domains of India.

Evening by evening we have drawn to the shore, and *lugaoed.*

Night on the Ganges has often been very beautiful, as the moon shone on the outstretched and brilliant waters, and calm pervaded the atmosphere, or a gentle breeze lightly agitated the air. On the other hand—let us tell rather the general experience than our own—when the nights are dark and windy, and the boat rocks violently to and fro, or strikes

heavily on the sand-banks, and the overhanging cliff threatens to fall and overwhelm the vessel; when the roar of tigers, the yelling of jackals, the baying of wolves, is heard at hand, while the tick of the death-watch sounds like the leaking of the "ship," the rats play games, and scratch and squeak, the mice—unseen in the daytime—run about you, the mosquitoes blow their horns and rush to the attack, the crickets whir, the beetles hum, and the flying bugs fall in showers on the unfortunate *voyageur*——well, it is *not so beautiful.*

But now we again approach the METROPOLIS OF INDIA. The river banks become gradually more and more crowded with dwellings and buildings of all sorts,—mansions, villas, huts, pagodas, factories, foundries,—the noise of a great city begins to be heard; boats become more and more numerous (Rennell tells us that in his time thirty thousand boats were employed on the Ganges, and there are doubtless now many more); we pass among a riverside population living in and about the craft that lie on the river edge; the smell of the burning dead scents the air from the funeral pyres * (so many of which are seen between Calcutta and Benares), while vultures hover around; the ghats appropriated to the sick and dying, with their attendant priests † and relations, and the voracious

* The object of cremation is to invest the departed spirit with an intermediate gross body—a peculiar frame, between the terrestrial gross body, which has just been destroyed by fire, and the new terrestrial body which it is compelled ultimately to assume till the final absorption into deity.

† "The funeral ceremonies are placed under the control of the priests, and the future of the departed hangs upon the character of the payments made to him by virtue of his office.

"The funeral ceremonies of the older members of a family—for the funeral rites of children are much simpler and shorter—occupy ten days; the cost to even the poorest respectable person was forty rupees, and any one well-to-do in the world would be almost excommunicated and held in everlasting obloquy if he spent less than six or seven thousand rupees on the funeral of a father, and in carrying out all the many ceremonies consequent on his death. Instances are on record of a single funeral and 'Sraddha' costing £120,000, the greatest part being squandered on Brahmins and such-like."—*Williams.*

"It is to be remembered that THE DOCTRINE OF TRANSMIGRATION PREVENTS ITS VOTARIES FROM EVER EXPECTING TO SEE THEIR DEPARTED FRIENDS IN A DIFFERENT STATE OF EXISTENCE. Before the surviving relation is called away from this troublesome earth the deceased will perhaps have passed into another form and returned into the world; the living and the dead may thus cross one another without being seen or recognised. It is consequently difficult for the Hindoo to calculate on a restoration, in any state of life, of his departed object of affection."—*Banerjee.*

adjutants standing near to devour any remains, come into view; sounds of tom-toms, horns, and all kinds of native music, the trumpeting of elephants and shouting of sailors, the letting go and the lifting of anchors, are heard; a forest of masts and spars is disclosed; the masses of human beings grow denser and denser; the city opens upon us; and we step ashore in CALCUTTA.* On the whole the passage has been somewhat tedious, and we are glad it is over.

Once more it is evening, and we quote again from the Native Poet, Baboo Kasiprasad Ghosh, his

FAREWELL SONG OF THE BOATMEN TO GANGA.

"Gold river! gold river! how gallantly now
Our bark on thy bright breast is lifting her prow;
In the pride of her beauty how swiftly she flies,
Like a white-winged spirit through the topaz-paved skies!

"Gold river! gold river! thy bosom is calm,
And o'er thee the breezes are shedding their balm;
And Nature beholds her fair features portrayed
In the glass of thy bosom serenely displayed.

"Gold river! gold river! the sun to thy waves
Is fleeting to rest in thy cool coral caves;
And thence, with his star of light in the morn,
He will rise, and the skies with his glory adorn.

"Gold river! gold river! how bright is the beam
That lightens and crimsons thy soft flowing stream;
Whose waters beneath make a musical clashing,
Whose waves, as they burst, in their brightness are flashing!

"Gold river! gold river! the moon will soon grace
The hall of the stars with her light-shedding face!
The wandering planets will over thee throng,
And seraphs will waken their music and song.

"Gold river! gold river! our brief course is done,
And safe in the city our home we have won;
And as to the bright sun now dropped from our view,
So, Ganga! we bid thee a cheerful adieu."

* As we have already said, Sir W. W. Hunter has well designated and described the Hooghly—on which Calcutta stands—as "A River of Ruined Capitals." CALCUTTA alone, of all the six European Settlements which have been founded on its banks, and five of which we have passed as we descended the stream, has retained its position as a great port; for Bandel, Chinsurah, Serampore, Bankipore, and Chandernagore—the Portuguese, Dutch, Danish, German, and French ports—have all been closed, at least to ships of large burden, by the action of the river, as Calcutta assuredly would be in the course of time, if measures were not taken to prevent it.

CHAPTER XVIII.

LOOKING BACKWARD AND FORWARD.

I WAS detained some weeks in Calcutta. Through the generous appreciation of the distinguished officers to whom I have already alluded, a second edition of "THE SOLDIER" was to be published; and my "SONGS" were also in course of publication, in a little volume which I thought it necessary to see through the press. During this time I had leisure to look around me in Calcutta. It is interesting to remember how many Members of the Indian Services have been associated with literature.

We have already referred (at Benares) to James Prinsep, the archæologist and decipherer of inscriptions—one of a most distinguished family in the Indian service, who left Benares to take up an appointment in the Mint at Calcutta.* He died in England in 1840. Shortly after his death a meeting was held in this city, which was attended by representatives of every branch of the public service, and of all classes of the European and native communities; when it was resolved that his memory should be perpetuated by the erection of a magnificent ghaut in Calcutta, between Fort William and Baboo Ghaut, to be called after his name; that a medal bearing his effigy should be struck; and that a bust of Mr. Prinsep should be placed in the rooms of the Asiatic Society.

In like manner Sir Charles Metcalfe, whose remarkable career attracted our attention at Delhi, was honoured on leaving India—as at Agra—by a similar recognition of his

* His predecessor at the Mint was the celebrated Horace Hayman Wilson, the Sanscrit scholar and Orientalist, who not only revived in the natives an interest in their own great authors, but introduced them to the knowledge of European poems and English letters, and who in 1832 returned to England to accept the Boden Professorship of Sanscrit at Oxford.

merits; and by a decision to erect a public Hall, in which the Calcutta Library should be placed; where the Agricultural Society should find a home; and which should be a perpetual monument to the many public and private virtues of that distinguished statesman. This is the building known as the Metcalfe Hall.

Macaulay, when in India in 1835, wrote: "Literature has saved my life and my reason. Even now I dare not in the intervals of business remain alone without a book in my hand. I am more than half determined to abandon politics, and to give myself wholly to letters; *to undertake some great historical work, which may be at once the business and the amusement of my life*; and to leave the pleasures of pestiferous rooms, sleepless nights, aching heads, and diseased stomachs, to others."

We may travel beyond Calcutta. *Many* members of the Indian Covenanted Civil Service have been distinguished for their literary abilities; and many more would doubtless have been so distinguished but for the pressure of their official duties,* and the enervating influence of the climate.† We may mention the Hon. Mountstuart Elphinstone (a *reader* from his youth), whose "Cabul and its Dependencies" places its author in the first rank of historians and travellers in the East; and whose "History of India" is pronounced to be "a work of the greatest authority and learning."

We have already spoken of the literary productions of some of our Military Officers—Colonels Sleeman and C. J. Davidson, Major Calder Campbell, and Captain Richardson. The works of Colonel Sleeman are of special interest, in con-

* Sir C. Elliott, Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, well describes this in a recent speech (1890-91):—"There is no leisured class amongst us who have time to look around, collect and digest information, and give it out to us in a literary form. We are all slaves of the desk. . . . We most of us work more incessantly than almost any class in any other country. No class has the time to know much of what another class does. Civilians and military men live side by side in our large stations, and yet how few men of either service know much of what occupies intensely the minds of the other class—on the one hand, the soldier's aspirations after military improvement and efficiency; on the other, the civilian's efforts for the better administration of the country! Similarly, neither the civilian, nor the military man, nor the engineer, nor the merchant, know much of the career of the remainder."

† Among the *retired* members of the Covenanted Civil Service who have distinguished themselves in literature since their retirement, we may name Dr. R. N. Cust, eminent for his philological and other works, and his missionary labours.

nection with his suppression of the murderous Thug gangs of Upper and Central India; and his "Ramblings and Recollections of an Indian Official" are replete with valuable information and admirably illustrated. Our Medical Officers, too—among whom we may mention Drs. Roxburgh, Wallich, Royle, Jeffreys, and Spry, whose works we have referred to—have distinguished themselves in literature.*

One of the most eminent men now living in Calcutta is Chief Justice Sir Laurence Peel, whom I had the honour on one occasion of meeting at his residence. "Lady Peel," we learn, "has distinguished herself also in the field of science; and Burger's 'Leonore' has been beautifully translated by her into English"; and one of the "sights" of Calcutta is their garden, which Madame Pfeiffer describes as "equally interesting to the botanist and the amateur, and much richer in rare flowers, plants, and trees, than the Botanical Garden itself. The noble park, laid out with consummate skill; the luxuriant lawns, interspersed and bordered with flowers and plants; the crystal ponds, the shady alleys, with their bosquets and gigantic trees; all combine to form a perfect paradise, in the midst of which stands the palace of the fortunate owner."

Mr. J. H. Stocqueler, editor of the Calcutta *Englishman*, is understood to have come to India as a private soldier. By his talents he has made his way to the front, and gained the important and influential position he now occupies. He is the author of "Fifteen Months' Pilgrimage from India through Persia, Russia, Germany, etc., to England" (in 2 vols. 8vo); "Memorials of Afghanistan"; and, very recently, the "Handbook of India." He is also the editor of the "Wellington Manual," a digest for the Indian army of Colonel Gurwood's "Wellington Dispatches." †

I have myself while in India enjoyed the pleasant companionship of books, and the privilege of literary occupation. I have passed away the dreary monotony of military life in

* See also *note* on page 539.

† These were succeeded by "The Oriental Interpreter" (1848, and second edition 1850), "Overland Companion to India *viâ* Egypt" (1850), "Catechism of Field Fortification" (1850), "The British Officer" (1851), "Memoirs of the Duke of Wellington" (1852), "The Military Encyclopædia" (1853), "India; its History, etc." (1853), "Memoirs and Correspondence of General Sir W. Nott" (1854), "The British Soldier" (1856), "The British Army" (1857), etc., etc.

times of peace in raising an humble tribute to THE BRITISH SOLDIER, whose adventures I have shared; to whom, and to whose predecessors, England is, under God, chiefly indebted for her Indian possessions; whose steps I have accompanied from the Hooghly to the Sutlej; whom I have familiarised to the reader in barracks and in camp; and whom I have shown to be often the victim of intemperance and folly, and sometimes, also, it is to be feared, of official indifference and neglect; but whose daring, valour, and fortitude have carried every barrier before him, and made a way for the diplomatist, the magistrate, the missionary, the merchant, and the civil engineer. After having shared his perils and hardships for awhile, preserved amid all by a gracious Providence, I have been enabled to release myself from his ties and trammels, and to enjoy the pleasures of travel under easier conditions and more agreeable circumstances. Few have been so fortunate.

During my stay in Calcutta on this occasion I had the privilege of becoming acquainted with the great and illustrious Dewar Kunauth Tagore* (to whom I have already alluded in my remarks on the liberty of the Calcutta Press). As the most eminent native of India whom I have ever personally known, and as one whose character and history are so remarkable, and whose munificence so truly grand, that he will ever rank among the most memorable of his countrymen, I must present an outline of his life to my readers.

At an early period of the history of British India the name of Thakoor—being that of a family of the highest, the Brahminical, caste—was found in the roll of the native inhabitants attached to our Government and interests; and when it became expedient to erect a fort at Calcutta for the defence of our possessions, a member of that family—the grandfather of the subject of our sketch—relinquished his mansion and a portion of his land to enable us to carry out the design. In the mouth of our countrymen Thakoor became Tagore (as afterwards Dewar Kunauth became Dwarkanauth); and as the word thus anglicised was employed on many important occasions, the name of Tagore was eventually assumed by the family.

Dwarkanauth Tagore was born at Calcutta in or about

* Page 27.

1794, and at the youthful age of eleven years succeeded to the family estates, of which when eighteen he assumed the sole management. With that activity which ever characterised him, he immediately turned his attention to the condition of his lands and tenantry; and having personally inspected the former, and made arrangements with the latter of a mutually satisfactory nature, came back to the metropolis. He appears to have soon after engaged himself in a controversy with the celebrated Rammohun Roy on the subject of the Hindoo faith; but eventually formed a friendship with that distinguished man, adopted his views, and shared his benevolent enterprises.

Dwarkanauth now endeavoured to remedy the disadvantages of his youth, when he had found it difficult to obtain such an education as he considered desirable. Already, indeed, he had acquainted himself with Persian and Arabic; but he could not be insensible to the value of European learning, and commenced, therefore, the study of English grammar and of history. We next find him attracting the attention of the Government by his abilities; and so high was the opinion entertained of him that he received the best appointment it could give *to a native*, and became head of the Salt and Opium Departments. This office, however, his numerous other engagements compelled him to resign in 1834; ere which time he had won by his talents, industry, and integrity, the full confidence and the applause of the most exalted authorities.

The commercial crisis which occurred in Calcutta in the year just mentioned will be long remembered both in England and India. While it involved all the large firms of that great capital, and many private families, in ruin, it was the occasion of a new, bold, and patriotic enterprise on the part of Dwarkanauth Tagore. He had acquired the friendship of Lord William Bentinck, then Governor-General of India; and, encouraged by the advice of that nobleman, himself established a commercial house after the European model. The boldness and patriotism of this step will be appreciated by such of our leaders as are aware that a prejudice seems always to have existed among the Hindoos against maritime commerce, and that he was the first of his

countrymen to surmount it; thus offering the hand of friendship on behalf of his reluctant people to distant nations, breaking through the barriers which remote ages had erected and successive generations had maintained, and opening to India a new source of wealth and civilisation. And it is to be remembered that, as before observed, his engagements were already very numerous. The management and control of his several estates—on which he established indigo factories, and introduced the Mauritius system of sugar cultivation—could leave him but little leisure; yet he took also a leading part in the organisation and management of a bank, of which he subsequently became the proprietor.

His attention, however, was by no means confined to mercantile and money-making pursuits. On the contrary, there is every reason to believe that he devoted much consideration and no little of his wealth to all such philanthropic and patriotic objects as required support and came under his notice—except, perhaps, Christian missions, which he could scarcely be expected, as a Hindoo, to encourage. Indeed, the indifference of the generality of our countrymen then in India to the religion they professed, the licentiousness of their manners, and the depravity of their lives, could not but create an unfavourable impression of their faith on one who was probably a stranger to the holiness of its doctrines and the purity of its precepts; and we are rather inclined to wonder at the zeal with which he co-operated with them in every work of secular utility, than at his withholding encouragement from schemes of religious enterprise.

Among other objects to which he devoted much attention, and, indeed, vast and untiring labour, was the abolition of SATI. The sacrifice of widows on the funeral piles of their deceased husbands had for ages been practised and perpetuated in Hindostan. The prejudices of the masses, and the fierce antagonism of the upper ranks; the opposition of his own family and friends; and the apprehension of a general rebellion in case such an interference with the popular customs should be attempted, which pervaded the minds of our own countrymen, were all to be met and encountered by him in this philanthropic design. "When,"

says the *Friend of India*, in reference to the noble and heroic support which he gave to this great act of humanity, "when the great, the learned, and the rich, in orthodox native society, arrayed themselves in stern opposition to that measure, and pursued with uncompromising hatred all those who refused to join them, he threw his whole weight into the scale of mercy, and bore the brunt of opposition and abuse, unmoved."

As years rolled on the wealth, reputation, influence, and benevolence of Dwarkanauth increased. He seems to have adopted the Baconian maxim, "*Riches are for spending, and spending for honour and good actions.*" We must not attempt to detail his numerous deeds of public beneficence; his private charities were probably innumerable.

"To describe Dwarkanauth Tagore's public charities," says the popular periodical before referred to, "would be to enumerate every charitable institution in Calcutta, for from which of them has he withheld the most liberal donations?" Yet we cannot omit to notice the gift of Ten Thousand Pounds presented by him to the District Charitable Society of our Eastern Metropolis,—an act of munificence which might well astonish and put to shame the oft-boasted benevolence of the modern Christian world, and which in India "did not excite an astonishment proportionate to its magnitude, only because it was deemed so natural in Dwarkanauth to give and to give largely." It may be added, as shown in these examples, and as has been remarked by the *Friend of India*, that "he not only gave liberally, but judiciously."

We shall meet with Dwarkanauth again hereafter. Meanwhile we may remark that he was a bosom friend of the well-known Ram Mohun Roy, the leading Indian Reformer of his day (who greatly assisted Dr. Duff in opening his now famous Missionary School (see page 68), and was the founder of the BRAHMO SOMAJ, or Theistic Church, a kind of Unitarian sect, which sank into insignificance after Ram Mohun Roy's death, but was revived in 1843 by Debendra Nath Tagore, who had also established a "Society for the Investigation of Truth," which he led into a coalition with (or rather sank in) the *Brahmo Somaj*.

The progress of CHRISTIAN MISSIONS during our absence

from Calcutta seems to have been slow, but certain. The work begun by Dr. Duff* appears to have prospered admirably. "Hindooism," by the testimony of an eminent convert, the the Rev. K. M. Banerjea,† to whom we have already alluded; "Hindooism has been so violently shaken in the metropolis of India by the gradual diffusion of education‡ and the magical wand of European science that its present appearance is that of a dilapidated system ready to crumble to the dust. Its authority is questioned, its sanctions are unheeded, its doctrines are ridiculed, its philosophy is despised, its ceremonies are accounted fooleries, its injunctions are openly violated, its priesthood is decried as a college of rogues, hypocrites, and fanatics . . . by its professed votaries, by those who are reckoned among the most respectable members of its own corporation."§ Mahommedanism, moreover, we have reason to believe, is slowly decaying.

FEMALE EDUCATION, too,—the importance of which cannot be too highly estimated,—seems to be progressing. As yet, however, only orphans and the humbler classes of females seem to be accessible to our teachers. It appears to be admitted by those who are most interested in this work that the mind of the Hindoo people is not yet prepared for the education of the women of the higher classes,‖ and that the

* Page 68.

† Once a Kulin Brahmin of the highest caste; then, through the scheme of Government instruction, an educated atheist, and editor of the *Enquirer* newspaper; next, through the influence of Dr. Duff, throwing off idolatry, and coming boldly forward to baptism, a confessor of Christ; and then an ordained preacher of the Gospel in a Church erected for himself.

‡ We may here observe that within a few months after our leaving India —viz., on October 10th, 1844—Lord Hardinge issued the memorable decree which opened the public service, under due conditions, to native youths, whether educated in Government or in private schools.

§ Prize essay.

‖ A beginning was made in 1849. Mr. Drinkwater Bethune was the founder of a school for Hindoo girls belonging to families of the middle classes. Following the path once trodden in vain by the enterprising Mrs. Wilson, he persuaded some of the wealthier Hindoos to give their daughters the benefit of a schooling such as children of the lower classes had begun to enjoy. On May 7th, 1849, the new school opened with twenty-one pupils of tender age, placed under the charge of an English lady, who, with the help of a native Pandit, was to teach them Bengali, their mother-tongue, as much English as their fathers might choose, and, in the words of Mr. Bethune's opening address, "a thousand feminine works and accomplishments with their needles in embroidery and fancy work, in drawing, and many of the things that would give them the means of adorning their

best that can at present be suggested is the visitation of the ladies of the zenanas (with the permission of their husbands) by duly qualified Christian ladies. Meanwhile, however, the work of the common schools may be carried on, the female children of our native Christians may be trained as teachers, and infant schools may be established in which Hindoo and Mahommedan little ones may be received and instructed. If, simultaneously with all this, the young men who have had the benefit of an English education, and who desire (as they would naturally do) to have intelligent domestic companions, would, as we have already suggested, instruct their wives; and if our Anglo-Indian gentry would (we repeat) invite the more intelligent native aristocracy to their houses, and so afford them the opportunity of seeing the happy effects of the education of women on our social circles, the healthful contagion would spread, a desire for instruction would probably become general, and education would be

own homes, and of supplying themselves with harmless and elegant employment." After a season of rough weather, caused by the bigotry of many opponents and the falling away of some timid friends, *the new movement took firm hold of the native mind.* By the end of May 1850 the twenty-one pupils had grown to thirty-four; other schools on the same pattern were springing up under native auspices in various parts of Bengal; and the Government, encouraged by the marked success of a private venture, began taking its own measures in aid of a movement fraught with social good for the women of India. After Mr. Bethune's untimely death the school he had founded in Calcutta passed under the special charge of Lord Dalhousie himself, and in due time took its place among the institutions sanctioned by the Company.' The work continued to prosper and extend itself. We find (1856) that "in the city and district of Agra alone one Gopal Singh, a sub-inspector of schools, succeeded in starting ninety-seven girls' schools, which contained an average of twenty pupils each." By 1860 "hundreds of girls were learning their daily lessons in most parts of Northern and Western India. Many Parsee and Hindoo citizens of Bombay gladly sent their daughters to schools founded and maintained by private enterprise alone. Some of the teachers were native ladies." In 1868 Sir John Lawrence, as Viceroy, "granted £1200 a year for five years to each of the provincial governments, for the purpose of founding in each province a normal school where Indian girls might be trained for the work of teaching scholars of their own sex and race. Before he left the country fifty-four thousand girls were enrolled as pupils in two thousand schools maintained wholly or in part by public funds." We further read that in 1875-6 "girls' schools and girl scholars increased, although but very slowly, in most parts of India. In proportion to population Burmah could show the largest total; and next to her, at no great distance, came Madras, where *the noble rajah of Vizianagram founded or maintained some of the largest schools for girls.* In Bengal there were only 18,400 girls at school; but *several zenana associations, got up by native gentlemen, were employed in teaching many girls of the higher classes at their own homes.*"

sought for girls as well as boys. If in aid of this movement our Anglo-Indian ladies, who so often suffer *ennui* for want of employment, would come forward, and if ladies in England who have means and leisure, and the advantage of acquaintance with school work, would come out and help them, rapid progress might be made. As knowledge and Christianity spread—for, after all, it is *Christian* education that we have mainly in view—polygamy would cease, child-marriage would be felt to be both a blunder and a crime, and the re-marriage of youthful widows would cease to be objected to, and would relieve India of a vastly numerous and most unhappy class of women. But in all this woman must be herself the great worker; she only can bring it about. And we need not doubt that she will accomplish it.

Let us not forget what has been already done by our MISSIONARIES, *many of whom have fallen in the field.* They have translated the Scriptures into many tongues; they have preached the gospel; they have established schools and trained teachers; they have formed numerous Native Churches.* They have still a vast work before them, and they are entitled to our confidence. We are glad to believe that they are respected by the natives.† *The lives of Christian men and women have*

* It might be added that through their instrumentality the legal disabilities of native Christians have been removed, their property secured to them by law, etc. "The Regulation of 1822 provides that no one shall lose any rights or property, or deprive any other of rights or property, by changing his religion. Lord William Bentinck had previously thrown open the public service to all the natives of India, including the outlawed native Christians. The development of an enlightened legislation under Macaulay, Peacock, Maine, and Stephen has now given the various creeds and races of India better codes than any country possesses."—*Life of Dr. Duff.*

Dr. Cust, who was long a brilliant member of the Indian Civil Service, declares that it is doubtful whether the combined labours of the Civil and Military services of British India would surpass those of an equal number of Missionaries within a given period. (See his critique on Ely's "Contributions of Foreign Missions to Science and Human Well-being," in *Church Missionary Intelligencer* for December 1884.)

† Baboo Duckinarimjun Mookerjee gives a remarkable testimony to this in a speech delivered at a meeting of the British Indian Association, and published in the Calcutta newspapers. He said: "*However we may differ with the Christian missionaries in religion, I speak the minds of this society, and generally of those of the people, when I say that, as regards their learning, purity of morals, and disinterestedness of intention to promote our weal, no doubt is entertained throughout the land—nay, they are held by us in the highest esteem.* European history does not bear on its record the mention of a class of men who have suffered so many sacrifices in the cause of humanity and education as the Christian missionaries in India;

*much to do with the advancement or hindrance of Christianity in India.**

The Press will doubtless bear a great part in the Mission work of the future. Together with the circulation of the Scriptures and of tracts, a pure and healthy Literature must be provided for the masses.†

AND NOW LET US ENDEAVOUR TO GATHER UP WHAT WE HAVE LEARNED OF THE LAND AND THE PEOPLE.

We have here, doubtless, a magnificent possession. INDIA

and though the native community differ with them in the opinion that Hindostan will one day be included in Christendom—for the worship of Almighty God in His unity, as laid down in the Holy Vedas, is and has been our religion for thousands of years—yet *we cannot forbear doing justice to the venerable ministers of religion who, I do here most solemnly asseverate, in piety and righteousness alone are fit to be classed with those Rishees and Mahatmas of antiquity who derived their support and those of their charitable boarding schools from voluntary subscriptions, and consecrated their lives to the cause of God and knowledge.*"

* A MOST IMPORTANT AID TO OUR MISSIONARY WORK—THAT OF MEDICINE—HAS OF LATE YEARS BEEN ADDED TO OUR OTHER AGENCIES. WHEN WE REMEMBER THAT THE FOUNDER OF CHRISTIANITY SO CONSTANTLY ASSOCIATED THE HEALING OF THE SICK WITH THE PREACHING OF THE GOSPEL, AND THE POLITICAL ADVANTAGES WHICH THE SKILL OF THE SURGEON HAS WON FOR US IN INDIA ITSELF, IT SEEMS STRANGE THAT SO POWERFUL AN AUXILIARY SHOULD SO LONG HAVE BEEN OVERLOOKED. IT IS NOW, HOWEVER, VERY EXTENSIVELY EMPLOYED. MANY MEDICAL MISSIONARIES, BOTH MALE AND FEMALE—THE LATTER ESPECIALLY TRAINED FOR ZENANA WORK—ARE LABOURING SUCCESSFULLY IN THE FIELD, AND THEIR NUMBER IS INCREASING. AND NO MORE BEAUTIFUL EXAMPLE OF CHRISTIAN SELF-SACRIFICE AND LOVE CAN BE SET BEFORE THE PEOPLE, THAN THE TENDER CARE AND ATTENTION PAID BY THESE TO THE SUFFERERS FROM LEPROSY UNDER THE MOST LOATHSOME AND DETERRING FORMS; A TENDERNESS PRESENTING A REMARKABLE AND STRIKING CONTRAST TO THE INDIFFERENCE TO THE SUFFERINGS OF OTHERS SO GENERALLY MANIFESTED BY THE NATIVES.

† This has been and is being to a considerable extent done by the Christian Vernacular Education Society for India. A report for 1891—the society was formed about 1859—says: "Literature in all its branches is the great and growing need of India. There are ten or twelve millions of natives able to read, who have been trained in Government and mission schools, and about a million more issue from these schools every year, while there are no native books to satisfy the higher craving created by our modern culture. The committee are happy to say that this year they have done much more than in previous years of the Society's history, both in the amount of their grants for this object to the different branches of their Society in India, and in the number of books, both new and old, which have been printed in the various languages of the country. The number given in the report of 1890 was 789,650, or an increase of 99,062 copies. This year we are able to report no fewer than 1,121,050 copies. It is impossible to estimate the amount of good done by the circulation of such a mass of Christian literature scattered throughout the length and breadth of India. It is equally impossible to overestimate its importance."

IS AN EPITOME OF THE WORLD: a land of broad and fertile plains, wooded hills, lofty mountains, pleasant valleys, dense forests, great and famous rivers, and, it may be added, even burning deserts; a land so vast that almost every climate may be found in it. Coveted by many a foreign Power, it has again and again been invaded, plundered, and desolated. The ruins of conquest are everywhere to be found, together with the peerless architecture of its temporary possessors. By a wonderful chain of events this great estate has been given to us. Our soldiers have fought their way from border to border, and their bones cover the land which their successors garrison. We have become the governors, legislators, judges, and magistrates of the country.

IT IS AN ANCIENT LAND, inhabited by people of many races, tribes, and languages; further divided by religion, sect, and caste. They are for the most part an agricultural, and —strange to say—a *poor* people. They have few towns, and live almost entirely in villages. Towns and villages alike are insalubrious, dirty, and ill-smelling; uncleansed of their natural sullage, and generally destitute of pure water. The rivers and streams are polluted, the very wells poisoned with filth;* the dwellings of rich and poor unventilated, dark, and unwholesome. *The people are unconscious of, and indifferent to, these evils*, and averse to every change, caring only to follow their forefathers' way of living. Hence fever, dysentery, CHOLERA, and skin diseases prevail among them, and the mortality is *far beyond all reckoning*. And THE CONTAGION SPREADS TO THE EUROPEAN COMMUNITY, and sweeps many of our fellow-countrymen away. Thousands of the native population, moreover, yearly fall victims to snakes, wild beasts, and alligators.†

* It is to be remembered that millions bathe daily; that they wash their clothes in the running streams; and that they cast their dead into the waters; while the ordure deposited habitually on the soil oozes, with many additions, into the wells.

† "In Bengal alone during 1880 there were 10,000 deaths from snake bites and 360 by tigers; and a total in eleven provinces of nearly 3000 from wild beasts and 19,150 from poisonous snakes."—*Distinguished Anglo-Indians.*

It may be observed that that eminent surgeon, Sir Joseph Fayrer, is the author of a splendidly illustrated work on "The Poisonous Snakes of India" (which has been published by the Government); and by his researches "has done for humanity in India what M. Pasteur has endeavoured to do, and partly succeeded in doing, for the good of mankind by the cure of hydrophobia in Europe."

THE RESOURCES OF INDIA ARE LARGELY UNDEVELOPED, Agriculture, though for ages the principal occupation of the people, is in a rude and almost primitive condition; large tracts of country are uncultivated; rich alluvial soil is allowed to be carried away yearly by rains and rivers; crops are poor; * cattle small, thin, ill-fed, and feeble; and, notwithstanding the fertility of the soil, FAMINES, fatal to millions, occur; for knowledge, and care, and manuring, and irrigation are wanting, and, where the latter is supplied, it is often in a wasteful and unproductive manner. The land yields readily grain of various kinds, tea, coffee, sugar, cotton, and very many fibrous plants and trees, besides valuable timber,† rich dyes, and useful oils; yet these are only to a comparatively small extent actually produced. There are also silk, hides, and wool, the yield of which might be greatly increased. Beneath the soil are coal, iron, gold, copper, and other metals and minerals; yet few mines are opened. Of science little or nothing seems *generally* known in these vast territories. Art, too, appears non-progressive; and while, through hereditary perceptiveness of eye, dexterity of hand, and delicacy of touch, much marvellously beautiful work is *slowly* produced in muslins, silk, embroidery, carpets, wood, metal, stone, ivory, and jewellery, it is to a large extent but a reproduction of ancient types, and little, if any, improvement or invention is visible. There is little trade, for there are few roads, and water carriage is deficient; so that commerce, though considerable, is small compared with what it might be.

INDIA POSSESSES A WONDERFUL LITERATURE, of remote antiquity and profound interest (irrespective of that of its Mahommedan conquerors). But the people are fast bound in the chains of ignorance and superstition. For ages the worship of unclean and cruel idols, and of DEVILS themselves, has prevailed; self-destruction, self-mutilation, and self-torture have been common; the sick and the aged have been piously suffocated with the mud of the Ganges; murder has been consecrated (in Thugee) as an act of devotion; millions have

* It would appear that the general yield does not exceed *ten* bushels to the acre, while in England the average is thirty!

† "The total area of the forests now preserved is perhaps the largest to be found under any government in the world; but is yet not considerable, relatively to the vast extent of the country."—*Sir R. Temple.*

wasted their lives in pilgrimages; woman has been secluded and oppressed; children have been immolated; widows have been burned alive; and a cold and systematic indifference to the sufferings and death of others has been manifested. To all this must be added the practice of infant betrothal (the source of innumerable evils which impoverish and distress the people); early marriage without the means of subsistence: the frequent marriage of men of advanced years with females of childish age; and the prohibition of the re-marriage of youthful widows.

HAVE WE, TO WHOM THE LAND AND THE PEOPLE HAVE BEEN GIVEN, DONE ANYTHING TO AMEND THESE EVILS? It were a noble, though a gigantic, task!

1. To save the lives of the people seems our first duty, by teaching them sanitary law, which might certainly everywhere be inculcated, and could often be enforced. We have as yet done but little in this way, as Calcutta itself will show.* Great and well-considered plans of drainage should, it is thought, be made and carried out; and supplies of pure water be, as far as possible, provided for by tapping the great rivers near their sources, and such other means as our most eminent civil engineers may suggest; while the pollution of the waters should (we say again *as far as possible*) be sternly prohibited and punished. It may further be hoped that Government may devise other measures in the same direction on a scale worthy of the object to be attained; and also take steps for the *speedy* † extermination of wild beasts and (once more we have to say *as far as possible*) of poisonous snakes and *alligators*.

2. We have done but little as yet to develop the natural wealth of India. She needs Schools of Agriculture, of Engineering and of Art, Roads, Canals, Bridges, Aqueducts, etc. We must do what we can to give her these; and if Roads be essential, as they doubtless are, to the development of the natural resources

* An *estimate* was made by Duncan for the four years ending 1835: the death-rate in Calcutta was 60 per 1000 annually; but there were no means of ascertaining at this period what the death-rate really was.

† A reward is given by Government for the heads of tigers; but this does not appear to be sufficient for their speedy extermination; nor, as far as we are aware, is there any reward offered for the destruction of other wild animals, of snakes, or of alligators. (As regards the last, *see note*, p. 500.)

of a country, it is to these, and especially to RAILROADS, that our chief attention must be directed. Their very construction would awaken the sleeping energies of the country, and their maintenance would keep them ever alive. They would not only themselves be great centres of activity, and place all parts of the land in easy communication with each other, but would break up that isolation of classes which is at present so distinguishing a feature of India, and so great a bar in the way of her advancement; and if, besides, new waterways were opened, as already suggested, which, spreading throughout our territories, would serve the threefold purpose of health, irrigation, and carriage, FAMINE would cease to haunt the land, and plenty and beauty would continually bless it. It has even been thought that the increased revenue which would thus be derived from the land would enable the Government to ABOLISH THE SALT TAX AND THE OPIUM MONOPOLY;* and we see no reason why under such circumstances, and with the aid of British capital, India should not yet become a great agricultural, manufacturing, and commercial country.

3. We have given India Missionaries to teach her the pure and holy Faith which has been the basis of our national greatness; we have abolished Widow burning and at least *open* Infanticide; we have annihilated Thugee; we have established Hospitals for the sick, in which the European system of medicine is practised and taught; *we have placed the key of knowledge in the hands of the people by teaching them our own language and giving them access to our* LITERATURE. It remains for us to proceed in this path with redoubled energy and accelerated speed. "For what purpose," asks SIR MONIER MONIER-WILLIAMS, "have so many hundred millions of living souls been committed to our rule? Not certainly for the increase of our trade, or of our wealth, or of the Imperial prestige. Is it not rather that the Good News of the Gospel message may be presented to them in their own vernacular languages?" The dissemination among the people of a pure Christianity—together with suitable legislation, and the co-operation of Government in plans for progress, will, we may

* We rejoice that a ROYAL COMMISSION has just (Aug. 1893) been appointed to inquire into the Opium Monopoly.

hope, transform India from a suffering to a happy land, and make her great among the nations.*

Let us look for a moment at Ourselves. Our Covenanted CIVIL SERVANTS are the *crême de la crême* of Indian

* We need hardly refer at any length to the great changes which have taken place in India since 1844 (when we left it), and particularly since the assumption of the Government by the Queen, on November 1st, 1858. As regards THE LIFE AND HEALTH OF THE PEOPLE, the Royal Commission of 1862 (to which we have already alluded) recommended the appointment of a Sanitary Commission for each Presidency, which was done; and numerous sanitary commissioners were afterwards appointed, with suitable associates, medical and engineering. Municipalities were also established, to which powers for the sanitary improvement of towns and villages were given, and to whom grants of public money were made and loans advanced. The work, however, is a slow one, in which, as it would seem, no very remarkable progress has yet been made. In railways, etc., much greater advances appear to have been effected. We learn from a lecture by Sir William Hunter (our greatest living authority on matters relating to India) that in 1856 there were 300 miles of railway opened in India. In 1891 there were 17,283 miles open for traffic, which carried 121,000,000 passengers and 26,000,000 tons of goods; and the products of every province of India, instead of being landlocked by want of outside communications, have now an easy exit to the markets of the world. As regards irrigation works, he says that when India passed to the Crown the total irrigated area from all the canal systems was under a million and a half acres. Since then great series of new works have been constructed, the old works have been enormously enlarged, and the area now irrigated from public irrigation works is about twelve million acres. The same rapid advance has been made in other undertakings for drawing forth the material resources of the country. The number of cultivators has also increased by at least one-third for all India during the same period. The result of all the foregoing causes and others, such as the opening of the Suez Canal, etc., has been an expansion of Indian commerce such as the world has scarcely ever seen, and which would have been regarded as an impossible dream in any Asiatic country thirty-five years ago. In 1858 the Court of Directors reported, with pride, the total Indian exports and imports of merchandise by sea at Rx.39,750,000. In 1891 the total, excluding treasure, was Rx.172,000,000, or, including treasure, Rx.196,250,000. But the increase is not so striking, even in regard to its enormous amount, as in regard to its commodities. In 1858 India was chiefly known as a dealer in drugs, dyes, and luxuries. She is now one of the largest merchants in the world in food-grains, fibres, and other great staples of universal consumption. Most of her old products have expanded, while the new and profitable crops of India, such as jute, wheat, cotton, oil-seeds, tea, and coffee, practically date their great development in the world's markets since the country passed to the Crown. A great mining industry has also developed. India now produces her own coal, and before long will probably produce her own iron and steel. The steam factory has reared its tall chimney in all the capital cities of British India. Cotton mills, jute mills, woollen mills, paper mills, iron foundries, saw mills, and steam pottery works, steam flour mills, and the great steam workshops of the railways and shipbuilding yards, all combine to make a new industrial era for India. The electric telegraph places all parts of India in immediate communication with each other.

"Marvellous as has been the material progress of India under the Crown, its moral and intellectual development has been still more significant.

society; they rule the people, administer the law, collect the revenue. No class or body of men in the world is more distinguished for high ability and sterling principle, or more greatly and worthily honoured and respected; and the justice of our rule (administered by them) is the mainstay of our power in India. In the hour of peril, too, as we have seen, they exhibit a daring, tact, and fortitude, equal to any emergency. Our MILITARY OFFICERS, on the other hand, are not only heroic and invincible in war, but able administrators and diplomatists in times of peace. Both have to endure the prolonged absence from their native land which is perhaps the greatest of all trials to the sensitive heart, the perils and inconveniences of the climate, and the incidental hardships peculiar to their several professions. But *our* thoughts are more with the private British SOLDIER—*the backbone of our Indian Army*—who has these to bear without the ameliorations his fellow-countrymen enjoy; whose present position has been said to be *inferior to that of the Sepoy*; whose life and health are not only of priceless importance to

While railways and irrigation works have opened up the resources of the country, a great system of education has awakened new ideas and new aspirations among the people. In 1855, three years before India passed to the Crown, there was not a single university in India, and the total number of pupils in Government and aided and extra-departmental schools (so far as known) was under one million. In 1891, thirty-three years after India passed to the Crown, there were five Indian universities at full work, and the number of pupils in schools under Government inspection alone amounted to close on three and three-quarter millions. During these thirty-three years female education, as an effective factor in the life of the educated classes, may almost be said to have been created. A powerful native press has sprung up, which now sends forth 463 vernacular newspapers, besides many native journals in English. A great vernacular literature under Western influences has come into existence. In 1891 the registered publications alone numbered 7885 books or pamphlets, of which over 7000 were in the Indian languages and 668 in the English tongue.

"This far-reaching intellectual activity is profoundly affecting both the social life and the political aspirations of important sections of the people. The ancient caste system of India has been brought to the bar of modern Indian public opinion, from the religious obligation of child marriage to the religious prohibition against sea voyages by Hindoos. At the Chicago Exhibition this year the most striking Indian exhibit will be not the fibres, nor the fabrics, nor the food grains, nor the tea, nor the iron work, nor the coals of India, but a complete shipload of Hindoos, who, after a full and public discussion of their caste restrictions on sea voyages, have chartered a steamer for America with the public approval of leaders of the Hindoo community and of the Hindoo press."

The progress of THE CHRISTIAN FAITH among the people has already been indicated in our Preface.

himself, but, like those of his compatriots, of great pecuniary value to the public; and whose present death-rate is *appalling*!* The British soldier enters India knowing that he is not likely to return home again *under favourable conditions* for very many years. When the novelty of his position has worn off he finds that he has much to endure. His dress,† to begin with—the ordinary uniform of the British Army—is hot and stiff, and therefore ill adapted to the climate. The heat of the country provokes thirst: he goes to the canteen; in many instances he wanders out into the town in search of cheap spirits; he falls into, and soon learns to seek, the company of the women of the bazaar. We must be plain. *These two things*, DRINK AND LOOSE WOMEN, *are the curse of the soldier; they often ruin him body and soul; they fill our hospitals and our graves; they cost the nation millions of money!* And most of the crime committed in the Army arises from drink. Yet, we repeat, the soldier has much to endure. We say nothing of his hardships in time of war or on the march, for we know not that he has anything then to complain of, except the shako he is obliged to wear on his head, his buttoned-up uniform, and the weight he has to carry (and which perhaps is unavoidable). But in time of peace his life is, as we have seen, drearily monotonous. Confined, as he is, to barracks for many hours each day, unless he read or write (which all do not, and many cannot, and which may not be done by any incessantly), he has little to interest or amuse him. He becomes weary of "the daily round." If he falls ill, and is a single man, he cares not whether he lives or dies. If married, his wife is perhaps weakly; his children sicken and die. While ever ready to obey the call of duty, and especially delighted with the bustle and adventure of a campaign, he sinks back when it is over into his old condition, and drags out a wearisome life till he either drops into the grave or is invalided.

Is there any remedy? There may be. *Let a hope be given him of returning in a few years to his native land.* Let his uniform be adapted to the climate. Let *recreative employment*—indoor during the day and out-of-door morning and evening—be found for the soldier. Let the supply of

* See p. 199, notes. † See page 79.

strong drink in the canteens in every individual case be strictly limited, and the use of non-intoxicants encouraged; and let professional harlots be excluded from the regimental precincts. LET PRUDENT MARRIAGES BE ENCOURAGED, and *provision made for the proper accommodation of families in our barracks*. Let Music be taught to all who are willing to learn it. Let the Regimental Libraries be enlarged; let the soldiers be encouraged by prizes and by promotion to avail themselves of the opportunities of self-education which these Libraries may be arranged to afford them; and let them be aided by the Regimental Schoolmasters and their Assistants when they desire it. Classes for instruction in general knowledge and science might be held at suitable times, and illustrated lectures given at favourable opportunities. Other pleasant and profitable plans would suggest themselves; but RECREATIVE EMPLOYMENT is the great remedy for the depressing *ennui* which now afflicts the soldier, and, with MARRIAGE, for his deliverance from the evils that are now his ruin.

It should, however, be added that the health and comfort of the soldier would be improved if more consideration than has sometimes been shown were exercised in the selection of sites for, and in the construction of, barracks. In some Stations these have been so unwisely built that they might advantageously be superseded, and new barracks erected in positions that would raise them above the malaria which infects the old buildings.* Swimming baths would also tend to the health and relief of the soldiers when suffering from heat. If trees were planted near the barracks they would afford a pleasant shade in the day-time.* Some stations are known to be specially unhealthy, like Kurnaul, and should, like Kurnaul, be abandoned. And as the Hill Stations are found to be so beneficial, they might be multiplied, and occupied whenever practicable, and in the hot season especially, by the

* See Richardson's Poem on "Noon," page 127. It may be added that *the very climate of the country might be modified by the planting of trees*. And indeed, Mr. R. B. Kishram Ramji Gholo says (in a paper published in the "Transactions of the Seventh International Congress of Hygiene," 1891): "There is only one way of doing so—by planting as many tall trees over the arid plains of Hindostan as can possibly be done by public and private agencies."

British troops; and when this is not practicable, they might be sent to the healthiest Stations on the plains. If any of these propositions seem too costly and Utopian to be entertained, let it be remembered that the monetary value of a British soldier is considerable, and that without him we could never have won, and cannot for a moment retain possession of, India.* But the British nation will grudge nothing that is really necessary to preserve the health and the life which the soldier is ever ready to sacrifice on her behalf.†

* The number of European troops in India has been greatly increased since the Mutiny. Before 1857 the proportion of British soldiers to Sepoys and other natives in our Army was only one to six, and during the critical time of communication in Northern India it fell at places as low as one to thirty-four. At present (1893) it is as one to *two*.—*Sir W. Hunter.*

† This is proved by the many changes which since my leaving India have been made in regard to British troops serving in that country. The AVERAGE PERIOD OF A SOLDIER'S SERVICE DOES NOT NOW EXCEED ABOUT SIX YEARS; HIS UNIFORM HAS BEEN ADAPTED TO THE CLIMATE; GREAT IMPROVEMENTS HAVE BEEN MADE IN THE BARRACKS; RECREATIVE EMPLOYMENT HAS TO SOME EXTENT BEEN REGIMENTALLY PROVIDED IN WORKSHOPS OPENED FOR THE PURPOSE, AND IS ENCOURAGED BY A SYSTEM OF PRIZES GIVEN BY THE GOVERNMENT, WITH ADDITIONAL PRIZES FOR INCREASED ATTENDANCE IN THE WORKSHOPS, AND A BONUS TO ANY SOLDIER WHO THOROUGHLY TEACHES A TRADE TO AN APPRENTICE. PRIZES ARE ALSO GIVEN FOR THE CULTIVATION OF GARDENS. TOILSOME MARCHES (SAVE IN EXCEPTIONAL CASES) HAVE BEEN SUPERSEDED BY RAILWAY CONVEYANCE; SOME SIXTEEN THOUSAND MEN ARE ANNUALLY SENT IN THE SUMMER TO THE HILLS; OTHER IMPROVEMENTS HAVE BEEN MADE; AND AS A CONSEQUENCE OF ALL THIS THE MORTALITY HAS BY THE LATEST ACCOUNTS FALLEN FROM 67 PER THOUSAND BETWEEN 1830 AND 1845, TO **15** PER THOUSAND IN 1893. Moreover, while formerly the canteen—*where the soldiers got intoxicants*—was the only place they had to go to, "REGIMENTAL INSTITUTES" have now been established at the several Stations of the British troops, and comprise Reading and Recreation Rooms and Restaurants, in which the men may purchase whatever they like to eat and drink (besides their rations, which are disposed of in barracks), and may have it nicely prepared and pleasantly laid out. These Institutes have become very popular with the men, and are regarded as a great success; and they have doubtless helped largely to augment the numbers of the "Army Temperance Association," which in the Report for 1892-3 is shown to contain **21,270** members. The success and extension of the Temperance movement is a solid foundation on which to build our hope for the future of the Army; and in many ways enhance the happiness of the soldier, enabling him to provide himself with many conveniences and comforts before unknown and which his better education will lead him to desire and enjoy. It may be added that the soldier now going to India has all the benefit of the experience of those who have preceded him, and of the attention of the disposal of a Government deeply impressed with the importance of promoting his welfare.

Yonder is a ship returning to England* with wounded, crippled, and worn-out soldiers of all ranks, who landed here in youth, health, and vigour in days gone by.† They have left behind most of those with whom they came out, whose bodies have become the prey of the jackal, the pariah dog, the kite, and the vulture, and whose bones are scattered from shore to shore. And they are themselves but wrecks of humanity; many fast dying, others dying more slowly; while those who are by-and-by landed on their native shore will

* It should be observed that old soldiers may now emigrate to Australia, Canada, or the Colonies, where they may obtain grants of land.

† The following poem, which appeared in *Chambers' Journal*, April 6th, 1839, illustrates well the feelings of one returning Home after the long service usual in the olden time:—

FAREWELL TO INDIA.

LINES WRITTEN BY A PRIVATE SOLDIER.

LAND of the sun! land of the sun!
I bid thy shores adieu!
My years of exile now are run,
And smiling prospects have begun
To bless my sight anew,
And hopes, which long have withering lain,
Arise to cheer my soul again.

Thy rich mines yield the gems and ore
For which men roam and toil—
I've roamed and toiled, but leave thy shore
Poor as I left my father's door,
Poor as I touched thy soil:—
Yet *me* thou hast despoiled of wealth—
The bloom of youth—the rose of health!

Though thou no wintry storms dost know,
Though still thy bowers be green,
Yet, through thy changeless summer's glow,
A long, long dreary winter's snow
Hath chilled my heart, I ween;
Alas! how tardy did appear
The lingering pace of each dull year!

Once more, Madras, at sea I stand,
And eye the sullen wave
That breaks in thunders on thy strand:—
But where is now that gallant band
That with me came, the brave—
The gay!—alas, how few remain
To cross thy restless surge again!

O thou Almighty, gracious Power,
My God, my only stay,
How oft, when storms began to lower,
Thy smile hath lent their murkiest hour
A gleam of heaven's own day!
Thou'st led me, since I crossed these waves,
Safe through a path of yawning graves!

too often do so only to linger out lives of pain and poverty,* and, it is to be feared, in not a few cases, of solitude and neglect. AT SUCH A COST IS INDIA PURCHASED.

Yet it cannot be doubted that, while the rich prizes of the Covenanted Civil Service, and the less valuable but more brilliant distinctions of the Army, together with the British spirit of adventure, the glorious fame of our Indian battlefields, and

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My God and Father, guide me now
Safe o'er the rolling sea,
And, while I at Thy footstool bow,
For all the sumless blessings Thou
Hast showered on worthless me,
Accept, most holy, just, and good,
The heartfelt gush of gratitude!

Poor helpless Hindoo tribes, farewell,
Slaves of CASTE'S fourfold chain!
Soon may the sun of truth dispel
Your deep, deep darkness, black as hell,
Idolatry's foul reign,
And chase away your long disgrace,
Weak, abject, ever-vanquished race.

Ye followers of the Crescent bright,
Proud, warlike, dark-eyed race,
Though now your emblem's silvery light
No more shines prosperous o'er the fight,
It set not in disgrace!
Farewell! though fallen from empire low,
Ye bowed to no inglorious foe!

Farewell, ye plains so parched and sere,
Where weary travellers pant;
Farewell, ye jungles wild and drear,
Where rushes in his mad career
The mighty elephant;
Where restless glaring tigers prowl,
Where serpents hiss, and jackals howl!

Mountains, farewell! whose summits high
Pierce ether's cloudless day;
Round whose dark sides the tempests fly
In winged wrath, and vividly
The fierce red lightnings play;
Where man looks down with awe and wonder,
To find himself above the thunder!

Farewell, thou clear and azure sky,
Ye life-sustaining streams!
Farewell, ye lovely scenes that lie
In beauteous calm before my eye,
Lit by the white moonbeams!
India, adieu! I leave thy shore
To see it never, never more!

* It is hoped that in accordance with the recommendation of the Parliamentary Select Committee of 1877, remunerative employment in the Civil Service at Home (as messengers, etc.), may be provided for an increased number of such as are qualified.

the hope of personal distinction,—will continue to attract our most privileged youths to India ; the want of employment at home, a wandering and restless spirit, a similar love of adventure, the dazzling splendours of the East, and the very glamour of long distance, together with the possible hope (with some) of "the *baton* in the knapsack," will also continue to draw thither many of our young men of the humbler and even of the middle classes ; just as the possibilities of commerce will attract the merchant, and the hope of converts the missionary ; or as the vastness of India, the variety of her climate, the mingled races of her people, the exuberance of her animal and vegetable life, her fairy palaces, jewelled tombs, and ancient monumental stone records, will ever be attractive to the traveller. *All* who sojourn or live in the land must share the perils of the climate (which, however, we will hope may yet be much diminished) ; but if they aid in maintaining our dearly won, but on the whole just and beneficent dominion ;* if they give us a larger acquaintance with the capabilities of India, help to develop those capabilities, to rid the land of its plagues, and to extend the blessings of knowledge and of commerce ; if, above all, they succeed in releasing India from the debasing slavery of superstition, and making her a Christian country,—even if they lose their lives, these will not be lost or thrown away ; and it will be better—far better for themselves —than to live in inglorious ease at home ; while if they survive to return to the land of their forefathers, it may be hoped that they will enjoy many years of pleasant retrospection and quiet observation of continued progress in India, and aid by their experience in promoting it. Only let the Government, and let Societies and others who send out our youth in any capacity, do all that is possible to guard their lives and advance their welfare ; and let *their* motto be "FOR GOD AND OUR COUNTRY!"

* We may again refer to the testimony of those eminent native gentlemen whose memorial we have given on pages 26-30.

CHAPTER XIX.

FAREWELL TO INDIA!

WE prepare to embark for England. Since we arrived in India the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Ship Company has been formed, and a line of their magnificent vessels * is now running between Calcutta and Suez, in correspondence with other vessels of the same Company running between Alexandria and Southampton. I take passage by this route for England, receiving generous gifts ere I leave from the Governor-General and Dwarkanauth Tagore. And so I bid adieu—for awhile, as I think, but, as it proved, for ever—to Calcutta, embarking on board the *Hindostan* on May 14th for Suez.†

We steam on. We reach Madras (keeping outside its

* The arrival of the first steamer in India caused an immense sensation—so also in Burmah. We read in the "Life of Bishop Wilson": "No one had ever seen the like. Thousands of natives came flocking down each hour to the riverside 'making poojah' to the engines: and the native pilots, when called to take charge of the vessel, and guide her through the intricacies of the channel, prostrated themselves in turn, before they took the helm."

† Our Anglo-Indian poet, Richardson, whom we have so repeatedly quoted, penned the following sonnet

"ON LEAVING INDIA.

"Now for luxuriant hopes, and fancy's flowers,
That would not flourish o'er thy sterile soil,
Grave of the wanderer, where disease and toil
Have swept their countless slaves! Though danger lowers
Above my homeward path, no shade o'erpowers
The soul's rapt exultations. Love's sweet smile,
And friendship's fervent voice, so void of guile,
Delight and cheer the missionary hours!
Hail, twilight memories of past delight!
Hopes of the future blending in my dreams!
Your mingled forms of loveliness and light,
Fair as the summer morning's orient gleams,
Chase the dull gloom of sorrow's cheerless night,
And gild the soul with bliss-reviving beams!"

boiling surfs) on the 20th, watch its frail catamarans dancing on the waves, stay till the 21st, and proceed. We approach the coral reefs, and see the luxurious vegetation, of Point de Galle on the 24th; land for an hour on the 25th and 26th, and then steam away: we reach the cindery rocks of Aden * on June 8th, stay to take in coal, land for a while, and on the 10th go forward; we pass through the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, and enter the Red Sea; † on Sunday the 16th we

* "Volcanic ashes have been found on the summit of the hill near Steamer Point. These would seem to indicate that Aden has been a centre of volcanic activity, at least in our own geological era, as they bear no resemblance to the drift sand to be seen in abundance below."—*Dr. John Wilson.*

† The meteorology of the Red Sea on the western coast of Arabia is so admirably described by Burton in his "Narrative of a Pilgrimage to El Medinah and Meccah," that we cannot pass over it:—

"*Morning.*—The air is mild and balmy as that of an Italian spring; thick mists roll down the valleys along the sea, and a haze like mother-o'-pearl crowns the headlands. The distant rocks show Titanic walls, lofty donjons, huge projecting bastions, and moats full of deep shade. At their base runs a sea of amethyst, and, as earth receives the first touches of light, their summits, almost transparent, mingle with the jasper tints of the sky. Nothing can be more delicious than this hour. But as

'Les plus belles choses
Ont le pire destin,'

so morning soon fades. The sun bursts up from behind the main—a fierce enemy, a foe that will compel every one to crouch before him. He dyes the sky orange and the sea 'incarnadine,' where its violet surface is stained by his rays, and mercilessly puts to flight the mists and haze and the little agate-coloured masses of cloud that were before floating in the firmament; the atmosphere is so clear that now and then a planet is visible. For the two hours following sunrise the mists are endurable; after that they become a fiery ordeal. The morning beams oppress you with a feeling of sickness; their steady glow, reflected by the glowing waters, blinds your eyes, blisters your skin, and parches your mouth; you now become a monomaniac; you do nothing but count the slow hours that must 'minute by' before you can be relieved.

"*Noon.*—The wind, reverberated by the glowing hills, is like the blast of a limekiln. All colour melts away with the canescence from above. The sky is a dead milk-white, and the mirror-like sea so reflects the tint that you can scarcely distinguish the line of the horizon. After noon the wind sleeps upon the reeking shore; there is a deep stillness; the only sound heard is the melancholy flapping of the sail. Men are not so much sleeping as half senseless; they feel as if a few more degrees of heat would be death.

"*Sunset.*—The enemy sinks behind the deep cerulean sea, under a canopy of gigantic rainbow which covers half the face of heaven. Nearest to the horizon is an arch of tawny orange; above it another of the brightest gold; and based upon these a semicircle of tender sea-green blends with a score of delicate gradations into the sapphire sky. Across the rainbow the sun throws its rays in the form of spokes tinged with a beautiful pink. The

have within view the towering summits of Sinai; and on the 17th arrive at Suez, the locality of the Israelitish exodus. We are borne away on the shoulders of a lusty one-eyed Arab,* and step ashore in Egypt—the land of mummies, pyramids, sphinxes, obelisks, hieroglyphics, and cities waiting to be disentombed; starting the same afternoon, we cross some eighty-three miles of desert on the back of a camel (in the absence of sufficient carriage accommodation), through sands strewn with skeletons; and on the morning of the 19th reach Cairo, "beautiful Cairo," famous for its Mosques, Minarets, and Caravanserais. (Cairo is particularly interesting as the centre of all church life and administration, both for Egypt and for the Churches in Abyssinia and India which owe allegiance to the Coptic Patriarch; the Copts themselves, the lineal descendants of the ancient Egyptians, whom they much resemble, having maintained the Christian religion in Egypt for the last eighteen hundred years under much persecution, and still keeping themselves a perfectly distinct people, side by side with the Mussulman races, whom it is hoped they will

eastern sky is mantled with a purple flush that picks out the forms of the hazy desert and the sharp-cut hills. Language is a thing too cold, too poor, to express the harmony and the majesty of this hour, which is evanescent, however, as it is lovely. Night falls rapidly; when suddenly the appearance of the zodiacal light restores the scene to what it was.

"Again, the grey hills and the grim rocks become red or golden, the palms green, the sands saffron, and the sea wears a lilac surface of dimpling waves. But after a quarter of an hour all fades once more; the cliffs are naked and ghastly under the moon, whose light falling upon this wilderness of white crags and pinnacles is most strange—most mysterious.

"*Night.*—The horizon is all of darkness, and the sea reflects the white visage of the moon as in a mirror of steel. In the air we see giant columns of pallid light, distinct, based upon the indigo-coloured waves, and standing with their heads lost in endless space. The stars glitter with exceeding brilliance. At this hour

> —'River, and hill, and wood,
> With all the numberless goings on of life,
> Inaudible as dreams'—

the planets look down upon you with the faces of smiling friends. You feel 'the sweet influence of the Pleiades.' You are bound by the bond of Orion; Hesperus bears with him a thousand things. In communion with them your hours pass swiftly by till the heavy dews warn you to cover up your face and sleep. And with one look at a certain little star in the north, under which lies all that makes life worth living through—surely it is a venial superstition to sleep with your face towards that Kiblah!—you fall into oblivion."

* We found many of the Arabs wearing a bandage over one eye; and learned, in explanation, that it had been the custom to blind an eye, to prevent being taken for forced service in the army.

eventually, by God's help, convert.) We are unable, alas! to visit the Pyramids, or the Petrified Forest, but, bidding adieu to Cairo in the evening, descending the mysterious Nile, so full of sacred and historic associations, and proceeding through the Mahmoudie Canal,—in making which 150,000 people were forcibly employed, 35,000 of whom perished during the seven months of its construction,—reach Alexandria on the 21st. We visit and look with profound interest on Pompey's Pillar, reputed to have once belonged to the famous and magnificent LIBRARY burnt by Omar, which scholars will never cease to mourn. The pillar itself seems to resemble a flame of fire, and so vindicates its history.* We seat ourselves on the prostrate Cleopatra's Needle,† and think, as we look around, on the mighty PAST. Alexandria, with all her wondrous memories, has not the power to detain us: our steamer —the *Great Liverpool*—is about to start, and we must hasten away.

And yet we must pause a moment to pay a tribute to our distinguished countryman THOMAS WAGHORN, THE PIONEER OF THE OVERLAND ROUTE BETWEEN INDIA AND ENGLAND.‡

* "Pillar of Pompey! gazing o'er the sea,
In solemn pride and mournful majesty!
When on thy graceful shaft and towering head,
In quivering crimson, day's last beams are shed,
Thou look'st a thing some spell with life supplies,
Or *a rich flame ascending to the skies.*"
MICHELL.

† Since erected on the Thames Embankment.

‡ The story of Waghorn is so remarkable that we must be pardoned if we make a note of it. Born at Chatham, in the year 1800, he became a midshipman in the Royal Navy at twelve years of age, and, before he had reached seventeen, passed in "navigation" for lieutenant, being the youngest "middy" that had ever done so—a foreshadowing of his subsequent energetic career. At the close of 1817 he was paid off, and went as third mate of a free-trader to Calcutta; he returned to England, and in 1819 was appointed to the Pilot Service in Bengal, in which he remained till 1824, when, at the request of the Bengal Government, he volunteered for the Arracan war, and was appointed to the command of the *Matchless* and a division of gunboats. He served two years and a half in that war, saw much rough work by sea and land, exhibited great daring and skill, received the thanks of the authorities, and returned to Calcutta in 1827. He then made known a plan he had conceived for opening steam communication between our Eastern possessions and the mother country round the Cape, and, with official encouragement, proceeded to England to promulgate and advocate his views. But little attention was given him, and his proposals and plans were rejected. In 1829, however, he was commissioned by Lord Ellenborough, then President of the Board of Control, to proceed to India,

In this character he will ever be remembered, though his services to Great Britain, to India, and to the world have been treated in our own day with coldness and ingratitude.

through Egypt, with dispatches, and to report on the practicability of the Red Sea navigation for the overland route. He executed that commission in a singularly able manner; sailing down the Red Sea (in the absence of the steamer which was to have met him at Suez) in an open boat, as far as Jeddah, a distance of six hundred and twenty miles, in six and a half days, without chart or compass, his only guides the sun by day and the north star by night; overcoming every difficulty by his dauntless perseverance; reaching India (after six weeks' detention by delirious fever), delivering his dispatches, and receiving the thanks of the Governor in Council. He was now convinced that this, and not the Cape, was the true route for England to the East, and turned his whole attention to the promotion of the same; organising public meetings at Calcutta, Madras, the Isle of France, the Cape of Good Hope, St. Helena, etc., and endeavouring to interest the Government of England in the scheme. Our Government continued obdurate, and would not listen to his propositions; but he obtained the patronage of the Pasha of Egypt; and he established and for five years maintained private mails between Great Britain and India, and succeeded in conveying letters from Bombay to England in forty-seven days. But now our Government and the East India Company, at the pressing solicitations of the London, East India, and China Associations, started mails of their own, and deprived him of the conveyance of letters, it is said, *without any compensation.* The indomitable adventurer, however, in partnership with others, soon established overland conveyance for passengers between England and India by horses and vans, building eight halting-places and three hotels in the desert (till then a waste of arid sands and scorching gravel, beset with wandering robbers, whom he converted into faithful guides); placing packet-boats (succeeded by steamers) on the Nile; and completing the chain of communication throughout. He also established alternative routes through Europe, by which he effected a saving of time, and secured greater freedom and independence for his patrons. Everything seemed to promise well, when the English Government and East India Company ruined all by giving the monopoly of a chartered contract to an opulent and powerful Company. Waghorn could do no more. Overwhelmed by debt, his health destroyed by toil and exposure, and, by his own testimony, "a wreck alike almost in mind and body," he ventured to ask the Government to pay the debts he had incurred in the interests of the public, and to grant him a pension sufficient to save him from destitution. Memorials and petitions poured in to the authorities; and after a while the East India Company granted him a pension of £200 per annum, and the English Government a similar sum; but they would not pay his debts. Both pensions were absorbed by his creditors, and he was left without any means of support. He died soon after, prematurely worn out, and, doubtless, broken-hearted, *at the age of forty-nine.* His pensions died with him, and his widow was left to starve till (many years afterwards) the India House granted her a pension of £50, and the English Government a pension of £25, and subsequently of £15 more, making altogether £90 per annum, "for his eminent services." He was more appreciated by the French than by his own countrymen. When the Suez Canal was opened, in 1870, a statue of Waghorn was erected by the Count de Lesseps at the entrance of the Canal, "IN HOMAGE TO THE MEMORY OF THE GENEROUS, THOUGH UNFORTUNATE, MAN, WHO ALONE, WITHOUT ANY HELP, BY A LONG SERIES OF LABOURS AND HEROIC EFFORTS, PRACTICALLY DEMONSTRATED

We are now in the "Great Sea" of Holy Scripture.

> "Soft glides the bark along the MIDLAND SEA,
> The sails all set, the pennon flowing free."

"The grand object of all travelling," said Johnson, "is to see the shores of the Mediterranean." Around its shores, until a comparatively recent period, all the great nations of the world flourished, and all the great events of history took place. "All our Religion, almost all our Law, almost all our Arts, almost all that sets us above savages, has come from the shores of the Mediterranean." And we cannot sail far on this sea without viewing land. Yonder lie the mountains and the islands of Greece. On our left hand, after awhile (on the 26th) we see Malta; and on the opposite shore lie Sicily, Italy, ROME. Tunis is approached, then the once piratical Algiers (on the 30th); Gibraltar, "the Key of the Way," on July 3rd; Cape St. Vincent on the 4th; Lisbon Rock on the 5th; we reach the Isle of Wight on the 6th, anchor and remain in quarantine till the 12th; land at Southampton, and the next day proceed from Southampton to BATH. We return to the home of our boyhood, *laden with the spoils of the East;* not, indeed, with its mohurs and rupees, but with recollections of INDIA, her splendour, her beauty, and her value—notwithstanding all drawbacks—which can never be lost, and which, while they have enriched us, have impoverished none; and an acquaintance with her that will make everything relating to her interesting to us to the end of time. We come back, too, ALL THE BETTER FOR THE DISCIPLINE OF A SOLDIER'S LIFE, *prepared by it to await patiently and answer promptly the call of duty; to encounter peril and endure hardship; to render respect and obedience where they are due; to maintain our rights should they be invaded; and to cherish the love of country and* HOME. If to all this be added the friends we have gained and the unimpaired constitution with which we return, it will be

AND DETERMINED THE ADOPTION OF THE POSTAL ROUTE THROUGH EGYPT AS THE COMMUNICATION BETWEEN THE EAST AND THE WEST OF THE WORLD; AND THIS WAS THE ORIGINATOR AND PIONEER OF THE GREAT EGYPTIAN MARITIME COMMERCE COMPLETED BY THE CANAL OF THE TWO SEAS." Eighteen years after (in 1888), a statue was erected to him by his fellow-townsmen at his birthplace, Chatham, and was fitly inaugurated by the Earl of Northbrook, an ex-Governor-General of India and ex-First Lord of the Admiralty.

allowed that our SOLDIERING IN INDIA has not been time wasted. But a *Song* for the Indian Army!

SONG.

A thousand ages blood had laved
The fruitful plains of Ind,
And swords had clashed, and banners waved
On every wandering wind!
A thousand years men, groaning, bent
'Neath fierce Oppression's sway,
Nor found stern Conquest e'er relent,
Nor hand of Rapine stay.

At length on Commerce' snowy wing
Britannia crossed the seas,
And bade the land the advent sing
Of Liberty and Peace.
She raised her hand—th' oppressor quailed!
Her arm—he, vanquished, fled!
And where the vulture had regaled,
The harvest board was spread!

Now wealth the city fills; the field
Is reaped by hands that sow;
And founts of joy, which tyrants sealed,
Outgushing, freely flow;
And knowledge guides the hand of Art;
Peace sits on despots' graves;
And Justice rules the noisy mart;
And men no more are slaves!

AND EVER WILL BRITANNIA OWN
THAT STRENGTH OF ARM AND HAND
WHICH WON FOR HER PROUD INDIA'S THRONE,
FOR HER THIS GLORIOUS LAND,
TO BE THE MEN WHOSE SABRES' EDGE
EXTINGUISHED ENDLESS FRAY;
AND MADE THE SWORD THE PEOPLE'S PLEDGE
TO GUARD, AND NOT TO SLAY!

And so farewell, and again farewell, to India! Little do we dream, as we tread once more the streets of Bath, of all

that lies before us in the future: our call to H.M.'s Civil Service, and experiences in Naval Dockyards, with our share in the many changes which during a series of years were occurring in it and in them; our visits to Foreign Lands, and to the homes, haunts, and tombs of the sons and daughters of Genius; our association with great Scientific Expeditions; our connection with the FREE LIBRARY and other progressive movements in the United Kingdom; and our many other engagements and adventures. Some of these we hope to relate in a future volume.

END OF VOLUME THE FIRST.

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